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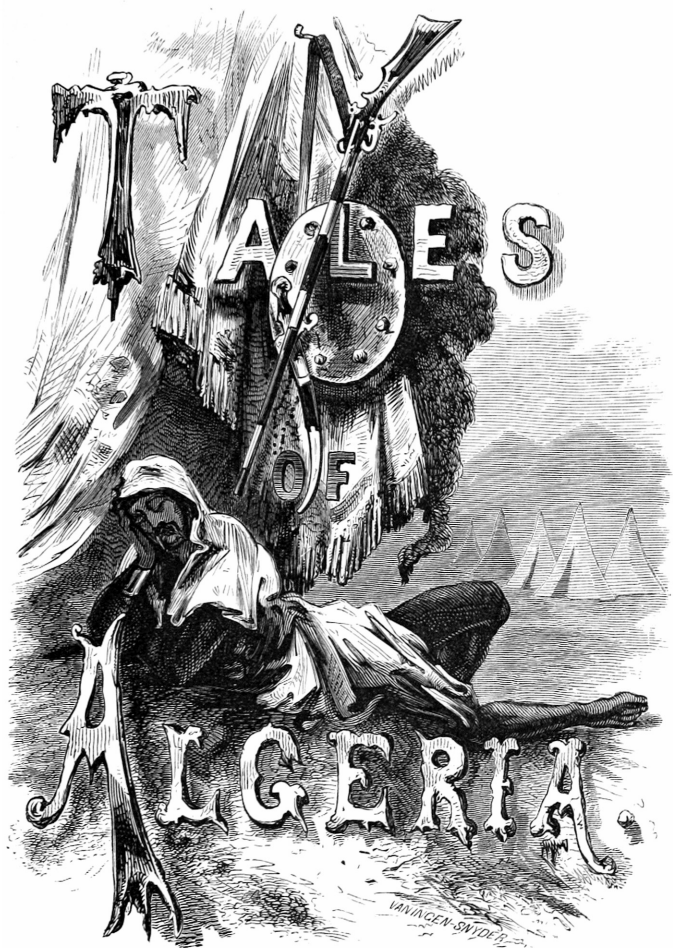












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TALES OF ALGERIA,  
OR  
LIFE AMONG THE ARABS:

FROM THE VÉLOCE OF ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BY  
RICHARD MEADE BACHE.

*FOUR ILLUSTRATIONS.*



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## P R E F A C E.

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THE whole of "The Véloce" is not presented in this volume, for the reason that it contains much that can interest only the French, and much that even the plainest-speaking age of English did not tolerate in print. The original being desultory in its character, and therefore without the element of form essential to constituting a work of art, cannot be deprived of a unity which it does not possess, and in this volume therefore appear, merely separated from the rubbish in which they were concealed, the careless but graphic sketches from the hand of a great master.





# CONTENTS.

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	PAGE
OUR SHIP, THE VÉLOCE.....	7
TRAFALGAR.....	17
THE HARBOR OF TANGIER.....	26
THE FIRST ARAB.....	33
HUNTING AND FISHING.....	41
THE JEW OF THE EAST.....	46
THE BOAR-HUNT.....	58
A JEWISH WEDDING.....	74
THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.....	87
THE ENGLISH IN SPAIN.....	93
GIBRALTAR.....	100
THE FRENCH PRISONERS.....	108
MELLILA.....	116
DJEMA R' AZOUAT.....	124
THE COMBAT OF SIDI IBRAHIM.....	130
THE DEFENCE OF THE MARABOUT OF SIDI IBRAHIM.....	139
THE MASSACRE.....	149
THE BANQUET.....	161
BIZERTA.....	166
FRENCH JUSTICE AND TURKISH JUSTICE.....	174
TUNIS THE WHITE.....	188
THE CITY OF TUNIS.....	192
THE BEY DU CAMP.....	203
CARTHAGE—THE TOMB OF ST. LOUIS.....	210
THE BALL AT THE CONSULATE.....	218
MY ARTIST, HADJ' YOUNIS.....	228
THE DEPARTURE.....	234

	PAGE
GALITA ISLAND.....	239
BONA—ST. AUGUSTINE.....	245
ARAB STORIES OF LIONS.....	249
GÉRARD, THE LION-KILLER.....	257
THE SHEIK, BOU AKAS BEN ACHOUR.....	272
THE CAMP OF DJEMILAH.....	283
THE BENI ADESSE AND THE HACHACHIAS.....	298
THE ZEPHYRS.....	306
THE ZEPHYR THEATRE.....	324
THE CITY OF ALGIERS.....	329
CONTRAST BETWEEN THE ARAB AND THE FRENCHMAN.....	337
FAREWELL TO AFRICA.....	346

# TALES OF ALGERIA.

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## OUR SHIP, THE VÉLOCE. .

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WE were somewhat uneasy on arriving at Cadiz. Before my departure from Paris, the understanding between the Minister of Public Instruction and me was to the effect that a steamer should await us at Cadiz, to transport us to Algiers. From Seville, where we were detained by the hearty welcome of the inhabitants, and by the promise of Montès and Chiclanero, who had pledged themselves to show us a bull-fight, I had written to Monsieur Huet, our Consul at Cadiz, to inquire whether he knew of any despatch-steamer's being in port, awaiting our disposal; and he had replied that during eight days no vessel of war of any nationality whatever had arrived at Cadiz. This news, however, had not deterred us from starting, in order to keep our appointment faithfully, even if the vessel did not keep hers.

We had, however, stayed in Seville three days longer than we had intended to stay. This delay of three days in our travels was for the purpose of waiting for my son, who one fine morning had disappeared. The information elicited concerning him led me to believe that he had retaken the road to Cordova: but it indicated nothing more. Now, as there is a road which runs direct from Cordova to Cadiz, passing two leagues to the right of Seville, I hoped that,

when I arrived at the City of the Sun, I should find my steamer and my boy.

Our whole attention, therefore, on entering the port of Cadiz, was not directed toward that charming city which, as Byron says :

*"Blanche, grandit aux yeux, fille du flot amer,  
Entre l'azur du ciel, et l'azur de la mer." \**

Our attention was directed toward the roadstead. This roadstead presented to the view a real forest of masts, amidst which we joyfully discerned two smoke-stacks and two waving flags. The flags were both tricolor. So, instead of one French vessel, two French vessels were in the roadstead.

We landed on the pier, and whilst my companions superintended the unlading of our baggage, I ran to the Custom House to obtain some information.

The two vessels were the *Achéron* and the *Véloce*. The *Achéron*, which had been three days in port, was about to take to the coast of Morocco Monsieur Duchâteau, our Consul at Tangier, who had been commissioned to deliver to Abd el Rhaman some presents from the King of France. The destination of the *Véloce*, which had arrived only the previous evening, was as yet unknown. All our hope, therefore, centred on the *Véloce*.

After the usual difficulties, we passed the Custom House, and proceeded toward the *Hôtel de l'Europe*, through streets a little broader, but not better paved, than those of Seville, Grenada, and Cordova.

We had hardly got settled, when Monsieur Vial, second in command of the corvette *Véloce*, was announced. Dur-

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\* The Translator can neither remember nor find in Lord Byron's writings two lines of which the above can be the translation.

ing the general uneasiness, I had always preserved the serenity which becomes leaders of expeditions. Turning toward my companions, who remained in the various positions in which the announcement of the mosso had found them, my glance plainly said: "You observe that I was not wrong in counting on the fulfilment of the promise which was made to me." Every one bowed assent.

Monsieur Vial was ushered in. He had been sent from the vessel by Captain Bérard, as the bearer of a letter to me.

The Minister of Marine having stated from the tribune that the Véloce had been placed at my disposal in consequence of a misunderstanding, I may be permitted to record the letter here in full. It will give an idea of the degree of credence to be attached to the statements of Ministers in general, and to those of the Minister of Marine in particular. Attention!

"ADMINISTRATION OF ALGERIA, CABINET.

"MONSIEUR:

"The Marshal did not arrive at Algiers until the 6th of this month, and, on landing, I received the letter which you did me the honor to address to me from Madrid. At the same time, we received a letter from Monsieur de Salvandy, who requested us to send to Cadiz for you.

"I cannot express to you how much the Marshal was grieved at the mischance which prevented us from meeting you a few days sooner. A steamer sails this evening for Oran, and carries to the frigate Véloce an order to go for you to Cadiz, or any other point on the coast which you may happen to be visiting. The Captain must even ascertain whether you have not made an excursion in the vicinity, and wait for you where you can embark. I trust, monsieur, that the charming country in which you found

yourself, enabled you to bear with equanimity the unintentional quarantine to which we are subjecting you on the coast of Spain.

"The Véloce will carry you to Oran, touching at Tangier. Thence, whenever you wish, you can reach Algiers, by taking the steamer which leaves there every Saturday. At that place, we will receive you with all your staff. We are desirous of having you with us as soon as possible; and, therefore, I beg you, for my sake, not to remain longer than necessary at Oran, but quickly to reach the capital of Algeria, *reserving to yourself the right of retracing your steps, if you think proper.*

"I scarcely need tell you, monsieur, that the Marshal will be most happy to receive your travelling companions.

"*I regret exceedingly, monsieur, that I was unable to meet you at Cadiz.* I should have been happy to lessen the distance between us; but I am not my own master. The Marshal has arrived here quite ill, and has not yet been able to resume command; and, besides, on arriving, we found so much work in arrears, that its execution was unavoidable.

"Accept, monsieur, with the expression of my regrets for all the inconveniences which you have suffered, the assurance of my sincere wishes for your prosperous voyage, and my most distinguished consideration."\*

I had been in expectation of receiving a mere diplomatic

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\* I know not whether the person who wrote me this letter, and who was attached to the Administration of Algeria, is at present in France or in Algiers; but wherever he may be, I beg him to accept my thanks for a welcome even more gracious than he had promised. And, although my silence may have had the appearance of forgetfulness and ingratitude, I beg him to put faith in my memory, and above all in my gratitude.

or military order. I received, with that order, a letter charming in taste and politeness: it was much more than I had expected.

I thanked Monsieur Vial for the trouble which he had so kindly taken, and as dinner was just then announced, I kept him, willing or unwilling, to dine with us.

Dinner was spent in asking questions. Was the *Véloce* a fast vessel? Was her captain good company? What was the prospect as to the weather?

Speed was not the strong point of the *Véloce*. She was a handsome and stout ship, a good sea-boat, behaving beautifully in rough weather; able, thanks to her experienced crew, to get out of a bad scrape, as she had one day proved at Dunkirk, when she had had the honor of bearing the King of France and part of the Royal Family. But her boilers were too small, and her rate of speed was too low for her tonnage. In fine, it was in no wise the fault of the *Véloce* if she was not a fast vessel; but it must be admitted that, in her best days, she did not make more than seven or eight knots an hour; that is to say, did not make more than two to two and a half leagues an hour.

As for Captain Bérard, he was a man of forty or forty-five years of age; courteous as is usual with naval officers, but grave and silent. Rarely had he been seen to laugh on board ship, and it was much doubted, despite the stock of gayety with which we had left Paris,—which was not yet entirely exhausted,—whether we should be able to smooth the wrinkles from his brow.

As for the weather, we needed not discuss that: it was certain to be fine. This assurance brightened the prospects of Maquet, who, having nearly died of sea-sickness on the Guadalquivir, had looked forward with anything but pleasure to a voyage to the land of the Cimmerians, regarded by the ancients as the cradle of tempests.

The dinner was gay. We gave Monsieur Vial a specimen of what we could do in that line. He, too, seemed to be an excellent companion, and we parted delighted with each other.

It had been agreed that, noon, the following day, we would go aboard the *Véloce*, to call upon the Captain; and that on Saturday, the 21st, at eight o'clock in the morning, we would set sail for Tangier.

These three days had been asked for by my companions, for the purpose of seeing Cadiz, and by me, for that of affording Alexandre time to rejoin the party.

The next day, at eleven o'clock in the morning, as we were preparing to present ourselves on board, Captain Bérard was announced.

It was, in truth, the captain of the *Véloce*, who anticipated our visit by coming to pay his own. We, with some sense of shame, recognized in this act the extreme courtesy of our naval officers.

Captain Bérard stayed four hours with us, and I think that on returning aboard his vessel, he was as much delighted to have us for passengers as we were to have him for captain.

It was understood that our visit to the *Véloce* should be postponed until the morrow, and that, on the occasion, we should take a look at our quarters.

We were punctual. The *Véloce* awaited us like a coquette bent on conquest. The Captain was at the gangway, the whole crew were on deck, and we were received with the salute of the boatswain's whistle.

The Captain took possession of us, and conducted us below. The dining-room, which was the first thing shown to us—the Captain having heard that, since leaving Bayonne, we had been almost starved—still bore some traces of the late presence of the august passengers by whom it had been occupied. Its mouldings were gilt, and cherry-



colored silk curtains draped the doorways leading from the staterooms into the saloon.

The staterooms were five in number. The one at the stern was entered by two doors, and comprised the whole width of the ship. It was the largest, but it was also the one in which was the greatest motion, especially in the pitching of the ship, as its position was at the extreme end of the stern. The four other staterooms were on the sides of the ship. One of these was the Captain's. At his first intimation to me of his desire to relinquish it in my behalf, I stopped him short; and it was agreed that, so far as possible, we would incommode no one. Of the three remaining staterooms, I took one, Boulanger another, and the third was reserved for Alexandre.

We wished to extend to Maquet and Giraud the same civility which the Captain had extended to us; but they had already procured some information from Vial, and declared that they would not leave the wardroom. The wardroom, being situated just amidships, is of all places on a ship the one where the motion is least perceptible. An excellent cabin in the wardroom was therefore provided for each of them.

As for Desbarolles, he boasted loudly of being perfectly familiar with Neptune's freaks, and he therefore desired to be entirely independent as to his quarters for the night. As there were five vacant staterooms, we were not very uneasy, they being rather more than were necessary to accommodate him and his rifle.

Vial, in addition, placed at our service his cabin on deck. In it, there was just space enough for a table, bed, and a chair. But it was a real treasure-trove, on account of its position, which allowed the breeze to play to and fro through the door and the window.

The gunsmith was introduced to us. Our guns had

great need of him. We immediately collected and sent them to him. I appointed him, on the spot, my gunsmith extraordinary.

We returned to Cadiz, delighted with the ship, with the Captain, and with his officers. Although partaking of the general enthusiasm, Giraud and Maquet expressed theirs more soberly. I have already explained the cause of this. Giraud—I forgot to mention the circumstance in proper time and place—had escaped sea-sickness on the Guadalquivir, only by remaining prostrate on deck from San Lucar to Cadiz.

During the next day, and the day after that, we waited in vain for Alexandre. Not only did he not appear, but the news of him, obtained from conductors of diligences and from mail-carriers, took so strange a form, that it was impossible to base any theory as to the likelihood of his return.

Fortunately, a young Frenchman whom we had met at Seville, Monsieur de Saint Prix, had followed us to Cadiz. He promised to wait there for Alexandre, and despatch him to Gibraltar by one of the steamers which ply between ancient Gades\* and ancient Calpe.†

In spite of all the precautions taken to ensure the safe return of my prodigal son, I did not the less leave Cadiz oppressed with anxiety. But the time of our departure had been fixed for Saturday, the 21st, at eight o'clock in the morning; and on that day, at half-past seven o'clock, we set foot in the boat sent by the Captain to take us from the quay, while the yawl with a full crew took our baggage.

The *Vélocé* was surrounded by a cloud of large and small gulls. On nearing the ship, I, as I was desirous of

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\* Cadiz.

† Gibraltar.

giving our future companions a specimen of my skill, fired the barrels of my gun at two of them, and both fell. The crew of the yawl went to get them, as we, after this clever stroke, marched triumphantly aboard.

Chance had so ordered it that the two gulls had only ~~had~~ their wings broken. They were brought aboard, and the surgeon, with the aid of a pair of scissors, performed an operation on them; whereupon, they were set loose on deck, where they immediately commenced eating and running about, to the supreme delight of those big children called sailors. They were at once christened, one receiving the name of Véloce, the other the name of Achéron.

Paul had brought with him a third passenger, a gull wounded on the Guadalquivir. It was a gull of the largest size, almost as big as an albatross. It was already called Rapido, after the vessel which had carried us from Seville to Cadiz.

Formality required us to deliver our passports into the Captain's hands. We hastened to fulfil this duty, so as to escape the sooner from our official character.

As the Minister of War, and the Minister of Foreign Affairs, did from the tribune declare, the first, "*That any one might easily have credited my being entrusted with a mission, inasmuch as I boasted of it at every turn;*" and the second, "*That he was entirely unaware that a mission had been assigned to the person in question,*" my readers will permit me to place before them my passport, as I have already done in the case of the letter in relation to the Véloce. After that, I shall have finished with these gentlemen:

"IN THE NAME OF THE KING OF FRANCE:

"We, the Minister of Foreign Affairs, request the military and the civil authorities entrusted with the maintenance

of the public welfare, either in the interior of the kingdom, or in the countries at peace or allied with France, to allow free passage to Monsieur Alexandre Dumas Davy de la Pailleterie, journeying to Algeria by the way of Spain, charged with a mission from the Minister of Public Instruction.

“Travelling with two servants.

“And to afford him aid and protection in case of need.

“(Signed) GUIZOT.

“By order of the Minister.

“*Chief of the Bureau of the Chancellerie.*

“(Signed) DE LAMARRE.”

It may be urged that, the Minister of Foreign Affairs signs so many passports, he might very easily have forgotten that he signed this one. To this objection I answer, that an entirely personal matter may aid his memory. On the 2d of October, at eleven o'clock in the morning, the Minister of Foreign Affairs requested me, through Monsieur Génie, to come in person to the Bureau, to receive my passport. I did myself the honor of keeping this appointment, and I stayed nearly two hours at the Hôtel on the Boulevard des Capucines. If Monsieur Guizot has forgotten the circumstance, Monsieur de Salvandy, who has already given proof that his memory is more reliable than that of his colleagues, will doubtless recall it.

## TRAFALGAR.

---

I HAVE already introduced you to Captain Bérard and Lieutenant Vial. One word now, in relation to the other officers of the *Vélocé*.

They were four in number—the Second Lieutenant, the Second Midshipman, the Surgeon, and the Paymaster. The First Midshipman was absent. We shall soon learn for what purpose.

The Second Lieutenant, Monsieur Salles, was a man about thirty-five years of age, light-complexioned, with a mild and an agreeable expression. He was very well informed, and a charming companion; but his health was so poor that he was subject to fits of melancholy, during which he shut himself up in his cabin, never appearing on deck, except to perform his duty. When we parted from each other, we had somewhat relieved, not his disease, but his melancholy. I think that he must have regretted us, were it only as revulsives.

The Second Midshipman, Monsieur Antoine, was a man already advanced in years. Why was he still only a second midshipman?—no one could divine, for, aboard, he passed for an excellent officer. Yet, although he had been twenty years in the service, he might, as he was not on the Naval List, have been at any moment discharged without half-pay, at the first whim that seized the Minister of Marine. This insecure position made him uneasy. Whether the result of misanthropy, or of timidity, we saw little of him.

The Surgeon, Monsieur Marquès, was a young man of twenty-five or twenty-six years of age. He was performing the duties of the surgeon of the ship, who was either on leave, or sick, I know not exactly which. He belonged to the Army, and was not yet accustomed to the perfidious element, as they say at the Institute. Maquet and Giraud were specially commended to his good offices.

The Paymaster, Monsieur Rebec, had come directly from Marseilles. Not only had he arrived from that place, but he had been born there—a circumstance which at once brought us together. In truth, Marseilles is to me a second native-land, so hospitable was she. Some of my best friends are from Marseilles—Méry, Autran. When I wished to represent two types,—one pre-eminent in intellect, the other in mercantile honor,—I borrowed them from that daughter of ancient Phocæa, loved as my mother, and I named them Dantès and Morrel.

The rest of the ship's company, non-commissioned officers and sailors, was composed of about one hundred and twenty men.

At the time of which I am speaking, we had no opportunity to make more than a cursory observation. As soon as we were aboard, they commenced to get under way.

The prediction of Vial, regarding the state of the barometer, had not come true. Instead of the clear weather that had been promised, came a drizzling rain that cast a veil of mist over that city of azure, emerald, and gold, called Cadiz. But Vial none the less maintained what he had said. It was only necessary to leave the port for the barometer to rise; and the wind, in the open sea, would, before mid-day, give us in exchange for this November sun and easterly wind, the ever-mild temperature and pure sky of Africa.

There is in this word, Africa, something enchanting,

magical, which exists not for any other portion of the globe. Africa has in all ages been the land of enchantments and prodigies. Ask Homer, and he will tell you that it was on its enchanted shores the lotus grew—the fruit so luscious that strangers who ate it lost all remembrance of their native land, the most powerful of all memories. It is in Africa that Herodotus places the Gardens of the Hesperides, from which Hercules was obliged to pluck the golden fruit; and the Palace of the Gorgons, of which Perseus was obliged to force the gates. It is in Africa that we must seek the country of the Garamantes, where, still according to Herodotus, the cattle are obliged to graze backward, on account of their strange horns, which project parallel with the head, and curve around in front of the muzzle.

It is in Africa that Strabo places those seven-cubit leeches, a single one of which can drain the blood of a dozen men.

If one can credit Pomponius Mela, the satyrs, the fauns, and the ægipans, inhabited Africa; and not far from the mountains where these goat-footed genii roved, lived the Atarantes, sole remnants of a former world, who with yells greeted the rising and the setting sun. The one-eyed beings, who, with a single leg, ran as swiftly as the ostrich and the gazelle,—the leocrotas, which had deers' legs, badgers' heads, the tail, the neck, the chest of the lion,—the Psylli, a people whose saliva cured serpent-bites,—the calopleba, which slew as surely with its glance as the Parthian with the arrow,—the basilisk, whose breath dissolved the hardest stones, were all natives of Africa.

"And," says Pliny, "there is nothing astonishing in Africa's being the land of prodigies and monsters; for water is so scarce there, that numbers of ferocious beasts congregate about springs and lakes, and there, by favor or

by force, couple with females of different breeds, and thus propagate beings of unknown names and new forms."

It is in Africa, also, where reigned the famous Prester John,\* whom Marco Polo regarded as more powerful, more rich than all the other princes of the earth; and who held under his sway more than half the country on the course of the Nile.

It is in Africa, also, that the eagle paired with the she-wolf, from which union came the dragon; which had the beak, the wings of a bird, the tail of a serpent, the head of a wolf, and the skin of a tiger. Leo, the African, would doubtless have seen the monster, had not nature, by denying it eyelids, forced it to remain in darkness, broad daylight paining its eyes.

The very tempests in Africa appear to be more frightful than other tempests. The very winds of the desert assume a mysterious name, raising a sandy ocean in burning waves, which, envious of the Red Sea for engulfing Pharaoh and the Egyptians, stifled Cambyzes and his army.

Our peasants smile when one speaks to them of the North Wind, or of the South Wind. The Arab trembles when one speaks to him of the Simoom.

In fine, was it not in Africa in which, in the year of grace 1843, was discovered and introduced to the Scientific Commission in general, and to Colonel Bory de Saint Vincent in particular, the famous rat with a proboscis?—in reference to which I shall later have the honor of discoursing;—a charming little animal, whose existence was suspected by Pliny, denied by Buffon, but discovered by the Zouaves, those great explorers of Algeria.

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\* Asia is the country in which Prester John was first reputed to dwell. It was not until a comparatively late period that the idea of the existence of Prester John in Africa was entertained. See any encyclopedia.—*Trans.*



So you see that, from Homer's time to ours, Africa has always become more and more fabulous: a circumstance which, in the view of travellers and philosophers, should double its attractions, especially when compared with our world, which, growing more and more matter of fact, is so unfortunate as to grow more and more dull.

Fortunately, for the moment, we floated just between the two worlds; having on the *port side*, as we then said, the Straits of Gibraltar, which narrow and sink toward the east; astern of us, Europe enshrouded in the rain; and forward, the mountains of Morocco appearing in the sunshine.

Maquet is already lying down in his cabin. At the first motion of the *Véloce*, the deck seemed literally to sink under his feet, and he was at once obliged to relinquish the perpendicular for the horizontal position.

Giraud is still up, if it may be called up; but he is wrapped in his cloak: he says not a word, so great is his fear of opening his mouth. From time to time he seats himself—mournful as Jeremiah on the shore of the Jordan. Giraud is thinking about his family.

Desbarolles, with Vial, is promenading with great strides up and down the deck. He is talking, gesticulating, recounting his journey in Spain, his altercations with the muleteers of Catalonia, his hunts with the bandits of the Sierra Morena, his flirtations with the *Mañolas* of Madrid, and his combats with the robbers of Villa Major and Malo Sitio. At every turn, he keeps to windward of the cigar-smoke of his companion. I hardly think that the voyage will end without Desbarolles' feeling some symptoms of that sickness without remedy which torments Maquet and threatens Giraud.

Boulanger and I have mounted a bench, and, grasping the rigging with one hand, follow the oscillating movements of the vessel, observing their variation. Within

reach, I have a rifle loaded with ball, in hope of seeing porpoises; and a fowling-piece loaded with shot, in honor of gulls, or any other fowl which may do us the favor of passing within range.

A fourth of the crew are on deck, the rest attend to their affairs—that is to say, sleep, play, or gossip in the tier below, as they would say at the Opera. The twenty or twenty-five men who are visible are picturesquely grouped near the scuppers, at the foot of the capstan, or upon the guns. Three cabin-boys play with our crippled birds, which hop about after the crumbs of bread thrown to them, and continue to affect the most complete indifference at their forcible removal from their element.

The vessel, like the ship *Argo*, goes alone, without need of other guidance, of other will, than that of the helmsman, who with a lazy air turns the wheel, now to the right, now to the left. There is something delightful in thus feeling one's self drawn along toward the Unknown.

The Unknown is before us; at every instant we are approaching it. Vial was right; the sky grows clear and the sea calm.

A perceptible current flows from the ocean into the Mediterranean. But you can well understand that what would trouble a sailing-ship is of no moment to these kings of the sea, which traverse their empire, crowned with smoke, and seated on a throne of flame.

One hears much of the length of voyages. It is possible that in high latitudes, out of sight of land, where one can discern, far as the eye can reach, naught but sky and water, ennui may come with weariness, precursor or companion, and seat itself beside the traveller. But, in truth, to the thinker, to him whose gaze seeks to penetrate the ocean's depth or the heaven's height,—two emblems of the Infinite,—I know not a spectacle more changing, varied, more sub-

lime than that watery waste, at the extremity of which seem to meet the cloud, wave of the heavens—the wave, cloud of the sea.

I well know that one cannot dream forever; that there are voyages of three or four months in duration; and that a dream of three or four months' duration would come to appear rather long. But, do not the Orientals dream away all their lives, and when by chance they wake, do they not hasten to fall asleep again by means of opium or of hashish?

I was about to join practice with precept, by plunging over head and ears into my reverie, when Vial passing by, still conversing with Desbarolles, touched me on the shoulder, and pointing in the direction of a cape on which triumphantly played a ray of sunlight victorious over the rain, "Trafalgar," said he. There are names of strange power; for they bear with them a world of ideas, which, as soon as they present themselves to our mind, invade it, and rout the preceding rain of thought, amidst which we were reposing as serenely as a sultan in his seraglio.

Between England and France there are six words which sum up all their history — Cressy, Poitiers, Agincourt, Aboukir, Trafalgar, Waterloo. Six words—each expressing one of those defeats from the effect of which it might be thought that a country could never recover; one of those wounds through which it might be thought that a nation would lose all its blood.

And yet France has arisen; and yet the blood has returned to the veins of its lusty people. The English have always beaten us, but we have always driven them away.

Joan of Arc regained at Orleans the crown which Henry the Sixth had already placed on his head. Napoleon, with the sword of Marengo and Austerlitz, scratched off at Amiens the lilies which, during fourteen hundred years, had

been quartered on the coat-of-arms of George the Fourth. True, the English burned Joan of Arc at Rouen, and imprisoned Napoleon in Saint Helena. We have avenged ourselves by making of the one a martyr, of the other a god.

Now, whence comes this hate which ceaselessly attacks, this force which eternally repels? Whence comes this flow which, for ten centuries, has carried England toward us, and this ebb which, for five centuries, has swept her back upon herself? May it not be that, in the equilibrium of the Universe, she represents Force, and we, Mind; and that this eternal combat, endless clasp, is but the scriptural struggle between Jacob and the Angel, who wrestled a whole night, breast to breast, loin to loin, knee to knee, even until day-dawn? Thrice overthrown, thrice did Jacob arise, and at last remain upright, to become the Patriarch of the Twelve Tribes that peopled Israel, and spread themselves over the world.

In former times, on opposite shores of the Mediterranean, dwelt two nations, represented by two cities which viewed each other as, from opposite shores, France and England view each other. These two cities were Rome and Carthage.

At that time, to the eyes of the world, they only represented two material ideas; the one, Commerce, the other, Agriculture—the one, the Plough, the other, the Ship.

After a contest of two centuries, after Trebia, Cannæ, and Trasimenus,—the Cressy, Poitiers, and Waterloo of Rome,—Carthage was annihilated at Zama; the victorious plough passed over the city of Dido; salt was sown in the furrows; and direful curses were imprecated upon him who should attempt to rebuild what had been destroyed.

Why was it Carthage that succumbed, and not Rome? Was it because Scipio was greater than Hannibal? No! As at Waterloo, the victor was lost in the shadow of the

vanquished. No! It was because Mind was on the side of Rome. It was because she bore in her prolific womb the words of Christ—the civilization of the world. It was because, like the beacon, she was as necessary to those ages which have passed away as France is to those which are to come. This is why France has arisen from the fields of Cressy, Agincourt, Poitiers, Waterloo! This is why France was not overwhelmed at Aboukir and Trafalgar! 'Tis because Catholic France is Rome, because Protestant England is but Carthage!

England might disappear from the globe, and half the world, which she crushes, would clap their hands with joy. Let the light which shines in the hands of France—sometimes torch, sometimes taper—become extinguished, and the whole world would utter in the darkness a long cry of agony and despair.

## THE HARBOR OF TANGIER.

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AT half-past six o'clock in the evening, that is to say, when darkness had closed in, we cast anchor about half a league from Tangier.

Entering port that evening was not to be thought of, so when it was announced that dinner was served, we made no objection to descending to the dining-saloon.

On feeling the motion ceasing, or becoming almost imperceptible, Giraud came out of his cabin on deck, and Maquet hazarded himself outside of his cabin in the wardroom. Except Alexandre, we found ourselves all assembled.

Lieutenant Vial dined with us. It was the Captain's custom to invite every day to breakfast and dinner each of his officers in turn.

At breakfast, only Desbarolles and I had held our own. Boulanger had risen from table when the roast meat came on, and had gone to take a turn on deck. As for Giraud and Maquet, they, like Brutus and Cassius, had been distinguished by their absence. Giraud had asked for eatables with sweet-oil and vinegar. Maquet had requested to have tea. You can know the gradation between me and Maquet, by passing from him to Boulanger.

The meal was gay. The crude things which Giraud had eaten had given him a gnawing sensation. The tea had weakened Maquet. Boulanger, who had only half-breakfasted, added to his dinner what was due to him from

breakfast. Every one did his best, in honor of the Captain's table, which, although really good, seemed to us, by comparison, exquisite.

At dessert, the hail of the officer of the deck resounded, and the visit of the Secretary of the French Consulate at Tangier was announced. The Secretary was accompanied, they said, by one of my friends, who, learning of my arrival in port, had hastened to clasp my hand.

One of my friends at Tangier! can you realize it? So, in setting foot on the coast of Moroccò, it was not a Moroccan, or an Arab, or a Jew, whom I was about to see—it was a Christian, and a Christian friend.

I have somewhere remarked, that I possess throughout the world at least thirty thousand friends. You see now that I did not exaggerate. A man must have at least thirty thousand friends scattered about the world, in order to find one alive and kicking on his arrival at Tangier.

We paused with parted lips and wondering eyes, and saw enter the Secretary of the Consulate, and behind him beaming the open countenance of Couturier. Couturier, our host in Grenada, whom we left in the Place des Cu-chilleros, in front of the fatal house of Contrairas, from which fell the famous stone which came near substituting the Dumas dynasty for the Mahometan dynasty! Well! it was he! he whom we then imagined had been swallowed up, and who was but an exile, and only, sooth to say, a voluntary exile!

Monsieur Duchâteau, our Consul at Tangier, knowing Couturier's talent as a daguerreotypist, had asked him to go to Morocco. Couturier had taken his boxes and plates, and had hastened away. He had arrived two days after the departure of the *Achéron*, which was to carry him back, and he was then in momentary expectation of her return. He was already as familiar with Tangier as with

Grenada, and took upon himself to do the honors of the place.

The Secretary, Monsieur Florat, came to proffer his services. Tangier being one of the usual stations of the *Vélocé*, the Captain and Monsieur Florat were old acquaintances. As it was at Tangier that the Captain had received orders to pick us up on the coast of Spain, it was surmised on shore, when the vessel was recognized in the offing, that he was bringing us; and this was why the report of our coming had spread in the city. Couturier had come with the intention of surprising us, and at a moment when, it must be admitted, he was far enough from our thoughts.

Monsieur Florat was a great sportsman. I had heard much of the hunting in Africa. I inquired of him whether we could not arrange a hunt for the following day, or the day afterward. Boulanger and Giraud, who have never been good sportsmen, would, in case of our going, remain with Couturier, and accomplish wonders in the city with pencil and brush.

A hunt in the interior of the country was something of an affair, especially for Christians. At last, however, Monsieur Florat promised to make inquiries, and to let us know the result the next day.

We all went up on deck. A Janissary, with a staff in one hand and a lantern in the other, had accompanied our guests. It is true that Consular agents are, like Deputies, inviolable in their persons, and, strictly speaking, might dispense with a Janissary; but the fact is that they do not dispense with one. He who accompanied these gentlemen had a very wretched appearance, and, to judge by his dress, one would not have supposed that he fulfilled the duty of their protector, for they certainly would not have considered him clean enough for their servant. But what would you



have? In Morocco one must do as the Moroccans do—the thing was so. Besides, he was a very honest fellow. If ever you go to Algiers, I ask you to patronize him. His name is El Arbi Bernat. So much for the name. He is blind of one eye. So much for a description. Ah! one more token, if the two tokens given do not suffice—he is an executioner.

The gentlemen did not like to remain very late. As the representative of the French Government, Monsieur Florat could have had the gates opened for him at any hour, but he preferred not to avail himself of this privilege.

At nine o'clock—I had, through habit, almost said *striking*, forgetful that, on the coast of Africa, the hours roll silently by, and fall noiselessly into the void of eternity—these gentlemen left us.

The sea much resembled that void in which, hours, months, and years are swallowed. The sky was dark. Some few stars shone in the heavens, and were reflected in the depth of the ocean, whose surface had become invisible. Our vessel, like Mahomet's coffin, seemed suspended and floating in mid-ether, in boundlessness. When our visitors descended the ladder, one might have thought that they were precipitating themselves into the bottomless abyss.

But soon the light from the lantern shone on the boat, and gleamed over the water, revealing to us the bright eyes and the bare arms of the Moroccan oarsmen. Then the boat, like a swallow from a roof, darted from the vessel, and soon disappeared. For some moments the objects within the circle of light projected by the lantern remained visible; then the circle became less and less, and soon it seemed but a star detached from the heavens, and slowly gliding over the surface of the sea. At last, this star shook, flitted aimlessly to and fro like a will-o'-the-wisp, disappeared, reappeared, ascended a steep, disappeared

again, reappeared once more, and suddenly seemed to be extinguished in the bowels of the earth. In all probability the gate of the city had just closed behind Monsieur Florat and his companions.

By the way, it was remarkable that Tangier was the blackest point on the coast. One must have received a hint of the fact in order to enable one to suspect the existence of a city there, and a city of seven thousand inhabitants. There was night, and the silence of the tomb.

Behind us, on the contrary, on the sides of the circular mountain-range which forms the gulf, fires shone, and some cries resounded, not unlike human voices calling. These fires belonged to a few poor douars, invisible by daylight, concealed as they are in the brush five or six feet in height, forming, so to speak, the hide of the mountains. The cries were the wailings of hyenas.

There is naught stranger than that certainty which we possess of being transported to a new and an unknown world, although none of our senses place us in absolute relation with that world. Scarcely has mind the power to convince the body when there, not perceiving any change about it; and yet to it intelligence addresses itself thus: "This day you left a friendly land, this evening you touched a hostile shore. Those fires which you see are lighted by a race of men hostile to your race, mortal enemies of you who never did them injury, and have no intention of ever inflicting it. The cries are those of ferocious animals—unknown in the land whence you came—which, like the lion of Scripture, roam about seeking whom they may devour."

Set foot in that country, and if you escape the wild beast you shall not escape man. And why? Because that country is separated from the other country by a sheet of water seven leagues broad; because it is nearer to the equator by a quarter of a degree; because, in fine, it is called

Africa, instead of being called Spain, Italy, Greece, Sicily.

As Vial assured me that the moon would not rise to relieve me of my doubts, I went to bed, requesting to be called at daybreak.

I was very naturally awakened by the morning-watch engaged in washing the decks. I rose and clambered up the companion-way.

It was just at the moment of dawn, when the night, which is about to fly, contends for a moment with the day. The vast basin in which we had passed the night, which basin forms a semi-circle, reflected an indescribable light, and looked like a lake of molten silver in a setting of dark mountains. On the one side, in the faint morning light, appeared the town which crowns Cape Malabatta, whilst on the other, scarce distinguishable, opposite Cape Spartel, lay Tangier, yet asleep on the border of the sea. The fires still burned among the mountains, the last stars still twinkled in the sky.

Presently, a rosy mist seemed to come through the Straits, moving from east to west, gliding between Europe and Africa, and casting a tint of infinite softness and marvellous transparency over the whole coast of Spain, from the Sierra of San Mateo to Cape Trafalgar. In the light of this bright atmosphere, one could see the villages glisten, and even catch a glimpse of the scattered houses on the European coast.

Soon—the sun still invisible—bright rays shot from behind the surrounding mountains; but instead of streaming down they darted up, and one might have fancied that, after having struck the opposite slope, they were leaping over the mountain range. Little by little the light increased, losing its radiating form, to assume that of an immense globe of fire. At the very instant when the edge of the flaming

orb appeared above Cape Malabatta, which remained of a bluish tint, the eastern slope of Cape Spartel lighted up, snatching Tangier from the shadow in which it had been plunged, and tracing its chalky silhouette between the golden sand of the beach and the verdant mountain crest. At the same time the sea began to take a rosy hue, in every portion which the sun's rays could reach, whilst everywhere where the twilight or the night lingered, this tint gradually faded away to sulphur color, or sulphur color with the cold reflex of pewter.

At last the sun rose victoriously in the sky, and, as Shakespeare says, morning, with feet yet wet with dew, descended to the valley, after having poised for an instant on the mountain tops.\*

At this moment a caravan of a dozen camels, six or eight mules, and five or six asses, emerged from a mountain-gorge, stretched out over the sand, and advanced toward Tangier, undulating like a serpent.

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\* "And jocund day  
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops."  
*Romeo and Juliet*, Act III. Scene 5.

## THE FIRST ARAB.

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LESS happy in our quality of Christians than the caravan, we could not enter Tangier until we had procured a permit—that is to say, about nine o'clock in the morning.

The Captain, while waiting for the prescribed time, proposed a fishing-party in the port. The sea belongs to every one; as for the shore, it was our business to conquer it. The proposition, as you may easily conceive, was accepted with gratitude, not only by us but by the crew. It was joyfully received by the crew, because fishing is a twofold holiday to the sailor; a holiday on account of the recreation which it affords, a holiday on account of the fish which it brings along with it. Fish is an addition of fresh victuals. Then, when the men have been wet for a couple of hours, how could any one refuse to supplement the fish with a glass of wine? A captain must needs be barbarous, to let the outside get dry without warming up the inside a little.

So, in an instant the whale-boat was ready, and the seine dragged from between-decks. The whole crew, with the exception of the men absolutely necessary aboard, received six hours' leave. It was more time than was requisite.

We got into the yawl with Vial, who led the expedition. Maquet and Rebec accompanied us. Each of us had a double-barrelled fowling-piece, and a dozen rifles had been

put aboard the whale-boat. Besides, if there should be occasion, the corvette could protect us with its cannon.

At the moment when we were descending the starboard ladder, we perceived a boat approaching with lusty strokes, and making signals. As it was evident that she had special business with the *Vélocé*, we waited. She was commanded by our Janissary of the previous evening, El Arbi Bernat. Monsieur Florat, from the height of the terrace at the Consulate, had seen with a spy-glass our preparations for fishing, and had despatched him to us. It was market-day at Tangier; the shore would soon be covered with Arabs on their way to the city; and he feared lest there might ensue a conflict between the burnouses and the frock-coats. All this was explained, in bad Spanish, by El Arbi Bernat; who seemed happy and proud in the commission with which he had been entrusted.

When our protector was installed in the bow of the yawl, the whistle of the boatswain gave the signal for departure. The perpendicular oars dropped, striking the water with a single blow, and our boat, leading the van, rowed toward the shore.

I have mentioned that the *Vélocé* often stopped at Tangier. Vial, therefore, was familiar with the port. He steered toward the mountain where the fires had been burning, and behind which the sun had risen. I asked its name. It is called the Scharff.

At the foot of the mountain, to the right of ancient Tangier, the oued Echak flows into the sea. We directed our course toward the mouth of the stream.

\*The tide was running down. We got into the very channel of the oued, but found it impossible to go upstream. Our boat was heavily laden, and drew nearly three feet of water. At last it touched bottom, and we were obliged to stop.

We had not tried to land on the outside, because, although off-shore the sea was calm, the waves broke violently on the coast, and on approaching it, we should have run the risk of capsizing.

Two sailors leaped into the water, without even taking the trouble to roll up their trousers, and offered their united shoulders to Vial, who placed himself as if on a side-saddle, took each man by the neckerchief, and guided them to the shore, where they set him down without accident. Each of us in turn went by the same route, and by the same means. As for the yawl, which floated when relieved of our weight, they, always following the channel, continued to take her up-stream until she grounded again. This time, they did not concern themselves further about her. The stream, which continued to decrease in size, would soon, on account of the ebb-tide, not have enough depth of water to enable them to shove her back to the sea.

As for the whale-boat, she had not taken so many precautions. She had sailed for the first point of the coast. At a certain distance from shore, the sailors had dropped into the sea, like so many cormorants, and had run her up on the beach.

At this moment a sea-swallow flew by. I sent a shot after it, and the wounded bird fell on the other side of the oued. As I was approaching the bank, hesitating about taking to the water for game so paltry, I saw, rising from behind a sand dune, the end of a long gun, then the hood of a burnoose, then a bronzed face, then the whole body of a barelegged Arab. Doubtless, he thought that the gun which he had heard had been fired by one of his countrymen. Perceiving us, he stopped.

I had never seen an Arab, save in the paintings of Delacroix, or of Vernet, or in the drawings of Raffet, or of Decamps. This living representative of the African people,

who gradually arose before me, and who, halting at sight of me, stood about thirty paces off, motionless, with gun on shoulder, and leg advanced, like a statue of Calm, or rather of Caution, produced upon me a deep impression. It was evident that, had I been alone, he would not have had much respect for my rifle of eighteen inches in length, which would have seemed to him a toy compared with his gun of five feet. But I had at my back fifty men of my own race, dressed nearly like myself, and the odds made him consider.

As we might have stood, each on his side of this new Rubicon, confronting each other until doomsday, without either of us making a step in advance, I called El Arbi Bernat, so that he might ask the Arab to cross the oued, and, in crossing, to bring me my swallow.

Our Janissary exchanged a few words with his countryman, upon which the Arab hesitated no longer, but picking up the bird, crossed the stream.

While crossing, he looked at the swallow. It had its wing broken, and a shot had passed through its breast. He handed me the bird, without saying anything, and continued on his way; but as he passed near Bernat, he addressed a few words to him.

"What does he say?" I inquired.

"He asks whether you shot the bird on the wing."

"And what did you reply?"

"I answered, 'Yes.'"

"Was it on account of your reply, that he shook his head doubtfully?"

"It was."

"He does not believe it, then?"

"Not much."

"Do you know him?"

"Yes."





Motionless, with gun on shoulder, and leg advanced, like a statue of Calm, or rather of Caution, he produced upon me a deep impression.

Page 36.



"Is he a good shot?"

"He has the reputation of being one of the best shots in this district."

"Call him back, then."

The Janissary called him back. The Arab returned more eagerly than I had expected. It was evident that he had been going away reluctantly, and that he had a keen desire to take a nearer look at us, or rather at our arms. He stopped at the distance of five paces from me,—grave and motionless. Giraud and Boulanger, who, with pencil in hand, were following him, also stopped. He was, as in my case, the first Arab that they had ever seen; and judging from their anxiety to sketch him, one might have thought that they feared lest they might never find another.

"Here is a Frenchman," said the Janissary, indicating me, "who says that he can beat you shooting."

A slight smile contracted the lips of the Arab.

"He killed this bird on the wing, and he says that you cannot do as much," resumed the Janissary.

"I will do as much," said the Arab.

"Very well! that's just what we want," continued the Janissary; "hold, here comes a bird, fire at it and kill it."

"The Frenchman did not kill his with a bullet," remarked the Arab.

"No," replied the Janissary.

"What does he say?" I inquired.

"He says that you did not kill your bird with a bullet."

"That is true, here is shot."

I handed him a charge of number-five shot. He shook his head, and said some words.

"He says that powder is dear, and that there are too many hyenas and panthers about, to waste powder on birds."

"Tell him that I will give him six charges of powder for every shot that he fires in his match with me."

The Janissary communicated my offer to the Arab. During this time, Giraud and Boulanger were sketching for dear life.

One could see that the desire of gaining thirty or forty charges of powder, without loosening his purse-strings, contended in the Arab's bosom with the fear of not worthily sustaining his reputation. At last cupidity won the day. He drew his gun-wad, then drew the ball, and held out his hand for me to pour into it a charge of shot. I hastened to comply with what was indicated by the gesture. The charge having been rammed home, he examined the priming and stood expectantly.

He had not long to wait. All this portion of the African coast abounds in game. A plover passed over our heads. The Arab took a long aim, and thinking that he had covered the bird, fired. It continued its flight without the loss of a single feather.

A snipe rose at the report, and passed within range. I knocked it over. The Arab smiled.

"The Frenchman shoots well," said he, "but it is not with shot that a true sportsman shoots, it is with ball."

The Janissary translated the words to me.

"True," I replied. "Tell him that I am exactly of his opinion, and that if he himself will choose the mark, I will engage to do what he can do."

"The Frenchman owes me six charges of powder," said the Arab.

"True again," I replied. "Let the Arab hold out his hand."

He held out his hand, and I emptied into it nearly the third of my powder-flask. He produced his receptacle of horn, into which he poured the powder to the very last grain, with a care and an address which savored of respect.

This operation finished, it was evident that our man would have liked nothing better than to depart. But that did not agree with the views of Giraud and Boulanger, who had not finished their sketches. So, at the first movement that he made, I said to El Arbi Bernat, "Remind your countryman that we have each a ball to send in some direction, wherever he may wish."

"Yes," replied the Arab. He glanced around him, and discovered a sort of lath lying on the ground. He picked it up, and began to search again.

I had in my pocket a letter from one of my nephews, employed on the private domain of His Majesty. This letter slept peaceably in its square envelope ornamented with a red seal. I handed it to the Arab, suspecting a letter, or something similar, to be what he was seeking. In fact, this letter made an excellent target. The Arab understood. He split the end of the lath with his knife, inserted the letter, went off to plant the lath in the sand, and returned toward us, pacing twenty-five yards.

The Arab loaded his gun. I had, ready-loaded, a double-barrelled rifle. It was an excellent piece, made by Devisme. It had in each barrel a conical ball, with which one can kill a man at the distance of fifteen hundred metres. I took it from the hand of Paul, who was its usual keeper, and waited.

The Arab sighted with a carefulness which proved the importance which he attached to not being defeated a second time. He fired, and his ball clipped one of the corners of the envelope. Impassive as the Arabs are, this one could not avoid uttering a shout of joy as he pointed to the clipped corner of the envelope. I made a sign to him that I saw it very well. He then addressed some words to me with a quick utterance.

"He says that it is your turn," interpreted the Janissary.

"Yes, certainly," I answered; "but tell him that, in France, we do not shoot at a target at so short a distance." I measured double the distance. He watched me with astonishment.

"Now," continued I, "tell him, that, at the first shot, I shall hit the mark nearer the centre than he did, and that at the second, I shall cut in two the stick which supports it."

I sighted with great care. It was not the thing to come to Africa to leave there a false impression. I had announced the programme, it was my business to carry it out. The first shot touched the wax. The second followed almost immediately, and broke the lath.

The Arab threw his gun on his shoulder, and resumed his interrupted route, without claiming the six charges of powder to which he was entitled. It was clear that he departed, crushed with the weight of his inferiority, and that, at the moment, he doubted everything, even the Prophet. He followed the sweeping shore which led to Tangier, and reached the city, I feel sure, without having once looked back.

Two or three Arabs who, during these proceedings, had crossed the oued, and had been present at the contest, walked away as silent and almost as terror-stricken as he. The whole of Morocco was humiliated in the person of its representative.

## HUNTING AND FISHING.

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MEANWHILE, the plan of fishing had been settled, and the men were beginning to draw the seine.

Fishing with the seine is of all kinds of fishing the most exciting. The number of persons engaged in drawing the seine, the area which it embraces, the unexpectedness of the result, create a passion which I can comprehend better than that for fishing with the hook and line; although the latter places the skill of man face to face with the instinct of the animal, and is, so to speak, a contest between civilization and nature.

Whilst our men, up to their necks in water, and encouraging each other with shouts, exerted themselves to their utmost in drawing the seine, the market-hour approached, and the shore, solitary on our arrival, became peopled with Arabs coming from the neighboring goums, and going to the city.

This long procession of people, following the sea-shore, and walking with intervals between them, but invariably keeping the same track, was a strange sight. It was composed of sellers going to Tangier. But such sellers! And what a singular idea they would have given you of African trade! One was a dealer in charcoal, and carried in his hands three or four pieces of blackened wood; another was a dealer in bricks, and carried ten or twelve bricks; another was a dealer in fowls, and carried two pigeons lying

on his arm, a hen hanging at his back, and a switch, with the aid of which he made a turkey walk before him.

Some drove before them asses of the smallest size, carrying loads of wood or of vegetables. These were the representatives of the wholesale trade in Morocco. He who would have the largest receipts, certainly could not have counted on a return of thirty sous, and some did not carry more than two or three sous' worth of goods.

And all these things came from a distance of three, four, six, ten leagues; with whole families—women, children, old men. There were women with huge bonnets of straw, made as if the centre of a circular straw-mat had been adjusted to the top of the head; children dragged along or carried pick-a-back by their mothers, who, in addition to their progeny, also carried fowls, or else bricks; old men with beautiful white beards, walking with the aid of staffs, or mounted on asses, and having the appearance of ancient patriarchs repairing to some modern Jerusalem. As for the faces of the women, there was no chance to see them. Fortunately, it was very nearly certain that, putting out of the question our ungratified curiosity, we did not lose much.

All these ragged, tattered people, draping their nakedness with scanty covering, were superb. Never did purple-clad emperor raise his head with loftier dignity, as, entering Rome on the triumphal car, he passed along the Via Sacra in his ascent to the Capitol. This is because, with them, dignity resides in man, that image of God; and not in the rank which he occupies, not in the garb in which he is clothed. In his country, the Arab is a sultan, as an emperor is emperor in his empire; and when he has been twice a week to the market at Tangier, Fez, or Tetuan, to sell his charcoal, his bricks, or his fowls; when from the sale he has made enough for the support of his family until next market-day, he asks no more, he desires no more, he



has no further ambition. It is not the misery of the body, it is the degradation of the soul, that effaces from the forehead of man, bowing it toward the earth, the divine seal impressed on it by God himself.

The greater part of these men passed without stopping, without looking at us—one might almost say, without seeing us. Some stopped to answer the questions of our Janissary, and Giraud and Boulanger profited by the opportunity to include them in their sketch-books. Two or three, perceiving that their likenesses were being stolen, got angry and walked away muttering. Others, and these were generally young people, stopped, took an interest in the sketches, and shouted with laughter on seeing themselves reproduced on paper.

On the opposite side of the bay, caravans of camels and mules, reduced to our sight to the proportions of swarms of big ants walking single file, continued to enter Tangier.

The seine had been drawn twice on the shore. The fishing, without being very poor, did not promise to be miraculous. We left our sailors to haul the seine for the third time, and Boulanger and Giraud to sketch to their hearts' content, while we—Vial, Maquet and I—went to try our luck at hunting. Paul followed us to act as interpreter.

Since morning I had perceived with joy that Chevet had not, in one particular at least, deceived me by recommending Paul to me, and that he was a real Arab. Save a little accent which marked the difference between the two languages, Paul could make himself understood very well by those to whom he had talked.

After an hour's hunt, after having killed three or four plover, and five or six snipe, we saw the signal for our recall being hoisted on the mainmast of the *Vélocé*. It had been agreed with the Captain, that this flag should be hoisted from ten to eleven o'clock, and should announce the

serving of breakfast. We at once joined the crew. There were four large bucketfuls of fresh fish of the most appetizing appearance imaginable.

It was necessary to reëmbark, which was not an easy matter. The waves accompanying the flood-tide were much heavier, and, above all, much noisier than those of the ebb-tide had been. Our sailors, who for three hours had been up to their necks in water, troubled themselves little on account of this accident, but it was not so with us.

Several methods of embarking were proposed. The first, to make the trip on the shoulders of the sailors; the second, to try to reach the boat by rolling up our trousers; the third, to strip and accomplish the distance by swimming. The first method was adopted. Vial set the example by leading the van.

At ten paces from the boat, a wave upset the human pyramid. Lieutenant and sailors disappeared, to reappear immediately, Vial taking his course toward the boat, the sailors returning to place themselves at our disposal.

The example was not very enticing. Nevertheless Giraud faced the second trial. Some sea-nymph was doubtless smitten with Giraud, for he reached the boat safe and sound.

Desbarolles came next, and escaped with a few splashes; but Boulanger, Maquet, and I would not listen to making the attempt. Boulanger skilfully took advantage of what, in sailor's language, is called a lull. If you do not know what a lull is, consult the Maritime Dictionary of Admiral Willaumez, which for some days past had been our breviary — Boulanger, I say, taking advantage of a lull, entrusted his pantaloons to a sailor, and raising his frock-coat, advanced toward the yawl, with the cautious air of a young boarding-school miss attempting her first forward-two at a family party. Old Ocean saw in this modest carriage

homage rendered to his power, and he was kind to Boulanger. Maquet and I swam aboard. We were all assembled. We rowed toward the Véloce.

An excellent breakfast was awaiting us. It was reinforced by a fry, to which honor was done by Messieurs Florat and Couturier, associated guests, whom we found aboard, where they had come to meet us.

Impelled by curiosity to see the city, we breakfasted in haste. As I have said, it was market-day at Tangier, and the market would be over by one o'clock.

Good though it may be, there is no house so well-ordered as a government vessel. On a government vessel, Louis the Fourteenth would not have even come near waiting, and one of the most characteristic *mots* of the ancient monarchy would still be unuttered, which is as much as to say that in all probability it never would be uttered.

The whale-boat rocked at the foot of the ladder. In an instant we were seated in it. The oars fell, and we rowed toward Tangier.

## THE JEW OF THE EAST.

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IN proportion to our approach to the city, which, at first, had appeared like a chalky mass, it began to appear divided into compartments, and to present its details.

What first struck the eye of a stranger was the quarter where the Consulates were, close to each other, and recognizable by their flags. At the top of high flag-staffs floated the banners of England, Spain, Portugal, Holland, Sweden, Sardinia, Naples, the United States, Denmark, Austria, and France. All the rest of the city presented a uniform aspect, only two towers overtopping the general level of the houses, which were one-storied and terraced. These two towers were the Casbah and the Mosque—the palace of the Sultán, and the House of God.

As we were disembarking, the muezzin was calling the Faithful to prayer, and his voice, full, sonorous, and commanding,—as should be the voice of every expounder of a religion sprung from the sword,—after having swept over the city, reached our ears.

The port proper was almost empty. Two or three Spanish vessels were taking in a cargo: that was all. The crews were talking with the Moroccans, with the aid of the Sabir dialect, that singular compound of Greek, Italian, and French, with which one can make the tour of the Mediterranean.

About twenty Arab porters were on the jetty, engaged in

taking an old vessel to pieces. Among them, and evidently waiting for our whale-boat, stood a man of thirty-five or forty years of age, of middle height, pale complexion, marked features, quick and intelligent eye. He had his hair cut short, he wore a black skull-cap, and a long frock-coat of the same color, fastened around his waist with a scarf, which was faded by age, but which must formerly have been of charming stuff. He extended his hand to aid us all in leaping from the whale-boat to the shore. Then, when we were all ashore, he, with an air of authority, which a friendly smile from Monsieur Florat explained to the spectators, took precedence even of the Janissary, and marched at the head of the column, shouting, "Make way! Make way!"

A Moroccan military guard posted on our route, seeing us accompanied by a Janissary, and taking us for people of importance, saluted us in passing.

We mounted the ramp, and then all the gyrations which we had seen the lantern make on the preceding evening were explained.

Tangier has the pretension of being a fortified city, and consequently it has a show of walls, and some appearance of a covered-way; but the walls are falling, and the covered-way is entirely uncovered.

At the end of this ramp, opens the gate, low, thick, arched with broad ogives, guarded by a ragged soldier carrying a gun with gilded bands and a stock encrusted with ivory. The gate gives entrance to a street, narrow, uneven, lined with white-washed houses, without other openings on the street than the openings formed by the doors.

At intervals, a large niche is placed right in the middle of one of these houses, and a man enveloped in a white burnoose, or draped in a cloak, lay there smoking with so great gravity and importance, that nothing in the world

could have induced me to disturb him in his occupation. This man, at whose feet we perceived scales, and beside whom were heaped a kind of pigeon-holes filled with shapeless objects, was a grocer, or a fruiterer, or a butcher.

Some men walked gravely along the street. They generally had bare legs and a simple red skull-cap. Others standing, like stone-ware statues leaning against a wall, luxuriated in the sun's rays of the temperature of eighty-six to ninety-five degrees of the thermometer,\* although it was in the month of November. Others again, were seated tailor-fashion, and with their heads thrown back, fingered in silent prayer the beads of an Arab chaplet. Now and then a figure squatting on a terrace arose, and leaped upon another terrace. It was a Moroccan woman going to pay a visit to her neighbor.

One could hear a great uproar coming from the centre of the city. It was the market in full blast.

When we came opposite the French Consulate, Monsieur Florat left us, saying to the man in black, "You understand, David; I commend these gentlemen to your care."

David made a sign of acquiescence. Then turning to us, Monsieur Florat said: "Whatever you wish for, inquire of David."

We made a gesture conveying our thanks. It was a bargain on both sides. Approaching me, Monsieur Florat said: "This man is a Jew. His name is David Azencot. He is a naval purveyor. If you have, perchance, a draft of a hundred thousand francs on him, he will pay you at sight, and probably in gold. *Au revoir*, at the Consulate."

I turned with curiosity toward David. The Jew of the East was at last before me.

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\* In the original, the degrees given are those of the Centigrade thermometer, and in the translation, those of the Fahrenheit thermometer. The same change is made elsewhere.

Among us, the Jew no longer exists as a type. He is lost in society. He has nothing which distinguishes him from other men, either in his air or in his costume. He is an officer of the Legion of Honor, he is an academician, he is a baron, he is a prince, he is a king.

The history of Jewish greatness in modern society would be a strange one to write. The Jew is the genius who succeeds the dragons of Calchas, the Hesperides, the Nibelungen. It was he who in the Middle-Ages was the guardian of gold—of gold, that great power of all ages, that divinity of some! There are men who disbelieve in God, none who disbelieve in gold.

Look at Aristophanes. According to him, gold is called Plutus, who is Jove—more than Jove. He is the anti-Jupiter, the king of the king of Olympus. Without him, Jupiter is forced to confess that he dies of hunger. Mercury abdicates his divinityship, which brings no profit to him,—to him, the prince of thieves,—and becomes the servant of the god of gold. Apollo in exile tended flocks. Mercury did more. He turned the spit, and washed the dishes of Plutus.

Look at Christopher Columbus. After his fourth voyage, what does he write to Ferdinand and Isabella, his timid protectors, on whom he had bestowed a world—and what a world!—Peru. He writes: "Gold is an excellent thing. With gold one can amass treasures, with gold one can accomplish whatever he wishes in this world."

Look at the answer of Monsieur Pellapra, when, in the year of grace 1847, he was questioned by the High Chancellor.

"What is your name?" asked the latter.

"I am worth twelve millions."

"What is your age?"

"I tell you that I am worth twelve millions."

"Your profession?"

"Why, do you not understand? I repeat, I am worth twelve millions."

How well the Jew has comprehended that! Whilst the sorcerer, the necromancer, the alchemist sought gold, he found it. For he comprehended, he—I do not say the man of the tenth century, for the Jew was then less than a man—comprehended that he, the unclean thing, who dared not touch either food or woman, lest he might be burned to death;—who, at Toulouse was cuffed three times a year for having delivered the city to the Saracens;—who at Beziers was stoned during all Holy Week;—who was the scape-goat upon whom all the world spat;—who might be sold for a slave, *tanquam proprium servum*, as the ordinance of 1230 had it;—he had comprehended that, with gold, he could reconquer all that he had lost, and that, in his lowly walk, patient and progressive, he could reach a higher pinnacle than the one from which he had fallen.

Then, when he had obtained gold, that did not suffice. Lavoisier attempted to volatilize the diamond. The Jew has discovered how to volatilize gold. The diamond volatilized, Lavoisier was in for the value of it. Gold volatilized, and there remains to the Jew the bill of exchange, which has the value of gold, besides the discount.

Michelet, that great historian, who has but one fault,—that of being a still greater poet than historian,—read in October, 1834, in an English newspaper: "To-day, the money-market is dull. It is a holiday among the Jews."

So in England, as well as in France, the Jews have ascended the throne of gold. And it is but justice, for they have won it by a struggle lasting through eighteen centuries. Patient, inflexible, their success was certain.

It must be acknowledged that the Jew has a great advantage over the Christian. The Christian lends gold, but



the Jew sells it. Go seek the Jew. His terms are made in advance. They are unchangeable, but they are clear. You can take them or let them alone. He is always extortionate, but he never deceives you, never robs you. Keep your engagements and he will keep his. But keep them faithfully, or else take care of yourself! A pound of your flesh, says Shylock;—a pound of your flesh that I am going to feed with my money;—a pound of your beautiful flesh, if to-morrow you do not pay me ten thousand ducats.\* Pay! pay! or he will take your flesh; and it is just. It was not he, my dear Antonio, who came to tempt you; it was not he who came to you to say: “Pledge me your flesh in exchange for my money.” It was you who sought him, and said to him: “Lend me your money, and I will give you whatever you demand as security.” He asked you for your flesh. It was your business not to sign the contract. But you did sign it, and now your flesh belongs to him. And the Christians who imprison their debtors in Clichy!—it is not a pound of flesh that they take, it is the whole body!

It is true that, in proportion as one strays from the centre of civilization, the Jew, little by little, descends from his commercial throne, and becomes humble, submissive, timorous. It is from St. Petersburg to Odessa, from Tangier to Cairo, that one must look for the ancient Jew. It has required the knout of the autocrat and the cudgel of the sultan to keep him in his humility. Look also at the Jew of Algiers and Constantinople.

At Tangier—Tangier which dwells under the sceptre of the thrice happy Sultan Abd el Rhaman, until it shall dwell under that of the glorious Emir, Abd el Kader—the Jews are obliged to take off their shoes when they pass the Mosque.

It is true that, thanks to his title of Naval Purveyor,

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\* Three thousand ducats.

David Azencot was at Tangier a privileged person, and one of his great privileges was to pass the Mosque in his blue stockings and laced shoes. So he took us a very round-about way, so as to let us see him use his privilege. Poor fellow! perhaps he would have paid dearly for this strange favor if we had not bombarded Tangier, and won the battle of Isly. However, whilst awaiting a reverse in the surprising good fortune which he was then enjoying, he conducted us to the market-place by the way of the Mosque. We at length reached that long-wished-for spot, and found again our charcoal and fowl-dealers that we had met on the sea-shore.

I know not who first said that the Arabs are grave and silent. Grave they are, but silent they are not. I do not know anything noisier than an Arab market. This market made din enough to split one's head.

Lying in an enclosure near the market, were mingled together camels and mules, almost as grave as their masters, but much more silent than they. From time to time, doubtless when some well-known voice reached it, a camel raised its long serpent-like neck, and uttered a shrill cry that has no resemblance to the voice of any other animal.

This spectacle put Giraud and Boulanger in raptures. They had stationed themselves in the midst of the fig-merchants and date-merchants, covering their sketch-books with drawings, each one more picturesque than the last.

All these things, dates, figs, and other provisions, were sold, or rather given away, at prices ridiculous to us Europeans. With an income of five hundred francs, one ought to live in Tangier like a prince.

We met the cook of the *Vélocé*, who was doing his marketing. He was cheapening some red partridges. They were offered to him for four sous apiece, at which he exclaimed; saying that the country was getting worse and

worse every day, and that, if this continued, it would be impossible to stand it.

At one o'clock precisely, the market was over. Ten minutes afterward, the place was completely deserted, and children, most of whom were as naked as the palm of my hand, hunted among the leavings to try to find a fig, a date, or a raisin.

I had asked to be shown some bazaar or other, where I might buy sashes, burnouses, haiks, and all those things which I had seen my friends bring back from Africa; and every time that I had asked David where I could find such or such a thing, he had answered in his soft voice, the accent of which verged slightly on the Italian: "*Chez moi, mon-sou, chez moi.*"

"Come on then to your house," said I, in answer to his last response. "Come on," said David. So we set out toward his house.

I should find it very difficult to describe to you the situation of this house. In the first place, the Moors do not name their streets. I know that we went down the market-place, that we took a little street to the right, that we ascended a pavement slippery with water from a fountain, and that finally we reached a carefully-fastened door, at which David rapped in a peculiar manner.

A woman of thirty years of age opened the door. She wore a turban on her head, like the women of the Bible. It was Madam Azencot.

Two or three young girls, concealing themselves behind each other, huddled in the opening of an interior door, opposite to the one by which we entered the house.

The court-yard was of the usual shape. It was a little square with a staircase alongside of the wall, leading to a gallery. From this gallery opened doors leading into chambers. One of these chambers formed a curiosity shop,

and was especially devoted to stuffs. Scarfs of all colors, haiks of all sizes, carpets of all shades, were heaped on tables, thrown over the arms of easy-chairs, or spread on the floor. On the wall were hung cartridge-boxes of morocco, sabre-scabbards of copper, poniards of silver. Above all this mass, immense guns, mounted with silver encrusted with coral, protruded their barrels of rough iron.

Maquet and I paused for an instant, amazed at the sight of all these riches. I say Maquet and I, because Giraud and Boulanger had gone with Paul and the Janissary to visit the Casbah.

David still preserved his humble demeanor. He had not grown taller by a hair's breadth on finding himself amidst all these treasures, which were his, and which would not have been unsuitable for the bazaar of one of those merchants of the "Arabian Nights" who arrive from the end of the world, to become the lover of some favorite sultana or veiled princess.

I felt in my pockets, and perceived my money shaking with fear. I did not dare at first to ask the price of any of these things. It seemed to me that a kingdom could hardly purchase them. However, I ventured to inquire the price of a white silk scarf with broad golden stripes.

"Forty francs," David replied.

I made him repeat the words twice. At the second repetition I breathed again. Alas! There is a proverb which says, "Nothing ruins so quickly as good bargains." It was about to receive verification in the most liberal sense of the term. The good bargains of David ruined me.

In fact, from the moment when I had asked the price of everything, I wanted everything. Sabres, poniards, burnouses, scarfs, slippers, boots, game-bags, everything contributed a sample. Then, at last, I began to ask for what I did not see in David's house, for what I had seen in collec-

tions or in paintings;—plates of chased copper, ewers of marvellous shape, coffers of mother-of-pearl, double-bottomed lamps, tobacco-boxes, chibouques, nargiles, what not. At every fresh demand, David, without evincing surprise, and with the same humble and timid air, left the house, and five minutes afterward appeared with the desired article. One would have said that he had that enchanted purse which Tieck bestows on Fortunatus, and which our poor Charles Nodier, of poetic memory, lends to Peter Schlemihl.

At last I was ashamed to ask for so many things for myself only; not to mention that I was almost frightened at seeing my desires gratified with this strange facility. And thinking of my poor friends who were roasting in the sun in the court-yard of the Casbah, I remembered having seen at Delacroix's house, on his return from Morocco, the portrait of an adorable Jewish woman; and it occurred to me, what a subject for rejoicing it would be to them if they could make some drawings from such a model. However, this time, the thing appeared to me so difficult to obtain that I hesitated.

"Well," said David, observing that I was looking around me, like a man who is seeking something.

"Well," answered I, "my dear David—that is all."

"No," said he, "it is not all."

"How is it not all?"

"What do you desire—speak?"

"My dear David, probably I desire the impossible."

"Tell it all the same—who knows?"

"So be it—at a venture."

"I am all attention," said David.

"I have among the number of my friends," said I, "a very great artist, who, about twelve years ago, came to Tangier with another one of my friends, Monsieur, the Count de Mornay."

"Oh yes! Monsieur Delacroix."

"What, David! do you know Delacroix?"

"He did me the honor to visit my poor home."

"Very well! He made a little painting of a Jewish woman dressed in her most beautiful attire."

"I know it. That woman was my sister-in-law, Rachel."

"Your sister-in-law, David!"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Well, but is this sister-in-law still living?"

"God has spared her to us."

"And would she consent to sit to Giraud and Boulanger, as she sat to Delacroix? She possessed wonderful beauty."

"She is fifteen years older than she was at that time."

"Oh, that is of no consequence, my dear David. Make love to her for me, and induce her to sit."

"There is no need of that, I can offer you something better."

"Something better than your sister-in-law, Rachel!"

"I have my cousin Molly. She happens to be here. She usually resides in Tarifa. But you must make haste, as I believe that she is going to-morrow."

"And will your cousin consent?"

"Go for your two friends at the Casbah. I will furnish you with a guide, and on your return —"

"Well! on my return?"

"You shall find Molly in full dress."

"In truth, my dear David, you are a wonderful man."

"I am doing what I can to be agreeable to you; you must excuse me if I cannot do better, or do more. It is my duty, for Monsieur Florat commended you to my care."

Before I had recovered from my surprise, David had called his brother, and had directed him to conduct me to the Casbah.

At the moment when we were entering the court-yard

where Giraud and Boulanger were engaged sketching, an old Moorish woman raised her hands to heaven with a violent gesture, and uttered some words of prayer or of menace, the tone of which attracted my attention.

"What does the woman say?" I inquired of David's brother.

"She says, (O God! how cruelly we must have offended thee, that thou shouldst permit these dogs of Christians to come draw the palace of the sublime emperor.)"

The invocation was not polite, but, as the Moroccans have never been renowned for their hospitality, I did not think it worth while to pay her much attention. Consequently, I went right up to our two sketchers. Chance willed it that, as I approached them, they were tying up their portfolios.

"Come on, come on, gentlemen," said I, "you are impatiently expected at Monsieur David's."

"And by whom?" asked they, with one accord.

"You shall see—come."

Usually my companions had great confidence in me, so they followed me without hesitation. Five minutes afterward we reëntered David's house, and on opening the door, we all exclaimed with one voice in admiration.

An adorable Jewish girl, resplendent with youth, dazzling in beauty, and sparkling with rubies, sapphires, and diamonds, was seated on the sofa which had lately been covered with scarfs, shawls, and stuffs, which had been removed for her convenience.

From Boulanger's drawing, her portrait has been engraved by Geoffroy, under the not very Jewish name of Molly.

## THE BOAR-HUNT.

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JUST as Giraud and Boulanger were finishing their sketches, and after poor Molly, with the patience of an angel, had sat for two or three hours, Monsieur Florat appeared on the gallery. He came to accompany us in making our visit to the Consulate.

On the way, we were attracted by a strange noise. In proportion to our advance along the street, the noise increased. It resembled the sound of the surf rolling in with the tide on the pebbly beach of Dieppe, the swelling murmur of millions of bees, the croaking of an infinite number of frogs.

We approached with curiosity, and stuck our heads through a doorway. It was a Moorish school. A very simple and primitive school indeed; a school without paper, ink, or pen; containing merely the first elements of a school—a master and his scholars.

The master was seated cross-legged, leaning against a wall. The scholars were seated cross-legged, forming a semi-circle around the master. The master held in his hand a long wand, like a fishing-pole. With this, used as a switch, he could without any effort reach the most distant scholar.

The scholars held in their hands Arab chaplets. They repeated verses of the Koran. To this study was limited their education in the humanities.



One who knows by heart twenty verses of the Koran is a Bachelor of Arts, one who knows fifty is a Bachelor of Sciences, one who knows a hundred is a taleb. A taleb is a savant.

When a scholar hesitated, or made a mistake, he received a blow from the switch, whereupon there arose a shrill and universal buzz.

We would have devoted a longer time to the study of this model school, had not the master—fearing, perhaps, lest the scrutiny of Christians might have a sinister influence on the young Believers whose souls were confided to his care—sent one of his pupils to shut the door in our faces.

This door was remarkably pretty, and, in truth, much more agreeable to the sight than that wretched school, tenanted by little monsters with big heads and lank bodies. It was of cedar, arched with the Moorish ogive, all ornamented with great studs of copper, among which ran thousands of little studs, like those with which our upholsterers tack gimp on furniture. These little studs formed all sorts of designs. And a singular thing was that the designs forming the greater number of these arabesques, represented the Cross and the Lilies; those religious and political symbols, which, during eight centuries, have incessantly precipitated the West on the East.

The door having been examined, admired, and sketched, we continued on our way.

Messieurs Roche and Duchâteau were absent. Monsieur Duchâteau had gone, as I have mentioned, to carry presents from the King, Louis Philippe, to the Emperor, Abd el Rhaman. Monsieur Roche had accompanied him.

In the absence of these gentlemen, the Consulate was represented by delightful substitutes. Madame Roche and Mademoiselle Florence Duchâteau received us with charming grace. It is true that, to the account of this kind

welcome, we must put the pleasure which two poor exiles must have enjoyed in seeing their compatriots. Tangier is not a city of fashion: far from it; and I can well believe that it is a hard trial for two female Parisians to live there.

Monsieur Florat had communicated to them our desire of getting up a boar-hunt, and they had had the kindness to try to effect the realization of our desire.

You will be surprised to learn that persons belonging to the gentler sex were those entrusted with making arrangements for a hunt. But you must know that one cannot hunt in the vicinity of Tangier, as he can in the plain of Saint Denis; that obtaining permission to do so was a very delicate negotiation to conduct; and that there is nothing equal to women for conducting delicate negotiations.

The thing depended on the English Consul, Monsieur Hay. That is another enigma, is it not?—how a hunt in the neighborhood of Tangier could depend on the English Consul.

It was because Monsieur Hay, being himself a great sportsman, had made a special study of rendering himself popular among the people of the country. Everything relating to carrying a gun at Tangier springs from his good pleasure; and no stranger hunts there, unless he hunts with Monsieur Hay, or receives permission from Monsieur Hay. Our object was to obtain permission from him, for we could not count on hunting with him, as he had just received a sprain.

Mesdames Roche and Duchâteau had consented to plead our cause to the English Nimrod; who had not only granted us permission to hunt, but had also given us an excellent companion for our sport—Monsieur de Saint Leger, his Secretary, who was almost as great a sportsman as his file-leader. We were requested to choose a day, and we chose the following one.

In return for this negotiation, so successfully terminated, Maquet, Desbarolles, and I left verses, Giraud and Boulanger, sketches, in the albums of these ladies. Thereupon we returned to dine on the *Vélocé*.

I must mention that there is no restaurant in Tangier. In Spain one has little and poor eating, but in Morocco one has none at all. At intervals the natives of the country nibble a fig or a date, and that suffices for twenty-four hours. Afterward they drink a cup of coffee, smoke a *chibouque*, and that is the end of it.

But in the evenings there are orgies in the public square of Tangier. Near the little street by which you go to David's house flows a fountain, which I think that I have already mentioned. In the evening, people gather around this fountain, and drink; not with shouts, but with roars of enjoyment. Never, on some royal festival, did public fountain, running wine instead of water, excite so great transports of joy, as those to which we saw the people of Tangier deliver themselves during one of the evenings that we passed in the city. Sometimes, in the height of all this tumult, shouting, clamor, made by the men, appeared a figure, advancing as grave and silent as a phantom, bearing on its head some ewer of antique form, and disclosing nothing of its person, save, through the opening of the *bourga*, a pair of eyes as brilliant as carbuncles. This apparition, before which every one made way with haste that seemed as if prompted by fear, was a woman.

Sometimes this joyous assembly does not disperse until midnight. Thus it is in the *Torrid Zone*. The vivifying principle is not there, as with us, the sun—it is water. It is water that gives verdure to the tree, life to the brute, gayety to man. In every quarter where a river flows, a brook murmurs, or a spring gushes, life abounds, exuberant and vigorous. What miracle was per-

formed by Moses, great among the prophets? It was in making water gush from the rock.

They were waiting for us on board. As the vessel was anchored about three-quarters of a league from shore, they had time to see us coming, so that, in setting foot on deck, we had but to go to the dining-room and seat ourselves at table. Tangier was a thousand miles off, and we once more found ourselves in the midst of civilization. If a captain so pleases, he could make a voyage around the world without its seeming to him that he had left Paris.

The next day, at five o'clock, we were afoot. The gunsmith had kept our pieces ready for us. Giraud and Boulanger had decided to go with us. They had come to the conclusion that, as we should have thirty or forty Arabs to beat up the game, it would be as satisfactory to sketch one of them scouring through the brush, as to sketch a dreamer, a beggar, or a poet squatting at the foot of a wall.

On returning to the deck, Tangier, which we had fancied flown away, again appeared. We got into the whale-boat, which, impelled by the oars of eight vigorous rowers, glided again toward that city of contrasts, where, amidst all those houses which possess naught but four white walls and a mat, arose in our memory that Jewish dwelling filled with stuffs, cushions, scarfs, arms, laces, embroidery, which made it seem like a bazaar of the "Arabian Nights."

We found David waiting for us on the quay. Recommend David to your friends, as I shall recommend him to mine; for he is unique, and of universal knowledge. With David, one can do without any one else. With David, one cannot lack anything; on the contrary, one must live in luxury. With David, one may slumber on a carpet, for which a Sybarite would have paid millions of sesterces.

With David, one can smoke Latakia tobacco from amber-tipped chibouques, from nargiles with crystal goblets and golden stands. With David, one can have more than reality—one may dream; one may believe himself a sultan in the harem, or a king upon the throne.

When, on the preceding evening, we were considering, or rather were about to consider, the question as to the means of conveyance to the hunting-ground, David made a movement with his lips and shoulders, as much as to say: "Let me arrange that, that is my affair." Full of confidence in him, we gave him *carte-blanche*.

At David's door, there awaited our pleasure twelve horses and twelve Arab domestics, crowding the street, which, like all the streets of Tangier, is about eight or ten feet wide. Ten minutes afterward, Monsieur Florat and Monsieur de Saint Leger joined us. Monsieur de Saint Leger was the Secretary of the Consulate, authorized by Monsieur Hay to accompany us.

What particularly struck me in the costume of Monsieur de Saint Leger was his bare legs and bare head. A kind of drawers descended just below his knees, and a kind of gaiters reached to his ankles. The two vacant spots in his dress seemed strange enough to me. Bare legs in the land of the cactus and aloe, a bare head in the blaze of a sun of the temperature of one hundred and four degrees of the thermometer, were more than could be accounted for by eccentricity.

I took the liberty of questioning him on the subject. Monsieur de Saint Leger cited the anecdote of Diogenes' throwing away his bowl, because he saw a child drink out of its hand. He had seen the Arabs go barelegged, the negroes go bareheaded, and he had left off wearing his stockings and his hat. At last, as a final challenge to the Equator, he wore his hair cut brush-fashion.

Monsieur de Saint Leger is one of the most pleasant men that I ever met. He was perfectly familiar with every detail of the country. We each bestrode a horse, and rode along side by side. Each of us had his saps running alongside of his horse and carrying his gun.

Monsieur Florat's gun was carried by a huge black from Congo, whose face combined all the extreme ugliness of his race, with the most complete stupidity of expression. The Moorish domestics treated him in about the same manner that Messieurs Florat and de Saint Leger treated them. It was evident that they perceived between themselves and this rough draught of a man, a difference at least equal to that which the cudgel forced them to recognize between themselves and Europeans. Below this negro, they saw nothing in the scale of living beings, unless perhaps, the animal unclean and proscribed by the Prophet—the wild-boar which we were about to rouse from his lair.

So each one put his own burden on the back of the negro, who dared not let the slightest grumble escape his lips; but clothed merely in a cotton shirt, advanced, bending under his load, without having even a hand at liberty to wipe away the streaming perspiration which varnished his face soot-color.

We rode for about two hours. It was in this excursion that my astonishment in regard to nature in Africa was first awakened. All the country which we were travelling over—a country of valleys, it is true—was as green as the emerald, and produced a stiff and sharp grass which grew to the height of the knee. Out of the grass flew flocks of plover and couples of partridges.

At length, after two hours' ride, we perceived on the summit of a mountain, relieved against a background of blue sky, thirty Arabs leaning on their long guns and waiting for us in silence. We made signals to them, to which

he who appeared to be their chief replied by waving his burnoose.

We began to ascend the mountain. On it were the same paths, the same plants, the same shrubs, as those to be found on the Sierra Morena. Nature has never seriously believed in the separation effected between Calpe and Abyla by Hercules. Africa is a continuation of Spain.

With a sureness of foot in which we could recognize the Arab breed, our horses mounted the rocky acclivity at the angle of forty-five degrees. From the form of the animals, however, one might have thought that they were crossed with Montmorency or Bois de Boulogne stock. But in the best blood, there is still something wanting; and there, where our horses would have fallen twenty times, the Moroccan horses did not stumble once.

On top of the mountain we reassembled. The Arabs had not made a step in advance to meet us. Monsieur de Saint Leger entered into conversation with them, and obtained a sort of recognition. They were grave and polite, in the sort of way in which people are polite when obeying an order, rather than when partaking of a pleasure. Monsieur Florat assured me that if Monsieur Hay had been with us, instead of Monsieur de Saint Leger, all these men would have been as eager as they were then indifferent.

After exchanging these few words, we started afresh. We still had about three-quarters of a league to go before reaching the place where we were to commence hunting.

We went through paths scarcely marked, over mountain-slopes bristling with myrtle, lentisk, and arbutus, in which we and our horses disappeared. I did not understand how we should be able to shoot in so dense a growth. An old Arab with bare legs and white beard led the hunt. His gun, encrusted with copper, had formerly been a matchlock, which had successively been made into a wheel-lock and

a flint-lock gun. In a hundred years one of his descendants will make it into a percussion gun.

A place among the rocks was pointed out to us as the spot where we should take breakfast. Several layers of stone were disposed by nature, one above another, in this granite amphitheatre, which not a single tree protected from the scorching ardor of the sun. The shade which it received came from the rocks themselves. A spring flowed from the lowest stratum of this gigantic dining-room—a spring, to the imagination, all the more fresh, all the more icy, because it escaped from below a furnace.

We went to take our stands. As I had presumed, this hunt was an almost impossible thing. One could not see ten paces around him, and one had no refuge from a wounded animal, except behind clumps of *arbutus*, which it could have pushed aside and trampled down as if they had been grass.

Scarcely had we reached our stands, when shouting began. In my life, I have seen many beaters-up of game, but never any so furious. They uttered yells and execrations. Their words seemed to excite and render them ferocious. Caribbees tracking a European, upon whom they hoped to feast, could not have used expression more menacing. I asked Paul, who stood behind me, holding an extra gun, what our beaters-up were after, and what they shouted so much. He answered, "They are after a boar, and shout to it, 'Come out of there, Jew!'"

Two or three of the men who had hired out the horses were Jews, and had accompanied their animals. It was probably at them—to revenge themselves on the Jews, because David did not remove his slippers in passing before the Mosque—that the Moors used this expression in their shouts.

In an instant, two or three shots fired among the beaters-



up themselves, announced to us that the boar had heard and understood the warning of what was to come. A ball that passed, whistling and breaking the branches, apprised me that the animal was coming in our direction. In fact, almost immediately, I heard on my left a great noise of brambles crashing. But it was with the animal, as with the balls: I heard it, but I could not see it.

Another shot was fired on my right, on the edge of the circle. Then we heard the shouts and crashing of branches approaching. Our beaters-up were coming. We rejoined each other. A jackal had been killed, that was all.

We were to breakfast after this first battue, and orders had been given to our says to wait for us in a clearing, whence we could return on horseback to our rock dining-room. We reached the clearing, but only three horses were in waiting. The others had been there; but while waiting for us, the Moors and negroes had thought proper to enjoy a steeple-chase, and our gentleman-riders were taking their pleasure where they found it. The misfortune was that we did not know where they were taking their pleasure.

We regained the rendezvous afoot, and I must do the justice to Messieurs Florat and de Saint Leger, to say, that, although one was a Protestant and the other a Catholic, all shade of religious difference vanished, and both returned swearing like pagans.

A great fire had been made, which there had been no difficulty in kindling on those burning rocks. It was lighted for the purpose of roasting on the coals a piece of beef which Monsieur Florat had brought raw. The beef was cut into the thinnest possible slices, and placed on the embers. At this point of time, and as they began to take from a wallet our provisions, which consisted of a ham, two or three fowls, and a dozen bottles of wine, we saw our

men and our horses returning; the men out of breath, the horses panting; the horses covered with lather, the men streaming with perspiration; the men knocked up, the horses foundered.

When the men perceived us, they were stupefied. The guilty fellows let themselves slip from their horses, and glided like adders into the bushes. Only two or three, less nimble-footed than the rest, were caught by the owners of the horses. Then commenced one of those bastinadoes of the East, of which not only have we no idea in France, but which, moreover, are repugnant to every Frenchman who has not dwelt a certain number of years on the other side of the Mediterranean.

Probably, if the correction had been administered by a Turk to an Arab, or by an Arab to a Moor, the spectators would have taken in it but a secondary interest, or perhaps they would have taken no interest at all, the thing being a family matter. But Christians beating True Believers—that made a great difference. Eyes began to flash beneath their burnouses.

I remarked this circumstance to these gentlemen, but they made no account of it, and did not stop until they deemed that they had cleared off scores with the unhappy squires.

The one who received the heaviest discharge of blows was the poor devil of a negro. He rolled on the ground, howling long after any one thought of striking him. He who, after him, uttered most groans, was a Jew. The Arabs bore the thing without breathing a syllable.

At last the negro and the other men arose. Monsieur Florat threw his gun to the negro, who mingled with the beaters-up, and we began to busy ourselves about our breakfast.

I merely cautioned our friends not to leave their arms.

and not to fail to watch the Arabs, their countenances having betokened the most evident displeasure during the scene of the bastinadoing. I made the same observation to our foreign-resident companions; but they, accustomed to live among these men, attached to what I said less importance than I could have wished.

Each of us shared the culinary duties. Some cut up the fowls, others minced slices of ham. These cut the bread, those uncorked the bottles. Boulanger sketched.

Stationed on the rocks, we commanded a view of the plateau. Around us, arranged in a circle, were our thirty or forty Arabs. For food, they had nothing but some dates, and for drink, nothing but the spring which, after lingering for an instant in a little basin of rock, went its way, leaving along its track a brighter green than that surrounding. Its course was not long. At the distance of scarcely fifty paces the sun drank it up.

My eyes followed this single tear, which marked with a watery wrinkle the parched face of the earth, when, bringing back my gaze from things to men, it fell upon our negro, who, seeming to have already forgotten the bastinadoing which had made him utter yells, was playing with Monsieur Florat's gun; just as a monkey, or any other animal which was using its fore-paws as hands would have done; and without any of the precaution which a man ordinarily takes with a fire-arm. I was just on the eve of calling Monsieur Florat's attention to this proceeding, when I suddenly saw the gun transformed into a flash, and a ball, whistling over our heads, flattened itself on the rock against which we were leaning. In an instant we were on our feet, with our guns in our hands. Was it an accident, or was it an attack?

The Arabs also were up. They, too, held their guns in readiness.

The negro rolled on the ground, crying out like a man in agony.

There was a momentary silence. The most prudent course was to take the occurrence as a piece of awkwardness, so we took it so.

In the midst of the silence, Monsieur Florat left his place, walked straight toward the negro, snatched away the gun with one hand, and, with the other, thrashed him vigorously with a hunting whip. It is useless to say that the rogue had not received the least scratch, but that he cried in advance, like the eels of Melun. This time, at least, he cried for something.

It was evident that if, instead of being a negro, the delinquent had been a Moor or an Arab, the mutiny would have broken out; but a negro—that could not afford even a pretext! The Arabs resumed their places, and we sat down again.

In the midst of this short disturbance I had time to see a smile which flitted over the lips of the Jews. For a moment, they thought that the Arabs and the Christians were going to slaughter each other. Five minutes afterward calm reappeared on every face, and no one looked as if he recollected what had passed.

However, this event, of which perhaps I exaggerate the importance, cast a damper on the remainder of the hunt. The Arab bullets which passed innocently near us, as the one which had followed the boar in the first battue had done, all seemed to us to have hostile intentions.

Nevertheless, the hunt proceeded without accident, if we except the necessity under which we lay, of passing through a piece of woods that had been burnt. The fire in extinguishing had left a crust of charcoal on every tree, every bush, every branch. When we got out, we needed but a coating more exactly like that of the negro, and

more skilfully applied, to leave us nothing wherein to envy him.

During the last battue, that is to say, about five o'clock in the evening, a young boar was killed by a Moor.

Whilst hunting we had advanced into the interior a league or two. But that did not annoy us so much as the fatigue did. Monsieur de Saint Leger, who, let me mention parenthetically, had hunted all day barelegged and bare-headed, had ordered the says to bring the horses to a designated place, but when we reached the place, we found it entirely deserted. We had recourse to shouting and firing, but without avail.

The occurrence was much the more serious, because neither Arab nor Moor was willing to carry the wild-boar, an unclean meat, which, in consequence, brought contamination. No promise could induce them to carry the animal; and now that it was dead, even the man who had killed it appeared to regard it with profound horror.

At last Eau de Benjoin, whose laziness during our journey in Spain had become a byword, volunteered to perform the duty. He obtained the assistance of Monsieur Hay's cook, who had come with us, entrusted by Monsieur de Saint Leger with the charge of the provisions. Despite his Ismaelitish origin, Eau de Benjoin must have been very fond of wild-boar.

Our two porters set about finding a pole. A pole of sufficient thickness to bear a wild-boar, that is to say, a tree about three inches in circumference, is not an easy thing to find in the woods of Morocco. Eau de Benjoin and the cook tied together the four feet of the animal, passed the pole between its legs, and each of them placed an end of the pole on his shoulder. Then they set out staggering under the load, like those Hebrews who, in the old Bible-

engravings, carry the famous bunch of grapes, a specimen of the fruit as it grows in the Promised Land.

We followed them, or rather we preceded them, after having promised our absent says, who were giving us a second edition of the morning's performance, a second thrashing revised and augmented.

We walked about a league or a league and a half in the direction of Tangier, shouting and firing guns. Night had almost fallen.

Suddenly, by the last of the twilight, we saw rise above the horizon a band of a dozen horsemen, who, growing taller to the sight as they ascended from behind a hill, showed singly for an instant as they attained its summit, and then, like an avalanche, rushed in our direction. They were our people returning. Whence? No one knew.

I never saw, never imagined such a whirlwind of demons loosed on this earth. Those bronzed visages merging into the shade, those white burnouses floating like winding-sheets, the muffled gallop of the vaguely-discernible horses, which approached with lightning-like rapidity,—all these circumstances gave to that nocturnal race the fantastic seeming of a dream. I recalled to my mind the Sioux whom Cooper represents as coursing over the prairie around the squatters' camp. As for myself, I almost pardoned the men their fault, in consideration of the unexpected and ravishing spectacle which they presented.

At ten paces from us, they reined up short, leaped from their saddles, and, warned by experience, got out of reach; a precaution which, after what I had heard said around me for the last half hour, appeared to be full of wisdom.

They whom this return most rejoiced, not on account of its poetic side, but on account of its prosaic one, were Paul and the cook. The wild-boar was put portemanteau-fashion on the croup of Paul's horse. Each of us again mounted

his frightened beast, and we continued on our way toward Tangier, where we arrived at ten o'clock at night. It was then that we saw all the joyous population around the fountain, getting drunk on fresh water.

David was waiting for us. On the next day a Jewish wedding was to be celebrated at Tangier, and he bade us not to lose this opportunity of becoming acquainted with the marriage ceremonies of the Israelites. We should not, he said, be obliged to concern ourselves about anything; we should find at his house our breakfast and our dinner.

All these arrangements for the morrow having been made, we returned to sleep on the *Vélocé*, which waited for us with a lantern hoisted on her mainmast.

## A JEWISH WEDDING.

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ACCORDINGLY, the next day, on reaching David's house, we found our breakfast ready. Never did I see a more neat and appetizing table.

There were fresh butter, such as I had not seen since our departure from France, fine dates, and excellent figs. The rest of the dishes were composed of mutton-chops and fried fish, which viands we moistened with a wine of David's making, with the composition of which the grape must have had very little to do : but it was not the less excellent on that account. I hazarded the opinion that, in all probability, it was the liquor which, in the Middle Ages, was served under the name of hydromel.

After breakfast, David requested us to accompany him to the house of the bride.

Six days had already passed since the celebration of the marriage began. This was the seventh, called the day of henna. It was the most curious one; that on which the bride was to be conducted to the conjugal household.

At the distance of a hundred yards from the house we could hear the noise which issued from it. The noise consisted of the thrumming of tambourines, the scraping of fiddles, and the tinkling of sleigh-bells, which was not wanting in a certain harmony full of barbaric peculiarity—in such music as one expects to find in Morocco.

We continued to advance. The door was crowded with



the curious, but at the sight of David, they made way for us.

We entered a square court-yard, surrounded, except toward the street, with terraced houses. An enormous fig-tree, which reminded me of that upon which the Athenians used to hang themselves, stood in the middle of the court-yard, with Jewish and Moorish children clustering in its branches.

On two sides of the walls were benches. The benches were filled with spectators, among whom we were shown seats. The other two sides of the wall, which were those of the street and of the front of the house, were occupied—that on the street, by three musicians sitting cross-legged, and playing. One of them played the violin, reversing the instrument, as the violoncello is played; the two others played the tambourine. The wall forming the face of the house was occupied by a dozen or so Jewish women, dressed in their richest costumes, and grouped, some at the feet of others, in the most picturesque manner, presenting no break in the blending of their forms, except that caused by the ogive portal, in the depths of which one could see fifteen or twenty other women fading away into the remote distance.

All the adjacent terraces were covered with spectators, or rather with spectatresses—strange spectatresses who looked like phantoms! They were Moorish women, dressed in ample blue and white garments called abroks. They were seated cross-legged. Now and then they arose, and uttered a sort of prolonged laugh that sounded like the gobbling of the turkey and the scream of the osprey combined. After uttering this cry, they resealed themselves, and resumed their immobility. One only among all these women went running from terrace to terrace, striding over the intervals with wonderful agility, and from time to time sinning against all the laws of the Prophet, opening her abrok to

disclose to us a charming head, which she as quickly concealed, laughing coquettishly. Truly, Virgil's Galatæa flying toward the willows, yet wishing to be seen before she reaches them, belongs to every clime, even to that of Morocco!

It required some time for us to take in all these objects—the fig-tree laden with children, spectators sitting on the benches, musicians playing the violin and the tambourine, Jewish women sitting in groups, Jewish women standing under the portal, Moorish women sitting cross-legged on the terrace. But, at last, we succeeded in resolving the scene into a whole replete with harmonious richness of color.

A square place leading to the door of the house was unoccupied, and had been covered with a carpet. David went in to speak to the women of the house. One of them came out blushing, but without requiring persuasion. She advanced to the middle of the square place, amidst the encouragement of her companions and the wild laughter of the Moorish women. Then she drew a handkerchief from her pocket, took it by two of the corners, and twisted it by swinging it around rapidly. When it was as hard as a rope, she began to dance.

The fandango, cachucha, ole, bito, and the jaleo de Xeres, have spoiled us. It is true that the Jewish dance is not a dance. It is a clattering step in one spot, accompanied by a movement of the hips, reminding one of the Andalusian *menito*. In other respects there is little grace, save in the movement of the hands, little voluptuousness, save in the expression of the eyes.

Ten or twelve women danced one after another; and the most accurate observer would not have been able to detect any difference in their terpsichorean talent. It is true that they all danced to the same tune, accompanied by the same song. When the tune was finished, it was resumed with the

first bar ; when the song was finished, the song was recommenced.

The tune was not exactly a tune, but a kind of monotonous cadence, running through an octave at most. At intervals, the elder of the two players on the tambourine laid down his instrument and clapped his withered hands, which sounded like two wooden palettes striking together. One might have thought that the flesh was absent, and that a skeleton's bones were producing this singular noise.

As for the song, I will give you a thousand chances to guess its subject. It was the song of the bombardment of Tangier.

There are two events which have made a profound impression in Morocco. The first is the bombardment of Tangier ; the second, the battle of Isly.

No song has yet been composed on the battle of Isly, at least I do not know of any ; but one has been composed on the bombardment of Tangier.

Why did they sing this song at a Jewish wedding ? That is the question which I asked myself, and which every one will ask himself. Is a bombardment a fit subject for a nuptial song ? No. But the appearance of Frenchmen on the coast of Tangier led to a conflict, and that conflict to a victory. This conflict was the old struggle between the East and the West. Until the thirteenth century the East brought us light. Since the fourteenth century we have carried to it liberty.

This conflict brought about a victory, and that victory a treaty. Now, wherever, even after a victory, we make a treaty,—it belongs to our prodigal character—there is more for our enemies to receive than to bestow. The Jews especially, those pariahs of fanaticism, have always gained something by extending to us the hand of friendship. So the Jews crushed, like Enceladus, beneath the weight of that

mountain which God has rolled on them,—man's tyranny,—the Jews turned themselves more easily from the moment when we rendered that tyranny lighter. Then the bombardment of Tunis, terrible for all, was nevertheless a little less terrible for them than for the rest of its inhabitants. For that conflagration, by the light of which they caught a glimpse of a happier future, was to them the dawn—the dawn of a day perhaps as bright as that which rests on Algiers.

Therefore it is that this song, melancholy as it is, is sung at all times, everywhere, by everybody; even sung by the Jews, who are not given to singing, and who even sing it as a nuptial song.

The following are some of the verses that I heard. The number is not fixed; and in a country where poetry is the common language, where all are poets, every day gives birth to a new stanza devoted to the great event:

From climes unknown a warlike fleet,  
Unnumbered as the starry host,  
Whitened the wave beneath our feet,  
And terror spread through all the coast.  
Then, frantic in that hour of grief,  
Men called on Allah for relief.

Tangier ! O city of my love !  
Thou ancient sovereign of the sea !  
In anguish of my soul, above  
My darkest dread, I prayed for thee,  
And loudly, in that hour of grief,  
Implored I Allah for relief.

From festal scenes, at evening fall,  
Wearied we sought our welcome sleep,  
Nor dreamed that 'neath death's sable pall,  
Ere morning dawned, we all should weep,  
Or that aloud, in tones of grief,  
We should from Allah pray relief.

On every side the people came,  
Rushing bewildered to the walls;  
But swifter still, on wings of flame,  
Swept shot, and shell, and red-hot balls:  
Women, in terror and in grief,  
Exclaimed, O Allah, send relief!

On fiery steeds came chieftains first:  
To arms! to arms! they sternly cried:  
But when upon their vision burst  
That countless fleet, their spirit died;  
And helpless there, and plunged in grief,  
They too prayed Allah for relief.

From dawn that day, the thunderous sound  
Of mighty cannon shook the air:  
When evening came, a crumbling mound  
Alone, of all that fort, was there.  
With frenzied gestures, tones of grief,  
Men cried to Allah for relief.

The fleet, concealed by sombre night,  
To Mogador swift sped away:  
When morning broke in floods of light,  
Free in her ashes Tangier lay.  
For vainly had we cried in grief,  
Allah! O Allah! send relief!

This is the strange song which they sang at the Jewish wedding, and which, as well as the dance, they interrupted for the purpose of showing us the bride.

The bride was in the chamber which, from the courtyard, we saw crowded with Jewish women. We penetrated into it, conducted by David, who appeared to enjoy high consideration among his co-religionists. The bride, who was lying in a large bed with four young girls who seemed to be guarding her, was obliged to rise. She was conducted to the middle of the room, and was then told to seat herself with her back against the wall. She wore a red veil,

and kept her eyes closed. She had not opened her eyes since the commencement of the ceremonies, and they had lasted for eight days.

The first day, which was the Wednesday preceding our arrival, the family had taken possession of the bride, and the musicians had taken possession of the court-yard. The family had bathed the bride from head to foot, and the musicians had begun their witches' sabbath. The bride having come out of the bath, she was placed on her bed, which she was not to leave except for the time necessary to shake the mattress. Then they closed her eyes, which she was not to open except to see her husband.

On Thursday, her female relations had coursed through the city, inviting her female friends to come to the house on Saturday. On Friday, the family had prepared dinner for Saturday, and at six o'clock on Saturday morning the young girls invited had arrived, and had lain down on the same bed with the bride. About nine or ten o'clock in the morning, after the groom had come out of the Synagogue, all those who had heard prayers with him accompanied him to the bride's house. The day passed in festivity, but the bride did not open her eyes, the bride did not rise.

All Saturday night, until Sunday, music was playing. On Sunday the house was cleaned. This occupation took a part of the morning. In the evening the bride sent presents to the groom. These presents were mattresses, sheets, and shirts. The women accompanied the presents, singing "Hulaleh! Hulaleh!"

On Monday, early, a great dinner for the women was prepared. As soon as dinner was over, the bride was made to rise, and was conducted to the bath, to which she went with her eyes closed. The women accompanied her. The bath belongs to the Synagogue.

On Tuesday, that is to say, the day of henna,—the day

which had arrived,—the dancing and singing continued. But at mid-day it was intended that the bride should rise, seat herself against the wall, and have her finger-nails and toe-nails painted with henna. This is what the attendants were about at that time, and it was for the purpose of being present at the ceremony that we had been introduced into the chamber.

At the end of a half hour, the bride's finger-nails and toe-nails were brick-color; and, enriched with this ornamentation, she was conducted to her bed, amidst the Moorish women's shrill laughter, of which no other human sound can convey any idea.

At six o'clock in the evening they were to finish the toilette of the bride, and conduct her to the groom. Until that time, there would be nothing going on, except the dances and songs. The dances were always the same, the song was always that of the bombardment.

We instructed David to drop some douros into the bonnet of the dancer who was performing as we left the room. It is a sort of tribute paid by strangers who come to look on at these dances, and we submitted to it with great pleasure. The show had been curious enough for us not to regret our money.

We spent all the day in running about the streets of Tangier, and in completing our purchases at David's, where a dinner, as excellent as the breakfast had been, was served for us about four o'clock in the afternoon. At six o'clock, we returned to the house of the bride. The conclusion which was approaching had brought into the street and into the court-yard an assembly of the curious, still more considerable in numbers than that of the morning. We had the greatest trouble in the world to get through the crowd, but with David, one could do anything. We entered.

They were awaiting our arrival, in order to begin the ceremony of the toilette. Scarcely had we taken our places at one end of the chamber, which was about twenty feet long by, at most, eight feet wide, when at the opposite end red damask curtains were withdrawn, disclosing to us the bride lying amid five or six young girls.

They made her rise, her eyes being still closed. They made her leave the bed, and seat herself in the middle of the chamber, opposite the door, on a chair backed against the wall. The chair was raised on its feet, like that of Thomas Diafoirus in "*Le Malade Imaginaire*." The bride perched on the chair.

Then the matrons surrounded her. They removed her lace veil, and began to dress her hair. The hair served for the substructure, on which they placed a head-dress, then a second one, and then a third. Over this third head-dress, which rose to the height of half a foot, a scarf was rolled, stove-pipe fashion; and on this pipe was placed a red-velvet diadem with points, of the shape of the ancient crowns of the Frankish kings.

The head-dress having been completed, they proceeded from the forehead to the face. A woman, armed with a camel's-hair pencil, then commenced to paint the bride's eyebrows and eyelashes with khol, while another one, with a little leaf of gilt paper, the gilding of which covered a coat of cochineal, rubbed the cheeks, which instantly assumed the tint of the most brilliant carmine. The application was made in the simplest manner. The woman who had charge of this part of the toilette applied her tongue to the leaf of gilt paper, and the leaf, all wet, to the cheek of the bride. A rubbing, which might have been more gentle, accomplished the rest of the process.

This coloring process lasted for an hour or two, without the poor victim's opening her eyes, hazarding a gesture, or



even stirring. After this, she was made to get down from her chair, and mount a sort of throne arranged on a table. There she sat as stiff as a Japanese figure, whilst her brother, candle in hand, exhibited the idol to every one. During this time the women fanned her with their handkerchiefs.

Every ten minutes or so the Moorish women broke out into the shrill laughter of which I have already spoken.

After half an hour's exhibition, candles appeared, and the music redoubled in fury. The candles were borne by the relations of the groom, who had come to escort the bride to his house. The hour had arrived for her to repair to the nuptial dwelling. They laid hold of her on her throne, they lifted her off by main strength, and deposited her on the floor, amidst the shouts, the applause, and the Moorish women's laughter, which was heard above all the din.

All the curious were made to retire, we bringing up the rear. At the door, four Janissaries, with lanterns in one hand, and cudgels or koorbashes in the other, were waiting for the procession. They were to perform the duty of clearing the way for it, and that of protecting us.

The procession began to move, headed by the bride, whose eyes were still closed, and whose every movement was remarkable for its automatic stiffness. Three men guided her; two holding her under the arms, and walking beside her, the third walking behind her, supporting her head. Three men bearing candles lighted the way, walking backward, and pushing behind them the curious, who, also, were walking backward.

All the people who had been at the wedding followed the bride. This mass was separated into two quite distinct portions—the invited guests and the bride who walked forward—the curious who walked backward. A great focus

of light separated them, projecting rays over all these figures with strange costumes—Moors, Jews, Arabs, Christians.

This light, which flickeringly mounted along the houses, revealed every door crowded with veiled women, every little street barred with tall spectres, of which one could see nothing but the winding-sheets; whilst, on the terrace-height, coursed like fantastic ghosts, an aerial cortege, leaping from house to house, following from roof to roof this clamorous and luminous procession, which seemed to push before it, draw after it, and awake on its flanks, the whole population of Tangier.

It was the most fantastic spectacle that I ever saw in my life; and I shall never forget those groups of white phantoms, amidst which shone the Jewish women's golden vests and head-dresses of pearl. I shall never forget those little square windows, out of each of which passed a head. I shall never forget those demons of the night vaulting from roof to roof, in the half-light which reached them, halting only when some little cross-street barred their way, and clearing it with an echoless bound, as if curiosity had lent them wings as silent as those of the bat.

In about an hour, we at length reached the house, into which we entered, still guarded by our Janissaries.

I was in the front rank of those who walked backward, immediately behind the candle-bearers, and between two Janissaries,—who, despite my remonstrances, of which they understood nothing, struck right and left, picking up stones to hit those whom they could not reach otherwise,—and protected by them, not only from hurt, but from all contact with the crowd.

The groom was backed against a wall, motionless, with his eyes cast down, and like a stone statue guarding the door. He was dressed in black, he had his head shaved, and he wore a single line of beard, which commenced at

the ears and passed under the chin. He might have been about twenty-two or twenty-four years of age.

Our entrance did not cause him to make any movement. He remained at his post, with downcast eyes, and without even looking as if the breath of life passed across his thin and compressed lips. Only Giraud could undertake to give the portraiture of this singular personage.

The bride came behind us, for, thanks to the Janissaries, all the curious had been kept in the street. On the sill she stopped. They brought her a glass of water, which she drank, after which they broke the glass.

The glass having been broken, the bride entered. They carried her to a throne, like the one which she had occupied at her own house. Then the shouts and the music recommenced, and continued for about ten minutes. During these ten minutes of uproar, neither the bride on her throne, nor the groom backed against the wall, gave any sign of life. At last five or six women lifted the bride from her throne, and carried her to the bed, after which the curtains fell, and every one was told to leave the room.

I know not whether the poor girl had known the house to which she was conducted, or had ever seen her husband; but if both were unknown to her, she must have been disagreeably surprised on opening her eyes. The house was very poor, and the husband very ugly.

We left the house. It was about ten o'clock. The lights were extinguished, the curious dispersed, the streets empty. As at the signal for retreat in "Robert le Diable," the phantoms seemed to have returned to their tombs, and a few belated ones were gliding along the walls.

We passed by the little fountain. Even the little fountain was solitary, and one could hear nothing but the plashing of its water falling on the pavement. All the noise, the uproar, the splendor, had vanished like a dream.

Ten minutes afterward we were outside of Tangier, which we left, probably never to see again.

On the quay, we bade adieu to David. During the day he had carried all our purchases on board of the *Véloce*, and had despatched a messenger to Tetuan. The messenger was the bearer of a letter from Monsieur Florat, apprising the Bey of Tetuan that, on the morning of the next day but one, we would land near the Custom House, at the distance of about two leagues from the city.

We wished to settle our accounts with David, for the breakfast and dinner which we had taken at his house, and for the tobacco and dates which he had sent to us, but he would not listen to it, telling us that it would give him pain if we insisted further.

I met, during my voyage, two Israelites with whom I had much to do—at Tangier, David—at Algiers, Soulal. I commend to the most honest Christians of my acquaintance, their politeness, their honesty, and their disinterestedness.

## THE PILLARS OF HERCULES.

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WE reached the *Véloce* about half-past ten o'clock in the evening, during the first watch. Supper was ready for us. We remained at table until midnight, and, on deck, until one o'clock in the morning. We could not reconcile ourselves to losing sight of that fairy city which, as if to fête us, had shown itself under so strange an aspect.

At two o'clock, the vessel got up steam. At four o'clock, we were to get under way. I requested to be awakened, as I did not wish to lose any incident in the passage of the Straits of Gibraltar, which all modern prosaism has not yet been able to deprive of the spell with which it was invested by poetic antiquity. My request was useless. At four o'clock I was awakened by the first motion of the corvette, and at five o'clock I returned to the deck.

It was still night, although one could perceive the approach of day. On the right, on the coast of Africa, Monkey Mountain stood out in ultramarine tint relieved against the paler azure of the sky, already warmed by the first rays of sunshine. On the left, but still in twilight, the coast was somewhat less dark, and midway on it one could see shining the light-house at Tarifa.

We were steering so as to gain the middle of the Straits, and in the shade in which we still were, the striking of the steamer's paddles evolved from the sea, globes of phos-

phorescent flame, which, after having swept along the steamer's sides, fell astern, to unite and lose themselves in her wake.

The day, little by little, grew brighter. Still maintaining its ultramarine hue, Monkey Mountain was defined on an orange-tinted sky. We commenced to distinguish the coast as far as Ceuta. The mountain looked like a gigantic camel, lying along the shore, and drinking out of the sea. Ceuta formed the head, and, above the head, one could distinguish, as if a crest, the notches of its battlements.

On its side, the coast of Spain began to receive light. One could clearly distinguish its cities, villages, detached houses, and the multitude of valleys and mountains which abut on the sea. On the opposite shore, the one which we were leaving, there was not a city, not a douar, not a gourbi.

At the moment when we were nearing the coast line of Africa, the sun rose beyond Ceuta. In the blaze we distinctly perceived Gibraltar, its forts reflecting the light, and its harbor still shrouded in a haze pierced, as with gigantic lances, by the streamer-decked masts of vessels.

It was from the point where we were, from which in their full extent appeared the two mountains which the ancients called the Pillars of Hercules, beyond which they for a long while supposed that naught existed but night.

You know how Hercules, in coming from the East to the West, made the same voyage which we were at this time making, in going from the West to the East.

The Twelve Labors having been accomplished, Hercules resolved to take a little recreation by travelling for pleasure. The voyage which he desired to make was the circumnavigation of the Mediterranean, the tour of the known world.

He therefore left Greece, the usual theatre of his ex-

plotts, and went to Egypt. In Egypt, Busiris seized him and loaded him with chains. Hercules broke his chains, as easily as he would have snapped a silken thread, and killed Busiris with a blow of his club.

Hercules continues his course, but on the confines of the Earth he meets Antæus, son of the Earth, who acquires new strength every time that, in his wrestle with Hercules, he touches his mother, be it but with the tip of his toe. Hercules raises Antæus up from the ground, and squeezes him to death against his breast.

Hercules penetrates into the desert, but he loses his way amid the burning sands. It is no longer the Nemæan Lion, the Lernæan Hydra, the Erymanthian Boar, or the Stymphalian Birds, that he must encounter: it is an enemy much more dangerous, much more determined, an enemy invincible—it is thirst. The hero is dying, suffocated, consumed, calcined\* by the blazing sun, by the blazing sand, by the blazing atmosphere; when Jupiter appears under the form of a ram, and, with a kick, causes a spring to flow, around which at the present day still flourishes the oasis of Ammon.

Hercules continues his journey. From a distance he perceives Atlas, that ancient Titan rebel, on whom Jupiter had inflicted the punishment of supporting the heavens on his shoulders. It is he whom Hercules is seeking. Hercules had determined that, in order to appease his brother Eurystheus, he would take to him three golden apples gathered in the gardens of the Hesperides, which ought to be situated about twenty-five or thirty leagues off somewhere in the vicinity. Now, who can show him the way better than Atlas, whose head overlooks all round about?

Hercules finds in Atlas the most complaisant giant in the world. Atlas, not content with showing him the way, will, as the way is very difficult, himself go for the golden

apples. To manage the affair needs but one thing—that is, for Hercules to take his place for a day or two, and support the heavens during his absence. Hercules can refuse nothing to a king who shows so much complaisance toward him, so he stoops beside the Titan, carefully slides the load on to his own shoulders, and very gently substitutes himself for the old heaven-bearer, without the heavens' perceiving for an instant that they are less well supported since he undertook the task.

Here is Atlas temporarily at his ease. He stretches his arms, he stretches his legs, and starts off to perform his promise.

Two days after his departure, Atlas, as he had promised, returned, bringing back the three golden apples. But Atlas had acquired a taste for liberty, and instead of handing the three golden apples to Hercules, he declared that he himself would take them to Eurystheus, whilst Hercules, a prisoner by compulsion, should continue to support Olympus.

To tell you that this new arrangement of Atlas did not somewhat surprise Hercules, and that the gods did not feel a slight quaking of the heavens for a minute after the giant had made this proposition, is what I dare not affirm. But what has long been established is, that the countenance of Hercules continued to express the most bland serenity, and that he consented to everything, on one condition—that Atlas would give him time to make a pad to put on his back, certain roughnesses in the heavens bruising his shoulder-blades.

Atlas, who did not expect so much willingness on the part of Hercules, agreed that the latter should do what he liked, on condition that he would not take more time than that strictly necessary for the making of his pad. Hercules promised all that the other wished, and, in his turn,



slid the load on to the shoulders of Atlas, just as Atlas had slid it on to his shoulders. But when the credulous giant was settled, Hercules, instead of troubling himself about the pad, wished Atlas joy of his office of heavenly caryatid, took the three golden apples, and continued on his way. Since that time, Atlas has not budged, and we should find him at the same place where he was left by Hercules.\*

At last Hercules arrived where we now were. Only, allow me to remind you that, formerly, the world was not made exactly as it is at the present day. The Mediterranean formed a great basin, which had no communication with the ocean. Sicily was part of Calabria. Besides, a great chain of mountains, which, in the ancient world, tradition preserved under the name of Atlantis,† extended from the westernmost point of Africa to the southern coast of America, like a bridge thrown across the ocean.

Hercules did not like the way in which the thing was arranged, and resolved to open a passage through which the Mediterranean and the ocean could communicate. A mountain had two peaks. That made a point of support, and gave him great facilities. He placed his back against one of the peaks, his feet against the other, and pushed. Under this powerful impulse, the granite chain was rent asunder, and the sea precipitated itself boiling through the passage. At the same stroke, or rather counter-stroke, Messina, shaken to its centre, parted from Calabria.

To the two mountains which Hercules made out of a single one, which mountains even now seem ready to rejoin each other, he gave the names of Calpe and Abyla. Then

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\* The obtaining of the golden apples from the gardens of the Hesperides, which adventure Dumas gives as one of the voluntary feats of Hercules, was, as the reader may remember, the eleventh of the Twelve Labors.—*Trans.*

† Usually called the island Atlantis.—*Trans.*

he continued his journey, traversed Spain, crossed the Pyrenees, passed the Rhone, strode over the Alps, skirted Liguria, and returned to Greece.

If Hercules had been born twenty minutes earlier instead of a quarter of an hour later than his brother Eurysheus, he would have found himself the elder brother, instead of finding himself the younger one, and would eventually have occupied his time in reigning tranquilly over Thebes, and not in rambling like a knight-errant over the world: which is as much as to say, that Calpe and Abyla would still have formed an unbroken chain, and that I should have been standing on the top of a mountain instead of sailing in the middle of a strait.

## THE ENGLISH IN SPAIN.

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**I**N the meantime, while recalling to my memory this ancient legend of Hercules,—so ancient that it may perhaps have appeared entirely new to you;—and without seeking to fathom whether there was but one Hercules, according to Hesiod, or whether there were three Herculesees, according to Diodorus, or six, according to Cicero, or in fine, fifty-three, according to Varro;—without maintaining with modern ephemerists, that, on the contrary, of the fifty-three Herculesees, not a single one has existed, either as man, demi-god, or god, and that Hercules is neither more nor less than Bel, Belus, Baäl, the Sun, that the Twelve Labors are the twelve signs of the Zodiac, that the Seven Nights are days of the week, and in fine, that the fifty-two daughters of Thespius are the fifty-two weeks of the year;—without investigating the great probability that all the voyages ceaselessly renewed from the East to the West are neither more nor less than the heavenly circuit in which appears to roll the great luminary that gives life to mankind, and keeps monsters in darkness, or in other words, in death;—we pursued our course toward Gibraltar.

Now, would you like me to tell you another thing, which will doubtless seem to you as fabulous as does the legend about Hercules? It is that Gibraltar is the only city—I will not say on the coast of Spain, but in all Spain—where there is fog.

But, you will reply, why this fog rather over Gibraltar, than over Algesiras, or Tarifa, or Cadiz? To that I answer, unhesitatingly: Because Gibraltar is an English city, and because there is fog in England. For, do not deceive yourself, it is not nature that makes the fog, it is the English.

The English make just what they please. It is not with the Son of the Earth that they strive, it is with the Earth herself. But the beauty of the thing is that they strive, and they conquer. The English have made dahlias that smell like pinks. They have made cherries without stones, currants without seeds. They are in a fair way to make cattle without legs. Look at the cattle of the Earl of Durham. They now have but one joint; pretty soon they will have no joint at all, and will walk entirely on their bellies.

So it is with the fog. There was no fog in Gibraltar before it belonged to the English; but the English were used to fog, they felt the want of it, so they made it for themselves.

“But with what?” you will ask.

“Parbleu! Why with the original elements—with charcoal, then!”

So certain is what I have said the case, that if you ever go to Gibraltar, you will acknowledge the exact truth of what I have had the honor to tell you; and that, while looking at the mountain-sides for the city drowned in the mist, in which it seems engulfed as if in a second sea.

Let me say, in conclusion, that not from enthusiasm was I going to Gibraltar. It was in the accomplishment of my double duty as a traveller and as a father. The duty of a traveller,—because it is impossible to answer people who know that you have been through the Straits, and who ask you whether you have been to Gibraltar: “No I have not been there.” The duty of a father,—because, you know, Alexandre was lost at Seville, and did not rejoin us at

Cadiz; and if there was any chance of finding him, it was at Gibraltar.

Giraud and Desbarolles had not drawn a very flattering picture of Gibraltar. They had both been there, and had sworn never to return. But what would you have? Man proposes, but God disposes. I should tell you that Giraud and Desbarolles, with pencil and sketch-book in hand, had been taken for the French engineers, disguised as Spaniards, and drawing the plan of the fortifications.

The fact is that, since the English have had Gibraltar, they have been about as comfortable as if they had the plague, the cholera, or the typhus fever. They can think of nothing but Gibraltar, they can dream of nothing but Gibraltar, they can dread nothing except for Gibraltar. Why, it will soon be one hundred years since they were attacked by this disease, and acute as it was during the first twenty-five years, it has become chronic.

Once a week the First Lord of the Admiralty dreams that Gibraltar is being captured. Then he starts up from his sleep, calls for his Secretary, dictates a despatch, and sends off a steamship. The steamship conveys an order to build a new fort, to raise a new rampart, to construct a new hornwork, and to mount cannons, cannons, cannons, cannons.

So it has come to pass, that there are three thousand cannons at Gibraltar, and that a reward of two thousand pounds sterling—fifty thousand francs—is promised to whomsoever shall find in Gibraltar a place where another cannon may be, not necessary, but useful. The consequence is that, as it takes at least seven men to serve a piece, a garrison of twenty-one thousand men is in case of siege required just for the cannon, without counting that, if there should be occasion, they would not fail to add more cannon.

Judge how Giraud and Desbarolles were received amidst all these cannon. First, an English soldier was let loose on them, as if one of them had been Bonaparte and the other Napoleon, and as if Gibraltar had been a second Saint Helena. Then they were warned not to walk in the city after eight o'clock in the evening, and then, finally, they were notified to leave it before six o'clock in the morning.

Their movements were followed with a spy-glass; first, on the bay of Algesiras, and until they had reached Algesiras; then on the road from Algesiras to Tarifa, as long as the road was visible, and they were visible on the road. Then a steamer with engines of four hundred horse-power was despatched to London, for the purpose of announcing to the First Lord of the Admiralty, that Gibraltar had come near being taken by two French engineers, but that, fortunately, it had not been taken. Consols fell, rose, fell again, and finally closed at par. Then the people of London were reassured.

What would happen when at the end of two months, Giraud and Desbarolles were seen returning, and that, too, on a French corvette? It was enough to ensure our all being sent aboard the hulks, or else transported to Botany Bay. At the risk of what might happen, we at seven o'clock in the morning cast anchor about half a league from Gibraltar.

My first glance swept the harbor of Gibraltar, and my second essayed to penetrate that of Algesiras. I looked for a steamship. A steamship in the harbor would lead me to hope that Alexandre was in the city. There was not a single steamship either in Gibraltar or in Algesiras. My last chance, therefore, was that Alexandre had been landed by the "Tagus," which makes the voyage from Lisbon to Valentia, touching at Cadiz, Gibraltar, and Malaga.

Unfortunately it was necessary to wait for the health-officer.

The Board of Health is composed of a set of very ill-favored people, who inquire whence you come, all the while holding handkerchiefs to their noses, and taking your passport with the tongs. The Board of Health has but one fear, that of falling sick. Now, as it is settled that the plague is, like all the great scourges, a native of India, but that in coming to Europe it is in the habit of stopping by the way at Cairo, Tunis, and Tangier, we must have inspired a very lively dread, we who had just arrived from Tangier.

That did not prevent about twenty boats from coming and sailing around us ten minutes after our arrival. These boats were waiting to take us ashore as soon as the Board of Health had declared that we brought neither the plague nor the cholera.

While waiting, I directed the cockswain of one of these boats to return ashore, and run to all the inns, inquiring whether Monsieur Alexandre Dumas, Jr. had arrived. He was to receive a reasonable sum if he found the afore-said Alexandre Dumas, Jr. I did not promise a very large sum, lest he might bring me a false Alexandre.

These steps taken, we, while waiting for the Board of Health, sat down to table. We counted on leaving Gibraltar that same evening. A vessel must leave the port by five o'clock in the afternoon, under penalty of not being allowed to sail until the next morning, and we did not want to lose time in breakfasting there.

Notwithstanding what Giraud and Desbarolles had told us, we persisted in believing that there were more curious things to be seen than the cannons and the Highlanders. I must tell you that we had seen on the jetty a guard of Highlanders, who, at a distance, presented the most pictu-

resque appearance. But, after all, when one has seen a Highlander, it is the same as when one has seen a cannon—he has seen a thousand.

We had just gone down into the Captain's dining-saloon, when Vial, in his turn, rapidly descended the companion-way, and appeared at the door.

"Well," said he, "they have got him."

"Who?" said I.

"Your son, pardieu!"

"My son; where is he?"

"He is coming—a tall, light-complexioned fellow. I saw him with the spy-glass."

We rushed up on deck. In fact it was really Alexandre who was coming in the boat which I had sent to seek him. No sooner did he perceive us than he made such telegraphic signals that there could no longer be any doubt in our minds as to his identity.

His coming was, I confess, a great weight lifted from my heart. I had not spoken of my uneasiness to my companions, but I had been really anxious. Nearly fifteen days had passed since our separation, and I had had no news of him except news pretty alarming. He came alongside of the ship. I waited for him on the lowest step of the ladder. He threw himself on my neck, as smiling and unconscious as a child. "Ma foi," said he, "one day more, and you would have found me dead."

"Of what?"

"Of ennui."

"Gibraltar is very terrible, then?"

"It is hideous."

"Truth speaks by the mouth of children," observed Giraud, sententiously.

I regained the deck, not without having thrown to the boatman double the recompense that I had promised him.



The Board of Health having performed its duty, and having ascertained that there was nothing to be said against us, we were allowed to go ashore at Gibraltar, which we reached ten minutes after having received permission.

## GIBRALTAR.

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THE thing that most struck us whilst we were casting anchor in the Harbor of Gibraltar, was a post of Highlanders on our left, on a terrace sufficiently elevated to cause the sentinel who was walking guard, and two soldiers talking at some distance, to be sharply defined on a background of orange-colored sky. The sight was a sort of toy, which, thanks to the Captain's spy-glass, amused us very much for a few moments. Then we turned again to Gibraltar.

I can comprehend why the ancients fancied Gibraltar to be one of the Pillars of Hercules. It is, indeed, difficult enough to understand the presence of this monolith of fifteen hundred feet in height, attached to nothing, and apparently fallen from the skies or sprouted from the earth. One's first impression is of a sphynx lying on the edge of the sea, the hind-quarters turned toward Europe, the head looking toward Africa, and the paws stretched in advance, forming the extreme point of our continent. The roughness that one perceives on its skin, the warts that cover its paws, the vetches that enamel its nose, like that of Cicero, are houses, prisons, forts. The ants that swarm over all this mass, ascending, descending, creeping, are men.

Whilst we were fancying to ourselves what enigma this colossal sphynx might have suggested to voyaging ships,

the Board of Health, having become satisfied that we had neither the cholera, nor the yellow fever, nor the plague, gave us authority to land.

I wished, as usual, to take a gun, but I was notified that strangers armed could not enter Gibraltar. I wanted, for fear of accident, to discharge the gun at a gull, which seemed to me very confident for an English gull, but they stopped me, telling me that no firing was allowed in the Harbor of Gibraltar. I humbly bowed my head, and got into the boat which was to take us ashore.

From the boat, we could perceive a new line of fortification being thrown up in the very sea.

When landing on the jetty, I cast a last glance at Algeiras, which lay glittering on the sea-shore, like an immense fish showing half of its silvery back above the surface of the water. I felt that, in entering Gibraltar, I left Spain.

In fact, Tangier, which we had just visited, is much more Spanish than Gibraltar is. Scarce did we pass the gate of the latter, when we were transported to England. There were no more cobble-stone pavements, no more houses with grills and green Venetian-blinds, no more charming patios and marble fountains in the midst of the shops. There were dealers in cloth, cutlers, gunsmiths, hotels with the Arms of Great Britain, pavements on which walked blonde women, streets in which scarlet-uniformed officers rode English horses. Hop-o'-my Thumb had lent us his boots, and at each step that we had made since leaving the deck of the Véloce, we had cleared seven leagues.

We entered a restaurant. We ate rare beefsteaks, sandwiches, butter. We moistened the whole with ale and porter. Then, after breakfast, we asked for a glass of malaga, which they were obliged to send for outside of the restaurant. In lieu of it, they served us with tea, to which

there was nothing to object. It was the purest flowery pekoe.

We had sent to ask permission of the Governor to pay him our respects. He had gone out on horseback. We availed ourselves of the delay to take a survey of the town. On penetrating certain streets, we for an instant left England, to draw near to Spain, Africa, or Judea. In fact, Spaniards, Arabs, and Jews, form the population of Gibraltar.

I forgot the monkeys. I return to them: let every one have his due. The first thing that Frenchmen generally ask, on arriving at Gibraltar, is to be shown the monkeys. They are not monkeys in a hut, as at my home; or in a house, as at Monsieur Rothschild's; or in a palace, as in the Jardin des Plantes; but monkeys in full liberty; running over the mountain, leaping from rock to rock, bounding from tree to tree, and sometimes descending with a somersault down to the city. In fact, Gibraltar is the only point on our continent where the monkeys have chosen their domicile. Like the Arabs, they crossed from Abyla to Calpe, but, more prudent than they, did not enter Spain or France. So they found neither Charles Martel nor Ferdinand. For that reason they have preserved their conquest. It is true that, intriguers as they are, they have found means to make themselves useful.

The English brought barometers to Gibraltar, but amid the artificial fog, the unfortunate instruments found themselves out of their reckoning. At a loss to understand the strife between the vapor and the sunshine, they dared to incline neither toward settled weather nor toward foul weather, and remained at variable, which was as much as to say nothing at all. The monkeys seized their chance and turned themselves into barometers. Calpe has two slopes, an eastern one and a western one. If the weather

is settled, the monkeys pass to the west; if the weather threatens rain or wind, the monkeys pass to the east.

One can understand, that having been invested with a duty so important, the monkeys became as sacred in Gibraltar as the stork is in Holland, or the ibis was in Egypt. There is, consequently, a very heavy penalty attached to any Gibraltarian's killing a monkey.

As the weather was settled, we took our way toward a charming walk situated on the western slope of the mountain. If there was any chance of coming across an ape or a baboon, it was on that side. I would give anything in the world to be able to say that I saw the least quadrumane; but truth as usual carries the day, and I am forced to confess that, spy-glass in hand, I fruitlessly played the part of La Fontaine's astrologer. Happily, there are no wells at Gibraltar.

My persistence in gazing upward did very great injustice to the walk which I trod under foot; which is certainly one of the most singular compounds of earth, trees, and flowers, to be found in the world. In fact, the flowers come from England, the trees from France, and the earth from I know not where. Everything has been carried in the holds of ships, on the backs of mules, or in wheelbarrows. Unfortunately, everything is sprinkled with cannon-balls, studded with cannon, and bristling with bayonets.

Fortunately, beyond these bayonets, these cannon, these balls, there is the sea, the moving, limpid, blue sea, of which there is no possibility of changing either the form or the color. If it had not been for that, the Straits of Gibraltar would for a long time have been gray and turbid like the British Channel.

Slopes of tolerably gentle rise lead up to the top of the mountain. Three horsemen were descending one of these slopes. We were signalled to, that they were the

Governor and two aides-de-camp. We presumed that he was returning to his house; so, regretfully bidding adieu to the monkeys, of which we had not seen enough, and, gladly to the balls, cannon, and sentries, of which we had seen too much, we took our way toward the Government-House.

Perhaps you will be astonished at this eagerness which I, an old offender, betrayed to visit any governor whatever, and especially the Governor of Gibraltar. That is because I forgot to mention the name of this governor. It was Sir Robert Wilson.

In the young, this name which should be held in veneration by all Frenchmen of my age, perhaps awakens not the slightest remembrance. The events in which Sir Robert Wilson took part transpired in 1815.

The roar of the disaster at Waterloo still resounded through the world, like unto that of a vast avalanche. The Northumberland cast off from the shores of England, bearing to Saint Helena that distracted spirit who, in a moment of folly, had asked asylum of his most mortal enemies. Louis the Eighteenth, absent for three months, had just returned to the Tuileries with a proscription-list in his hand. On this list three names were inscribed in letters of red, in letters of blood. They were the names of Labédoyère, Ney, and De Lavalette.

These three were condemned to death—the first, by a council of war, the second, by the Chamber of Peers, the third, by a jury.

Labédoyère and Ney had both fallen. The twice-repeated discharge of musketry had resounded through Paris. Of the accused, only Lavalette survived. It was hoped that the jury would acquit, or, if it condemned him, that he would be pardoned. Both hopes proved fallacious.

The 21st, 22d, and 23d of September, 1815, were terrible

days for all Paris. On the 20th, the Court of Appeals had rejected the application for a new trial. Usually, the execution takes place in three days. This time, it was not to be by shooting—that death of the soldier, which he looks in the face, for which he gives the signal, and which entails no dishonor. This time, it was to be a public death, in the Place de la Grève, on the scaffold—the hideous death from the executioner, with the plank and the chopper.

Lavalette, as an old aide-de-camp of Napoleon, had asked to be shot; but Louis le Désiré had considered the favor too great, and had denied it him.

It was on the morning of the 24th that the bloody fête was to take place. From the break of day, the bridges, the quays, the Place de la Grève, began to fill with a concourse of people. The scaffold has its frequenters. Innocent or guilty, it is always a head that falls, and the entertainment is always the same. Yet, on this occasion, the crowd was gloomy, the expectation was silent, the curiosity anxious. Suddenly a strange murmur, a sudden shiver, ran through the people, and ended with a burst of joyous shouts.

When, in the morning, the executioner had entered the cell to take the condemned man, he had found nothing but a woman. That woman of ancient days, that Roman matron of the nineteenth century, was Madame de Lavalette. The previous evening she had come to sup with the condemned. She had brought her daughter to see him. The two women had conceived a plot, a holy and sacred plot, in which the life of a father and a husband was at stake.

At eight o'clock, Monsieur de Lavalette, dressed in his wife's clothes, had left the Conciergerie, leaning on the arm of his daughter. A sedan-chair was in waiting for them in the court-yard, and took them away. The chairmen,

who had been found, and who were not in the plot, had carried the two women as far as the quay of Orfèvres, opposite to the little street called Harley. At that place, a man had stopped the chair, had opened the door, and had said: "You know, madame, that you have a visit to make to the President." The smaller of the two women had remained in the chair, the other one had alighted, had taken the arm of the man, and had plunged with him into the little street. A moment afterward was heard the rattle of a cabriolet departing at full gallop. This was all that was known.

I am mistaken, something else was known. It was that Monsieur de Lavalette had not left Paris. So the news of his flight was but an episode in this great drama. At any moment, the fugitive might be discovered; and then would come the catastrophe, merely delayed, and, owing to the very delay, become of breathless interest.

The expectation was of long duration. It lasted for three months and a half. At length, toward the 15th of January, a report spread that Lavalette was safe; that he had left, not only Paris, but France. Nobody at first believed in this flight. Its details were fabulous. Monsieur de Lavalette had left Paris at eight o'clock in the morning, in a whisky without a top, driven by an English colonel. The English colonel had traversed the whole of France with Monsieur de Lavalette, and had not left him before reaching Mons, that is to say, beyond the frontier, and when he was in perfect safety. And every one, to gain credence for this incredible event, repeated the name of the Englishman who had saved a Frenchman from an enemy more pitiless than that Englishman's fellow-countrymen. He is called Sir Robert Wilson.

It was this same Sir Robert Wilson, who was the Governor of Gibraltar to whom I was so anxious to pay



a visit. Now you comprehend my persistence, do you not?

Sir Robert Wilson, a magnificent old man of sixty-six or sixty-eight years of age, who still trains his own horses, and who daily rides his ten leagues in Gibraltar, received me in a delightful manner. I had the imprudence to remark on his étagère some Moroccan pottery, which I found on the *Vélocé* when I returned aboard.

If anything could have induced me to stay a day longer in Gibraltar, certainly it would have been the pressing invitation which Sir Robert Wilson was so kind as to extend to me. I left this man of noble and loyal heart, with a feeling of deep admiration. May God grant him a long and happy life—him, to whom another man owes a long and happy one!

We left Gibraltar at ten minutes of five o'clock. Ten minutes later, we should have been prisoners until the following day. In truth, on touching the deck of the *Vélocé*, we breathed as Monsieur de Lavalette must have breathed on touching the pavement of the Quai des Orfèvres.

## THE FRENCH PRISONERS.

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ON the 26th, at four o'clock in the morning, we weighed anchor.

We crossed the Straits in a diagonal line, which, with the course that we had steered on the previous evening, made an angle of which Gibraltar formed the apex. By nine o'clock in the morning, we had arrived in an immense bay. On our right were the mountains of Cape Negro, gradually diminishing to form a valley, at the end of which appeared Tetuan, scarcely rising above the ground, and looking more like an immense quarry than like a city.

During the run, I had had a long talk with the Captain, and this is what he told me :

The haste with which they had sent me the *Vélocé* had diverted her from her design of taking aboard the French prisoners that were in the hands of Abd el Kader.

It was the first time that I had heard this mission of the *Vélocé* spoken of aboard. I asked the Captain for the explanation in detail. That which, above all, I desired to know, was whether we still had sufficient time left to accomplish this mission. The following was the state of affairs :

Every one remembers the heroic combat of Sidi Ibrahim, and the interest that it awakened in every heart. When the combat ended, about one hundred and fifty men remained prisoners in the hands of the Arabs. Of the

prisoners, the most prominent was Monsieur Courby de Cognord, Major of Hussars.

The massacre of Mouzaïa, so forcibly recounted by the trumpeter Roland, who had escaped from it by a sort of miracle, had reduced the prisoners to the number of twelve. All hope of ever seeing them again had almost been abandoned, when on the 5th of October, Monsieur Courby de Cognord wrote to the Governor of Mellila a letter which reached him on the 10th of the same month. In this letter, Monsieur Courby de Cognord announced to the Governor, that he had just negotiated with the Arabs who guarded him the terms of his escape and those of the other prisoners, in consideration of the sum of six thousand duros, which he begged the Governor to advance to him, pledging himself personally for its return.

The Governor of Mellila had not this sum at his disposal. He at once communicated the letter of Monsieur Courby de Cognord to the French Consul at Malaga, who, in turn, referred it to the Governor of Oran. At the same time that he wrote to the French Consul, the Governor of Mellila caused to be delivered to Monsieur de Cognord a letter dated the 17th of October, in which he announced both his poverty and the measures which he had just taken to get the French authorities to raise the money which he himself was not able to raise.

No sooner did the Governor of Oran receive the despatch addressed to him by the French Consul at Malaga, than he sent for the Captain of the *Vélocé*, requesting that he should be accompanied by one of his officers. The Captain immediately presented himself at the house of the Governor of Oran. He was accompanied, according to request, by Monsieur Durande, a midshipman attached to the vessel. The result of the conference was an order given to Captain Bérard to repair at once to Mellila, with Monsieur Du-

rande, in order to confer with the Governor of that fortress on the measures to be taken to bring this important negotiation to a successful issue. At the same time, the Treasury of Oran entrusted to Captain Bérard the sum of thirty-two thousand francs, and, in addition, that of one thousand francs for contingencies.

Here are the instructions which were given to Captain Bérard. They prove the slight confidence that was generally entertained as to the success of the negotiation :

“ORAN, *September 17.*

“CAPTAIN :

“Before your departure I am desirous of repeating that I leave you entirely free to use your own discretion in the affair about which we conversed this morning. If, then, during your sojourn in Mellila, you should perceive that there is nothing to hope for in regard to our poor fellow-countrymen, bring back to this place Monsieur Durande and the money with which he is entrusted. Even if you should find that the Governor is not well-disposed, and that it is not possible for Monsieur Durande to stay in Mellila without danger of his being robbed, take also upon yourself to bring back him and the money. In fine, I commit to your excellent judgment the task of conducting the affair to the best termination of which it is susceptible.

“You will find under this envelope the instructions that are to govern Monsieur Durande in the execution of his mission.”

The Governor of Oran was acquainted with the suspicious character of the Arabs. He had therefore taken every precaution to avoid inspiring them with apprehensions. So the Véloce was merely to touch at Mellila, put Monsieur Durande ashore, on the pretext of his ill-health, and depart, after having left him or after having taken him

aboard as soon as Monsieur Durande sent word either that he could or that he could not remain without difficulty.

Monsieur Durande returned. The Governor of Mellila was unwilling to allow him to remain in the place without the express authority of the Governor-General of Grenada. It was necessary to await this order.

Still, the Governor of Mellila believed in the serious character of the negotiation. Captain Bérard therefore communicated to him the instructions given to Monsieur Durande, requesting him to undertake their execution; a proposition which he accepted. On the receipt of the Governor, the thirty-two thousand francs were left in his hands.

The same day on which these various conferences took place, the Governor of Mellila despatched a messenger to Monsieur de Cognord. This messenger was one of the Arabs who were employed by him in communicating with the natives of the country. He was to carry to the chief prisoner a letter stating that the sum demanded for his ransom was in the hands of the Governor. The messenger, under pretence of being a sick man who came to consult the French physician, presented himself at the douar where the prisoners were guarded. One of the prisoners was Doctor Cabasse, a fine young man, who had constantly forgotten his own sufferings in attending to those of his companions.

The messenger, dragging himself along with difficulty, and bemoaning himself as if he were about to expire, was allowed to approach the prisoners. The latter, themselves dupes of the stratagem, were far from discovering in him a harbinger of liberty, when, at the moment that Doctor Cabasse was feeling the pulse of the Arab, the latter slipped into his hand the Governor of Mellila's note. It was at once delivered to Monsieur de Cognord, who answered by the following note:

"Your note of the 18th has occasioned us the greatest joy. Retain in your possession the sum of money. We hope to be soon conducted near your city, and to be able to express to you our sincere gratitude."

The Arab received the note in the guise of an envelope containing a dose of medicine. It was in the handwriting of Monsieur Courby de Cognord, but was not signed. This was the only communication which had taken place between the Governor of Mellila and Monsieur de Cognord.

On his part, the Arab chief who had negotiated with Monsieur de Cognord the escape of the prisoners, sent on the 6th of November, a messenger to the Chief of the Beni Bouillafars, who was to share with him in the proceeds of the treaty. He bade him repair immediately to the *deira*, so as to take the prisoners and conduct them before the fortress. The day after this message was received, its purport was communicated to the Governor of Mellila by a messenger of the Chief of the Bouillafars. The Chief notified the Governor that the prisoners could not be delivered excepting between the 23d and the 27th of the month—the period during which he, with the people of his tribe, would be charged with maintaining the line of observation established before the city; the tribes that dwell in the vicinity of Mellila relieving each other in that duty every few days.

In order not to arouse the suspicions of the Arabs, Captain Bérard was, as far as possible, to avoid appearing before Mellila. This explains why, for the purpose of employing his leisure, he had been ordered to fetch me from Cadiz. Yet, in order that some refuge and conveyance might be ready for an emergency, Monsieur Durande was ordered to establish communication between Mellila and Djema r' Azouat, by means of a felucca sailing under Spanish colors.

This is what the Captain told me during the run from Gibraltar to Tetuan.

Now we had reached the 26th, which is as much as to say that, at the moment, the fate of the prisoners was deciding.

My first impulse was to give up the voyage to Tetuan, and as the *Vélocé* was at my disposal, to lay our course for Djema r' Azouat. But the Captain had no faith in the Arabs' performance of their promise. Then, too, the 27th of November having been the day fixed by the Chief of the Bouillafars, he did not wish to appear in the roadstead of Mellila before the afternoon of that day. This is the reason why, despite my preoccupation of mind, we had come to cast anchor in the harbor of Tetuan. I think, also, that I have already mentioned that a messenger had been sent by land from Tangier to Tetuan, to notify the Bey that we intended to visit his city. It was an engagement which it was difficult to avoid keeping. In consequence, we made all our preparations for going ashore after breakfast.

Scarcely had we sat down to breakfast, when the officer of the deck came into the cabin, and informed us that two horsemen, apparently from Tetuan, had stopped on the shore, and were making signals. We went up on deck. Two horsemen were in truth caracolling along the shore. With the aid of the Captain's spy-glass, we could see that they were dressed in rich costumes. They were waving their guns, like men who wish to attract attention.

The Captain immediately ordered a boat to be lowered, to go and inquire if they had come on our account. Then, so as to be ready for any contingency, we went down again into the cabin to finish our breakfast. So great was our curiosity that we returned to the deck before the boat had landed. We saw our sailors put themselves into communication with the Arabs, by means of a boatswain who

spoke Spanish ; then, after a dialogue of some minutes, the Arabs went about-face and at a gallop retook the road to Tetuan. The boat returned to us.

The horsemen were envoys of the Bey of Tetuan. They had come to inquire whether we had arrived, and had returned to the city to get the horses which had been placed at our disposal, and the escort which was to accompany us. We had not the patience to wait for this escort. We got into the whale-boat, and rowed toward the coast. Half an hour after leaving the *Véloce* we landed.

We instantly scattered on the beach, gun in hand. A little stream near by flowed into the sea. We followed its banks, and shot some marsh-fowl. After which, perceiving that our escort did not arrive, we resolved to go afoot, like simple travellers, toward the city, which we could see glittering at the distance of two leagues from us.

But an unforeseen obstacle stopped us. At a few paces from the beach, rose a building. This building we had taken for some unimportant fabric—farm-house or mill. It served both as a Custom-House and as a guard-house. From this combined Custom-House and guard-house issued a queer sort of soldiers, who made us a sign that it was forbidden to go beyond. Besides, they added, in bad Spanish, that we needed to wait but a few moments, as our escort would presently return.

We had patience for an hour, then for an hour and a half. Then, at last, more unfortunate than sister Anne,—who, after having seen the fields look green and the horizon grow dusty, at least saw two horsemen coming,—we saw nothing at all coming ; so we came to the conclusion to let Tetuan go, and to return aboard the *Véloce*. This was a great vexation to our painters, who had been promised wonders. But, scarcely had I told the cause of my impatience, that is, related the story of the prisoners, of which



they were ignorant, than all shouted with one accord: "To the Véloce! to the Véloce!" In truth, what was the Arab city, had it been built even in the times of the Caliph Haroun al Raschid, to make it at that moment weigh in the balance against the poor little fortress called Mellila?

An hour afterward we were running under full sail and steam.

As we were weighing anchor, we, with the aid of the Captain's spy-glass, perceived our escort sallying from the gates of Tetuan.

## MELLILA.

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**M**ELLILA is, with Ceuta, the last foothold which Spain has retained in Africa.

I have little to say about Ceuta. That ancient principality of Count Julien, from which the Moors strode over the Straits of Gibraltar, had no importance in my eyes, except from its past history. But, on the other hand, I have much to say of Mellila, which was most interesting to us at the time of which I am speaking.

Mellila is the Botany Bay of Spain. It is to Mellila that Spain sends her convicts. If there exists in the world a spot mournful to the exile, it is Mellila—Mellila, whence, on the horizon, the exile can almost see his country, without ever being able to reach it. From all other penal colonies one may escape, but from Mellila one cannot escape, or if he does, he falls into the hands of the Arabs, who cut off the head of the fugitive.

The Arabs, except on market days, are in eternal hostility with the garrison of Mellila. On other days, they approach the foot of the ramparts, to hurl stones at the garrison, and sometimes to fire bullets. When the Governor gets angry at this, and closes the gates of Mellila, the garrison eat salt beef. When he opens the gates, they eat fresh meat, but it is always at the expense of some theft or murder. And yet eight hundred men are stationed there—eight hundred men always forced to stand on the defensive, under penalty of being captured some fine night,

and being slaughtered. It is a siege very much longer than the siege of Troy. It has lasted for three hundred years—a real siege, for, as was mentioned in the preceding chapter, each Arab tribe performs in turn the duty of investing Mellila.

One can therefore understand the precautions taken by the Governor of the Province of Oran, in regard to the thirty-two thousand francs of Monsieur Durande, General Cavaignac having already been robbed in a similar negotiation.

During all the day, nothing but the subject of the prisoners was discussed, their chances good or bad; and, I must say, every one considered that the bad far predominated. In fact, what probability was there that an Arab chief could succeed in withdrawing from the vigilance of Abd el Kader twelve men of the importance of those in his hands? True, some persons suggested that it was Abd el Kader himself who was conducting this negotiation by means of an agent. But, then, what probability was there that Abd el Kader would surrender for thirty-two thousand francs, twelve heads for which he might demand fifty thousand crowns?

There was, therefore, in this affair, that mysterious and painful uncertainty which usually attends all negotiations which are attempted with this crafty and unreliable people. Was not the negotiation intended, on their part, to lead to the slaughter of the French who had survived the massacre of Mouzaïa, and, this time, with some appearance of justice, since they would be caught in the flagrant act of escaping? It seemed, too, almost a miracle that we, arriving accidentally in Africa, should have arrived just in time to participate in the happy dénouement of a drama so gloomy down to the last act. I could not believe it, and yet I was the only one that hoped.

Meanwhile, on our right, the coast of Africa unrolled like a long dentated ribbon, whilst, on our left, Spain faded into the horizon, impalpable as a cloud, transparent as vapor. About four o'clock in the afternoon, it disappeared entirely.

Night came, and with night a heavy swell. Sea-sickness made its usual ravages. Maquet had gone to his cabin, and Giraud to his hammock. We went to visit the sick, and found Vial tucking in Giraud.

Sleep was long in coming. The sea was rough, all the chairs and stools moved about, staggering on their feet as if they were drunk.

At dawn on the following day, we were to be at Mellila. At seven o'clock, the Captain called us. We were within sight of the fortress.

The first thing which attracted my attention on reaching the deck was that we were sailing under the English flag. Hoisting it was a precaution which the Captain had thought it best to take.

We cast anchor. In an instant every one was on deck. With the telescope, one could distinctly see two or three little vessels moored in the roadstead; but in none of them did the Captain recognize the felucca of Monsieur Durande. Moreover, there was no sign which could indicate whether the negotiation had had a successful or an unsuccessful issue. On the ramparts we could occasionally see a sentinel appearing: that was all.

The Captain considered as to whether he should send a boat ashore, and we were all requesting to go in it, when we saw a man appear on the quay, and get into a skiff. The skiff immediately started, and in a few minutes it was apparent that it was steering in our direction. The Spanish flag floated at the stern.

In proportion to its approach, we could distinguish more and more clearly that the man was a Spanish officer. When

he thought himself within view, he made signals to us with his handkerchief. But within sight was far from being within hearing. We could easily see the signals, but what did they signify? They might have been as readily interpreted: "begone," as "come"—"all is lost," as "all is well."

A quarter of an hour passed in indescribable anguish. The beach was completely deserted. Two or three fishing barks unconcernedly trailed their nets in the roadstead. Only the little boat seemed animated with a sympathy like ours, with a hope and with a fear in harmony with our hopes and our fears. Every heart beat, every eye was bent on the boat. No one thought of sending to meet it. All waited, a prey to the most painful suspense.

The handkerchief still waved. He who waved it, and whose features commenced to be distinguishable, was a young man of about twenty-five years of age. The telescope was an additional aggravation. It brought the man nearer, but it could not bring the voice nearer. Yet, the expression of his face was joyous. Yet, his gestures accorded with his expression. Yet, amid the noise of the wind and the sea, we began to hear the faint sound of his voice. The voice seemed to shout a single word. He would not have shouted if he had had to announce bad news. There would always be time enough to tell bad news.

Not a sound was heard on board. Our breathing was pent in our bosoms. It was no longer our eyes that were on the strain, it was our ears that were all attention. At last, in a moment of calm, between two gusts of wind, between two moanings of the waves, this word reached us:

"Saved!"

A shout responded, "Saved!" "Saved!"

Then, as if every one suddenly feared that he had been mistaken, as if every one doubted his own senses, silence

ensued, amidst which the word "saved" again reached our ears.

Our feeling was no longer joy, it was something which for an instant resembled delirium. Every breast subsided, every eye was suffused with tears, every hand clapped.

When the young officer came alongside, there were no longer ranks. There were no longer Captain and passengers. Every one, at the risk of being precipitated into the sea, rushed toward the officer. He was raised bodily and carried up on deck.

Unfortunately, of all the French language, he knew but the single word which, before starting, he had learned for the purpose of tossing to us the good news from the greatest possible distance. It was then that Desbarolles, our usual interpreter, became an important personage.

First, we wished to know the name of this bearer of good tidings. He was Don Luis Cappa, First Adjutant on the staff at the fortress.

The prisoners were saved. This was what was most important to know. We made Don Luis repeat it in every tone, and in every form. Then he passed to details. This is the way in which matters fell out:

The occupants of the fortress, who had not received news from the Bouillafars since the communication in which they had been notified that the prisoners would be delivered between the 23d and 27th, were waiting with anxiety almost equal to ours, when, on the 25th,—that is to say, two days before,—two Arabs presented themselves about seven o'clock in the morning, at one of the moats of the fortress. They brought the intelligence that the prisoners were four leagues from the city, and that, in consideration of the money promised, the transfer would take place on that day at Bastinga Point. When the prisoners had reached the place, the Governor was to be apprised by the lighting of a

great beacon-fire. One of the Arabs was kept as a hostage, the other was dismissed.

The felucca of Monsieur Durande was in port. Instead of waiting for the signal, a resolution was taken to anticipate it. The six sailors were armed to the teeth, and the thirty-two thousand francs were put aboard the craft. Don Luis Cappa desired to be one in this pleasure-party, and to share in the dangers of the expedition.

The felucca started. The crew pretended to be fishing, and followed the coast, at the distance of cannon-range. Having reached Bastinga Point, the felucca steered for shore. Scarcely had she taken in sail, before four or five horsemen appeared, making signals. The felucca at once approached within pistol-shot of the coast. At that distance, Monsieur Durande and the Arabs could carry on a dialogue. The prisoners, the Arabs said, were half a league off. The Arab in the felucca answered that the money was there, and taking a bag in each hand, he showed it to his comrades. One of them immediately turned rein. Three-quarters of an hour afterward he reappeared with the prisoners and the rest of the troop.

The prisoners, all told, were eleven in number—ten men and one woman. The woman with her daughter, had been captured at the gates of Oran. It was then eight years since that had happened. One of the prisoners—the reader will recollect having been informed that they were twelve in all—had, on the previous night, died of fever. The party were on horseback.

On perceiving them, the young Spanish officer could not contain himself for joy. He leaped into the sea, gained the shore, and ran to throw himself into the arms of Monsieur Courby de Cognord. It was a great imprudence, for nothing was yet concluded, and the Spaniards of Mellila, as I have said, are at war with the neighboring tribes. If

no arrangement were made, which was very possible, Don Luis would remain as a prisoner. It was the first observation which Monsieur de Cognord addressed to him, after having pressed him to his heart. "In Heaven's name," said he, "return aboard."

"Oh, ma foi!" cried Don Luis, in his youthful enthusiasm, "on leaving Mellila, I swore that you should return with me, or that I would go with you."

Don Luis therefore remained among the prisoners.

Nevertheless, the Arabs appeared to act in good faith, and to be as eager to receive the money of Monsieur Durande as he was to get the prisoners. They sent one of their chiefs aboard. He verified the amount of money in the bags. There were six bags—five containing one thousand duros, and one bag containing one thousand one hundred duros, which, together, made just the sum required—thirty-two thousand francs. The Chief returned ashore with three bags, and one-half of the prisoners were sent aboard the felucca. Then the rest of the ransom was taken, and, in exchange, the rest of the prisoners were free to go rejoin their companions.

They did not feel really saved until they found themselves in the midst of the French, until they felt under foot the planks of a French boat, until each man grasped a good rifle.

Fourteen months and twenty days had elapsed since they were taken prisoners by the Arabs.

The captives had returned to Mellila, had spent the night there, and about two o'clock on the following day, the felucca had set sail for Djema r' Azouat.

The captives ransomed were, Lieutenant-Colonel Courby de Cognord; Lieutenant Larrazée; Second Lieutenant Thomas; Doctor Cabasse; Lieutenant Marin, of the 15th Light Infantry; Quartermaster Barbut, of the 2d Hussars;



Tétard, hussar, Metz, hussar; Trotté, chasseur of the 8th Battalion; Michel, chasseur of the 41st Regiment of the Line; the woman, Thérèse Gilles.

The officer who on the preceding day had died, on the very eve of being restored to liberty, was Lieutenant Hillerin.

These are the facts in all their exactness, and as I wrote them from the dictation of Don Luis Cappa himself, Desbarolles serving as interpreter, and a cabin-boy as desk.

## DJEMA R' AZOUAT.

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THE prisoners who, with very pardonable impatience, had not been willing to wait for the arrival of the *Véloce*, had therefore eighteen hours' start of us. But the wind was ahead, the felucca was light. There were three things to be apprehended for the prisoners—the first, that their boat would be wrecked off shore; the second, that she would be cast away on shore; the third, that the Arabs would give chase with five or six boats, and thus, after having received the money, retake the men. It is true that the latter would have fought to the last man, rather than be recaptured, but that had not been the object of the negotiation.

Captain Bérard lost not an instant. Steam had been kept up in the boilers. We embraced Don Luis, and took leave of the worthy young man with many shakes of the hand. Don Luis got aboard of his boat, and the order was given for us to start under full steam.

Unfortunately, as I have said, the *Véloce* was not a fast vessel. We needed from twenty-eight to thirty hours to go from Mellila to Djema r' Azouat. Thirty hours, and the eighteen hours that the prisoners had had the start of us, made forty-eight hours. It was therefore probable that we should not meet them before reaching Djema r' Azouat.

But, at Djema r' Azouat, they would most assuredly stop, and we should be able to join them. The opinion of all our officers was that Monsieur Durande was too good a

sailor to expose his passengers to a longer voyage in so frail a craft.

The sea became more and more rough, and the wind more and more adverse. In passing among the Zapharine Islands the Captain placed a man as a lookout in the fore-top.

Night came swiftly, with gloom and rain. By daylight, we found ourselves about opposite Malluenas Bay. The night had passed without our having seen the least sign of a felucca.

About eleven o'clock we doubled Cape Tres Forcas. We coasted along near enough not to let anything escape between us and the shore. We saw the mouth of the M' Louïa, which marks the limit of the Empire of Morocco, and flows parallel with the Isly.

After the oued M' Louïa, came Cape Melonia. This is the Cape where General Cavaignac hemmed in the Arab tribe of the Beni Snanen, which had deceived Colonel Montagnac with a false message, and caused the disaster of Sidi Ibrahim. Five or six thousand Arabs were slaughtered, or driven into the sea. Our soldiers, furious, gave no quarter. General Cavaignac came near rendering himself unpopular in the army, by saving the remnant of this unhappy tribe.

The trumpeter Roland, the only one who had escaped the massacre of M' Louïa, was in this affair. He had a terrible revenge to take. He took it that evening, and declared himself satisfied. He himself slew more than thirty Arabs.

On approaching Djema r' Azouat, two feluccas attracted our attention. One of them was keeping close along the rocks, to enter the port; the other was making strenuous efforts to leave it. With the aid of the telescope, we could see plainly that they were merely fishing-vessels.

Djema r' Azouat began to come into view. It extended to the southward of the mountains, with some houses newly erected, and its camp, like a nest, sheltered in a bend of the hills. Beyond these hills are two great memorials, two memorials equal to Thermopylæ and Marathon—the combat of Sidi Ibrahim, and the battle of Isly.

We cast anchor about half a league from Djema r' Azouat. There was a great bustle on the quay, which horsemen traversed in every direction. One could see the streets of the new city crowded. The camp seemed deserted.

Several whalers were at anchor in the port. Our gaze vainly sought among them for Monsieur Durand's felucca. In the face of all probability, the prisoners seemed to have pursued their course toward Oran.

Scarcely had we cast anchor, when the bustle ashore redoubled. Troopers and foot-soldiers ran to the shore, messengers bearing urgent orders seemed to traverse the whole of that nano at a gallop. The *Vélocé* was evidently the object of general attention.

In about ten minutes, a boat was launched and steered toward us. She carried the harbor-master. At the greatest distance at which words could be exchanged, we asked the news.

The prisoners had stopped at Djema r' Azouat, thus, at the end of fourteen months accomplishing the cycle of their Odyssey.

During those fourteen months, how many were their suffering, dangers, griefs, fears, hopes! During those fourteen months, how many were their yearnings toward their country, which they had lost all hope of ever seeing! and of which they had just found in Djema r' Azouat the shadow, a corner of France transported into Africa!

Monsieur Durand had continued his course to Oran, to

announce there the deliverance of the prisoners. One can understand that the fine young fellow had not been willing to lose a moment in announcing in person to General d' Arboville the happy dénouement of a drama in which he had borne one of the principal parts.

It was about two o'clock in the afternoon. We wished to depart that very evening: there was no time to lose. The Captain ordered his boat. The most eager, and I was among these, leaped into the boat of the harbor-master, and we set out for the shore of Djema r' Azouat. The sea was terribly rough. Although it started afterward, the Captain's boat soon overtook and distanced ours. Despite their enthusiasm, which was at least equal to ours, Maquet and Giraud were in a deplorable condition of sea-sickness. I saw them pass, one tumbled over backward, the other leaning forward.

Five minutes after the Commander, we landed. The first two faces that I saw were the faces of acquaintances—I had almost said the faces of friends. One of them was that of Major Picaud, the other that of Colonel Trembley. These officers confirmed the news brought by the harbor-master. Monsieur de Cognord and his companions had arrived at eleven o'clock in the morning. They had been received amid general rejoicing, and that evening a great banquet was to be given in their honor.

We proceeded toward the city. Thus they call the few houses scattered over the sandy shore of Djema r' Azouat. We passed through a pen filled with cattle carried off during a late razzia. With the cattle, the fleas also had been carried off, so that we reached the city gates, black up to our knees.

In the square we met Colonel McMahon, commander of the troops. He invited us to the banquet which was to be given that evening—an invitation which we took good

care not to decline. Then we were conducted to the most elegant one of the barracks, where we waited for Monsieur de Cognord and his companions, to whom the news of our arrival had been sent. Our hearts beat almost as quickly as at Mellila.

In truth, it is strange to witness how the most opposite natures, the sternest hearts, the most skeptical minds, soften in great emotions. Here were six natures, six hearts, six minds. Well! when the sound of footsteps was heard, when the door opened, when Monsieur Courby de Cognord was announced, all eyes moistened with tears, all arms extended, moved by the same sentiment.

Yet the greater emotion was felt by us. For two days, Monsieur Courby de Cognord and his companions had been embraced and applauded. We were to them fellow-countrymen: that was all. They were to us heroes and martyrs.

I proposed that, in the interval before dinner, which was preparing under an immense barrack erected for the purpose, we should make a pilgrimage to the tomb of brave Captain Géreaux, the hero of the marabout of Sidi Ibrahim; who led back his column within half a league of Djema r' Azouat, and was there killed with the remnant of four days of battle. The proposition was acceded to unanimously.

In an instant, six or eight horses were placed at our disposal, and a part of the staff offered to accompany us. The prisoners went with us. The survivors rightly owed this visit to the dead. To us, it was a marvellous spectacle to see rejoined, under our eyes, the ends of this heroic chain.

The tomb of Captain Géreaux is situated in the valley of the oued Rizi, under gigantic clumps of the fig-tree, in the place where he was found dead in the midst of his companions. The road leading thither is charming, closed in as it is by wooded mountains, and shaded by fig-trees as

large as our largest oaks. A little stream meanders almost parallel with the road.

All along the way we met outposts, with arms stacked, as if the enemy were there. In fact the enemy is there, always there; invisible, it is true, but all the more to be dreaded because he suddenly appears in the place where he is least expected. In fact, all around Djema r' Azouat are the traitor-tribes of the Beni Snanen, the Souhalias, the Ouled Rizi; false friends, double-faced allies, who caress with one hand, and strike with the other.

All along the way, we heard amid the tall grass, the lowing of oxen and cows, or the tinkling bells of sheep; then we sometimes saw slowly rising, standing motionless, scanning us, and reseating himself, one of those herdsmen whose guns are always concealed in the nearest bushes; who act as spies for tribes ever ready to revolt, and who, if they see some over-confident soldier straggling through the country, at once drop the crooked staff, with which they look like ancient shepherds, to seize the knife of the assassin.

Suddenly, we perceived a great open place, in the midst of which, shaded by clumps of fig-trees, rose a sort of Roman mound, toward which one could advance by a path the pavement of which formed a framing to the mound. It was the tomb of Captain Géreaux.

Alas! amid our daily preoccupation of mind, amid our legislative contests, amid our scandalous lawsuits,—things, events, and even men, pass so quickly, that some day we shall forget—if they are not already forgotten—the details of this magnificent combat, which we can place in comparison with all that antiquity has bequeathed us of the heroic and the grand.

Let us then cast an additional page to the wind that whirled the leaves of the Sybil of Cumæ; which bears all human things toward obscurity, nothingness, oblivion.

## THE COMBAT OF SIDI IBRAHIM.

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**T**HE French were informed of the presence of Abd el Kader on the frontier of Morocco.

\*Among the number of tribes which seemed to have frankly rallied to our standard, was the tribe of the Souhalias. This tribe was powerful, and orders had been given to maintain our friendly relations with it by every means possible. But the more pledges of friendship which it had until then given us, the more it had to dread the vengeance of the Emir. We were therefore bound to support it; for in supporting it, we should retain it as an ally, whilst, on the contrary, in abandoning it, we should convert it into an enemy.

In the mean while, and as Colonel Montagnac had decided on following the more generous course, an Arab appeared in the camp. He came in the name of Trahri, Chief of the Souhalias. Trahri was more devoted than ever—so he said—to the French cause. The approach of danger had served but to increase his friendship. If the garrison of Djema r' Azouat wished to make a sortie, and come lay an ambuscade in his tribe, he pledged himself to deliver Abd el Kader.

The dream of every commander of a post is to capture the Emir—a glorious dream which has generally ended in death. It was one which had constantly engrossed the mind of Colonel Montagnac. Often had his friends heard him say, "I will take the Emir, or die in the attempt." He



therefore resolved, as I have said, to go to the aid of the Souhalias. That very day he issued his orders.

The garrison was feeble, and, at that period, entirely surrounded by enemies. The advanced posts consisted of two or three block-houses, distant scarcely five hundred paces from the city. Colonel Montagnac resolved to weaken the garrison as little as possible. He drew up a list of those who were to accompany him. Their number amounted to four hundred and twenty-one men.

The 8th Battalion of Chasseurs d'Orléans furnished ten officers and three hundred and forty-six men; the 2<sup>d</sup> Hussars, three officers and sixty-two men. The officers were Colonel Montagnac; Froment Coste, Major of Infantry; Courby de Cognord, Major of Cavalry; Adjutant-Major Dutertre, Captain de Chargère, Captain Géreaux, Captain Burgaud, Captain Gentil Saint Alphonse, Lieutenant Klein, Lieutenant de Raymond, Lieutenant Chapdelaine, Lieutenant Larrazée, Adjutant Thomas, Doctor Rosagutti.

Would that I could inscribe on this paper, and that the paper were bronze, the names of the four hundred and eight soldiers who followed these thirteen leaders.

On Sunday, the 21st of September, 1845, at ten o'clock at night, the column silently emerged from Djema r' Azouat. They who remained regretted to remain, they who departed were proud to depart.

Until two o'clock in the day the troops marched toward the west. They then halted, piled arms, and lay down behind them. That night there slept above the sod three hundred men who, in three days, would sleep beneath it.

At eight o'clock in the morning they breakfasted, and at nine o'clock marched. At ten o'clock they encamped near the ~~oned~~ Tarnana, where they were to pass the day.

Whilst they were at breakfast, an Arab had appeared,

making friendly signs. He had been conducted to the Colonel, who immediately called for the interpreter.

The Arab was a messenger who came to notify the Colonel, that the Emir was advancing with a large force, and was directing his march on Bou Djenam. The Colonel at once summoned the two superior officers. They were Major Froment Coste, and Major Courby de Cognord. He communicated the news to them, and asked their opinion. Their opinion was that the march should be continued. It was in accordance with this advice that camp was pitched at the oued Tarnana.

There, a second messenger arrived. He bore a letter from Monsieur Coffyn, Captain of Engineers, and *ad interim* commander of the fortress of Djema r' Azouat. The letter was originally from Commander de Barral. Its object was to ask Colonel Montagnac for three hundred men called for by General Cavaignac, who was then on the route of Aïn Kobeira.

The Colonel again had Messieurs Froment Coste and Courby de Cognord summoned, and he communicated to them the letter of Commander Barral, as he had communicated to them the intelligence brought by the Arab. But in placing it before them, he said, "Messieurs: this letter has been delayed twenty-five or thirty hours. The Commander asks me for three hundred men of the Battalion. This detachment would reduce our force to one hundred and eight men, and, consequently, we should be compelled to retrace our steps, which, after the intelligence that we have received, would be shameful for us, since we should seem to fly the combat. My opinion is that we ought to remain in the position in which we are: is it yours?"

The opinion of the two officers coincided with that of the Colonel. Fate impelled them to their destruction.

At the moment when they were preparing to answer Monsieur Coffyn, the vedettes of the Hussars, which were stationed on a little knoll about an eighth of a league off, perceived some Arab horsemen coming around the mountain opposite to the camp which had just been pitched. The horsemen were on the oued Taauli.

The messenger was kept until it could be ascertained what these Arabs meant. To accomplish this, Colonel Montagnac gave orders to Major Courby de Cognord, to send his acting-Adjutant, Chief-Quartermaster Barbut, and some men, to ascertain what was transpiring.

Scarcely had the Adjutant joined the vedettes, when the Arabs who had just been discovered, put their horses to a gallop, to try to intercept the retreat of the vedettes to camp. These Arabs were about thirty in number. The Adjutant and the vedettes fell back with sufficient rapidity to escape injury from a few shots fired at them. After firing these shots, the Arabs wheeled about, and disappeared in a depression in the ground.

Hostilities had commenced. To retire was almost to fly. A letter was written to Captain Coffyn, in which he was informed of the situation; and a messenger bearing the letter set out for Djema r' Azouat.

An hour later, fifty Arab horsemen were seen on the mountain where they had first appeared. Among them were several Moroccans, recognizable by their red caps.

The Colonel advanced three hundred paces in front of the camp, in order the better to observe these new-comers. He immediately ordered the vedettes to be replaced. As night approached, the vedettes were recalled to camp, and posts of the 8th Battalion were placed in front of the lines. At the same time, Colonel Montagnac informed the two chief officers, that camp would be struck about eleven o'clock at night, and that, previously, great fires would be

lighted, so as to make the enemy believe that no movement was taking place.

At eleven o'clock, the little column began its march with the least noise possible, advancing in the direction of Carcor. But scarcely had it left camp, when it received two shots. These were fired at the rear-guard, and wounded no one; but they indicated that the troops had not been able to conceal from the Arabs the movement which had just been executed. A moment afterward, a third shot flashed on the right flank of the column. It was observed on all sides.

The march continued without further incident, as far as Carcor, where the troops bivouacked. The whole of the march was made by night. The distance accomplished was scarcely two leagues. The troops were then about five leagues from Djema r' Azouat.

At daybreak, the Arabs were discovered. They were scattered on the crests of the hills opposite camp, and appeared to number seven or eight hundred, all horsemen. They had for the most part alighted, the better to observe us.

At seven o'clock, the Colonel ordered Monsieur Courby de Cognord to mount the sixty-two hussars; and ordered Captain de Chargère, and Lieutenants Larrazée, and de Raymond, to follow him with the 5th, 6th, and 7th Companies. Three squads of riflemen, under Sergeant Bernard, were to join them. These forces were a little more than two-thirds of the troops. Two companies, the 2d and the riflemen, under Major Froment Coste, were to remain in charge of the camp, where all the ammunition and baggage had been left.

The Colonel put himself at the head of the little column, composed of three hundred and twenty or three hundred and thirty men, and advanced about the distance of a

league. There he halted. He was in face of the enemy. The enemy appeared three times as numerous as our side.

To avoid fatiguing the horses, the hussars had, up to this point, led them by the bridle. Having reached it, the Colonel ordered the hussars to mount, and, whilst the infantry remained with arms grounded, in the place where it had halted, he, with sixty cavalymen, charged about one thousand Arabs who were in his front.

Tell such a thing to any people but ours, and they would believe the thing impossible, or the men mad.

Before reaching the enemy, ten or twelve men had fallen under the musketry. The cavalry dashed into the wall of fire. After a fight lasting ten minutes, Colonel Montagnac, Major Courby de Cognord, Captain Gentil Saint Alphonse, and thirty men who were left, were obliged to retreat. But, half-way, they were joined by the infantry, which had rushed forward on the double-quick. They were then about two hundred and eighty men against one thousand. They could retake the offensive, and they did retake it. The Arabs in their turn gave way. They were pursued as our soldiers pursue.

Suddenly, at the moment when the little column had just entered a ravine, Colonel Montagnac saw descending from all the surrounding crests troops of horsemen and Kabyles, whose existence had not been even suspected, concealed as they had been in depressions of the ground. The Colonel realized that victory was no longer probable, nor even retreat possible. He made his dispositions to die bravely.

Yet there was still an opening. A hussar darted through this clear space to carry an order to Major Froment Coste for the support of one of his companies. Then the drum beat, the trumpet sounded, and, with sabre and bayonet, the troops dashed up the left slope of the ravine, took position and formed in square.

At the moment when Colonel Montagnac was taking his place in the middle of the square, a ball struck him in the forehead. He fell mortally wounded. "Major Froment Coste," said he, "Major Froment Coste."

Chief-Quartermaster Barbut departed at a gallop, to execute the last order of his Colonel. The Arabs saw him going, and darted in pursuit; but they were obliged to turn the mountain-side, while he followed the ravine. More than five hundred shots were fired at him, but not one touched him. Amid a trail of flame and smoke, he disappeared in the direction of the camp.

Ten minutes afterward, Colonel Montagnac, entirely *hors de combat*, resigned the command to Monsieur Courby de Cognord. At the Colonel's side, fell, almost at the same time as he, Captain de Chargère and Lieutenant de Raymond.

There were left about forty-five hussars. Major Courby de Cognord, and Captain Gentil Saint Alphonse, put themselves at their head to make a last charge, and by this desperate effort disengage the column, which the balls were decimating at long range. At the moment when they plunged into the gulf, fatal as that of Curtius, the Emir was descending the mountain. He was recognizable by his standard, and by his regular soldiers.

At fifty paces from the beginning of the charge, the cavalymen were reduced to thirty; at twenty paces further, they were forced to halt. Suddenly, Monsieur Courby de Cognord was seen to roll in the sand. His horse had just been killed. The hussar, Tétard, at once leaped from his horse, and gave it to his Major, who found himself thus momentarily remounted: in ten minutes, the second horse was killed.

Then the whole plain became covered with Arabs and

Kabyles. Scarcely, amidst the white burnouses and the dense smoke, could one discover the two points on which this double handful of brave men were dying.

During this time, the first messenger had reached the camp. He found Major Froment Coste already starting with the 2d Company. At two hundred yards off, appeared the second messenger. One announced the danger, the other the doom. The Major and his sixty men rushed forward on the double-quick, leaving in charge of the baggage Captain Géreaux and his riflemen.

The musketry of the Arabs was heard, and amid it crashed the regular discharges of our soldiers. But at each discharge, the firing grew weaker. A quarter of a league off the hussar, Metz, was discovered defending himself against five Arabs. They were what remained of eight who had pursued him at the moment when he was dressing the wound of his officer, Monsieur Klein, who had just been hurt. He had at first defended himself with his officer's two pistols, which he had thrown away after having fired them; then he had defended himself with his own pistols, after that, with his rifle, and, finally, with his sabre. At the approach of the company led by Monsieur Froment Coste, the five Arabs took to flight.

After half an hour's march, the musketry, which had continually slackened, ceased entirely. Monsieur Froment Coste halted. He knew that all was over. They to whose rescue he was proceeding, were dead. At that time the harvest of heads was reaping.

Major Froment Coste immediately ordered a retreat. But one chance of safety remained. It was to regain the camp, and rejoin the company of Géreaux. The troops faced about.

But the blood-thirsty reapers had finished, and were spreading over the plain at full gallop. In an instant the

company was surrounded, and the second massacre commenced.

The Major had barely time to order the soldiers to form a square. The manœuvre was executed, under fire from ten thousand Arabs, as if it had been executed in the *Champ de Mars*.

Of all these men, only one showed,—not a sign of fear,—some slight symptom of regret. It was a young *chasseur* of twenty years of age, named Ismael. He exclaimed: "Oh, Major we are lost!"

The Major smiled on the poor child. He realized that, at twenty years of age, one knows so little of life, that one has good right to regret its loss.

"How old are you," asked the Major.

"Twenty-one years," was the reply.

"Well! you will then have eighteen years less to suffer than I have suffered. Look at me. You are about to see how a man can fall with heart undaunted and with head erect."

He had scarcely ceased speaking when a ball struck him in the forehead, and he fell as he had promised to fall. Five minutes afterward, Captain Burgaud fell.

"Come on, my friends," said Adjutant Thomas, "forward a step. Let us die on the bodies of our officers."

These were the last distinct words that were heard. The death-rattle succeeded, then the silence of death. The 2d Company had, in its turn, disappeared. Nothing remained but the company of Captain Géraux, left in charge of the camp.



## THE DEFENCE OF THE MARABOUT OF SIDI IBRAHIM.

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AT the first rattling of the musketry, Captain Géreaux and Lieutenant Chapdelaine, both officers of the Company of Riflemen, had taken position on the height which commanded the camp; not only for the purpose of having a more extended view, but of holding a more advantageous position.

But on that plain, all studded with knolls, wrinkled with ravines, enveloped in smoke, nothing could be distinguished clearly. The two officers were therefore obliged, in basing their conjectures, to trust much more to their ears than to their eyes.

The same indications which had shown Major Froment Coste that the corps commanded by Colonel Montagnac and Monsieur Courby de Cognord had been destroyed, announced to Captain Géreaux the destruction not only of that, but of the company of Major Froment Coste. The musketry was by degrees heard to subside. Then succeeded silence, broken only by the shouts of the victors; and then, at last, smoke rose slowly toward the reddened skies. Captain Géreaux realized that he had with him all that was left of the column.

He looks around him. Against this cavalry retreat is impossible. In ten minutes they will have cut off his retreat to Djema r' Azouat. But, five hundred paces off is a marabout, the marabout of Sidi Ibrahim. It is a refuge with the aid of which they can, if not conquer, at least

stand on the defensive. If they can reach the marabout, they will not escape death, but they will at least sell their lives dearly.

But the Arabs were already occupying the marabout.

The troops rush forward on the double-quick, with bayonets levelled. The Arabs are dislodged, and three or four French corpses serve as steps for scaling the little wall. On their side, the Arabs have lost eight or ten men. The marabout is carried.

Captain Géreaux and Lieutenant Chapdelaine immediately prepare for the defence of the place. They cause loop-holes to be cut at breast-height in the wall which they have just leaped; and as with our soldiers the picturesque is always blended with gallantry, one brave fellow, Corporal Lavaissière, improvises a flag, which, amidst a storm of bullets, he plants on top of the marabout.

This feat is executed amid the soldiers' shouts of delight. Strange thing! This tricolored shred that unfurls above the soldiers, in the breeze that comes from the direction of the Arabs,—seeming in consequence, to announce the fate of the besieged,—is palladium, king, country! In the shadow of his country's flag, more fitly than elsewhere, the soldier dies!

In a quarter of an hour crowds of Kabyles surround the marabout. They advance even to the foot of the wall, to carry off the mules which the troops have not been able to get inside. It is true that the French bullets search their masses, and that, in return for the razzia, the Arabs leave thirty dead on the ground.

It is with the coolness of men who know that for them all is over, and who have smilingly wrung each other's hands, that each soldier sights and drops his man. Lieutenant Chapdelaine especially, an excellent shot, has taken

the rifle and cartridges of one of his dead soldiers, and, in advance, he designates the men that he will pick off.

At this moment a more eager mass of Arabs advances from the westward. Reaching a point about four hundred metres from the marabout, it opens, and discloses the Emir followed by all his horsemen.

His coming is at once saluted by a discharge of musketry. Five or six Arabs fall around him, and he himself is wounded in the cheek by a ball. He makes a gesture. There is a halt. All look, and perceive that he is dictating a letter. Then on both sides, by tacit mutual consent, the firing ceases.

\* A horseman leaves the group around the Emir, ostensibly casts away his arms, and approaches, holding a letter above his head. In an instant he is at the foot of the wall. He delivers the letter to Captain Géreaux, and seats himself to await the answer; heedless of the corpses, friends or enemies which surround him, heedless, in appearance, of his own life.

Captain Géreaux reads in a loud voice :

“Abd el Kader summons the besieged to surrender. He informs them that he already holds several prisoners, and that all prisoners shall be well treated.”

The letter finished, Géreaux looks around, collects, not the votes, but the smiles, and cries : “Never will we surrender—say you not so, my friends? We are few in number it is true, but we are enough to defend ourselves; and, besides, succor is at hand!”

The riflemen receive these words with cheers. All exclaim that they would rather die than surrender. And in lead-pencil, on the back of the Emir’s letter, Captain Géreaux sends back that answer.

The Arab returns to Abd el Kader. But the latter does not look upon the refusal as formal; and the Arab, with

another letter, passes over the space separating the besiegers from the besieged. The second letter is even more pressing than the first; but this time, the Arab does not get even an answer.

He returns to the Emir, and again returns to us, bearing a third letter, this time written in Arabic; in which the Emir says that it is in vain for the French to try to defend themselves, and *that he will have them soon*.

Géreaux replies that he commits himself to the protection of God; that so much parleying is wearisome, and that he is waiting for them to reopen their fire.

Scarce is this response delivered, when the Emir and his horsemen retire beyond rifle-shot, and let the Kabyles resume the attack.

The musketry at once rattles on the four faces of the marabout, for it is completely invested. But soon the assailants perceive that they are wasting their powder. Their bullets flatten on the wall, which they cannot damage. Then the character of the projectile changes. They approach under our fire, and rain into the marabout a shower of stones. To get rid of the stones, and to husband their ammunition, the riflemen now return the stones. The fight becomes like one of the ancient conflicts, such as Homer describes; where the heroes lay down their arms to heave up rocks. Night falls and temporarily ends the struggle.

Abd el Kader, who has seen all, then moves off, and goes to pitch his camp at about twenty minutes' march from the marabout. The camp is on the instant surrounded by a triple cordon of posts and sentinels.

Night passes tranquilly. According to their habit, the Arabs remain inactive during darkness. But, at the break of day, hostilities recommence. They continue until ten o'clock in the morning; but, as on the preceding day, without a single Arab's being able to scale the wall. At that

time Abd el Kader, seeing the fruitlessness of the efforts of this multitude, retired with his horsemen, to return no more.

He took with him sixty prisoners who had received among them one hundred and twelve wounds. From the marabout, the soldiers could see the troop departing, and could distinguish, if not recognize, the companions whom it was bearing away.

Abd el Kader gone, the Arabs desisted from all attack, scattered beyond gunshot, and formed around the marabout an immense circle. They awaited two auxiliaries which could not fail them—hunger and thirst. Night came again.

Captain Géreaux, who kept watch over all, then perceived an Arab approaching the marabout by crawling. With what intention did he come? He was ignorant. The Captain awoke Monsieur Rosagutti, who called the Arab, and he came to them.

Then each collected all the money that he had about his person, and handed it to the Arab, to pay him for carrying a letter to the camp of Lalla Maghrnia. This letter disclosed the terrible situation in which the troops were placed.

The Arab took the letter and departed. A faithful messenger, he reached the French camp: but no one there knew the handwriting of Captain Géreaux. They were on their guard against the wiles of the Arabs; they deemed the note a ruse of Abd el Kader.

Still, owing to the despatch of the letter, hope had returned to the besieged. They awaited, with eyes directed toward Lalla Maghrnia. They waited all the day, without bread, without water, almost without ammunition. The Kabyles attacked no more. Stationary at their posts, they, by some discharges, merely announced from time to time

that they were watching. The night passed uniformly tranquil, but no one slept. Hunger and thirst, those two vultures of the desert, soared above the marabout of Sidi Ibrahim.

The day of the 25th was but a long and sad expectation. The troops are exhausted, some are fainting; but not a complaint, not a murmur marks this exhaustion, these faintings. They know that they are there to die, and they accept the pang, if not without regret, at least without despair.

In the night they decide on retreat, but the Arabs, as if divining the intention, dispose their forces more skilfully than they have yet done, and establish a strong post on the route to Djema r' Azouat.

The 26th, at six o'clock in the morning, all hope of relief being gone, Captain Géreaux announces that he is about to force the enemy's lines, and march toward Djema r' Azouat. He has four leagues to traverse. Over these four leagues, thousands of Arabs are scattered, like the pieces of an immense chess-board. The men are exhausted, but what of that! Inexorable necessity,—which with one hand draws along thirst, with the other, hunger,—necessity! does it not drive them from their refuge?

By this course, they will go to meet, instead of awaiting death. Djema has some troops; perhaps there will be means of apprising Monsieur Coffyn; perhaps they will be aided in this last desperate effort. They will march toward Djema r' Azouat. They silently load their guns. They prepare with the least movement possible.

Suddenly, the fifty-five or sixty men remaining of the column, rise, and leap the four faces of the marabout's walls. They rush at the double-quick on the nearest post of Arabs, and carry it by storm. During this contest, not a shot has been fired by our soldiers, not a man has fallen.

But the Arabs, astonished at this impossible assault, close around our rallied soldiers. The alarm is given in every direction. The Souhalias, whose villages show near the horizon, come to join the Kabyles. The musketry, which stupefaction has momentarily silenced, engages, rattles, breaks forth, and five riflemen are seriously wounded. But there is among all these French soldiers the fraternity of danger, the union formed in the clutch of death. Enfeebled though they are, they take the wounded on their shoulders, or sustain them under the arms. They will abandon only the corpses.

It was marvellous to see this handful of soldiers, easily distinguishable by their uniforms amid the swarm of Arabs who pursue them, whom they repulse, and who ceaselessly return to the attack.

Two leagues have been thus accomplished. The troops have left more than one dead body on the way; but in the very intoxication of danger, they have found strength to arrive, still fighting, decimated, at the extremity of the plateau which they pursue from Sidi Ibrahim. From this plateau they distinguish all the valley of the oued Ziri. This rivulet which flows at the bottom of the valley is that which empties into the sea at a short distance from Djema r' Azouat. They do not yet see the city, but they are not further off than half a league, and there the troops will doubtless hear the musketry, and hasten to their assistance. Thirty or thirty-six riflemen are still living. Five or six wounded ones are carried in the arms of their comrades. Captain Géreaux, out of breath, and streaming with perspiration, can no longer march without difficulty. "Come! come!" shouts Corporal Lavaissière, "our Captain is so fat that he can hardly follow us. Halt an instant, my friends, and let him have time to breathe."

At the very instant, they make a halt, and form in

square around Captain Géreaux and Lieutenant Chapdelaine. During the halt, which lasts ten minutes, three men fall—two dead, one expiring. They wish to carry off the dying man.

"It is useless," exclaims he, "I am gone. I have four cartridges left: here they are."

A dozen hands stretch forth. The four cartridges are divided among the most needy. Then the soldiers rush down into the valley. Half-way down the slope, Lieutenant Chapdelaine is mortally wounded. He stands for a moment, still waving his rifle and cries: "Pay no attention to me. Go! go!"

But it is not easy to obey such an order. It is not easy, at a word, to leave to the mercy of the Arabs such a man as he who has just fallen. If they cannot carry him off alive, they wish at least to carry him off dead. A fresh combat is joined around his dead body, a new square is formed. And with all the more courage, because hope has returned. From the slope where they have just halted for a last effort, they see the block-house, and see advancing over the opposite mountain-crests a French troop of horse.

The Arabs, also, have seen this advancing column, and have paused. But, by a strange fatality, unheard-of, inconceivable, the troop countermarches. It has seen nothing, heard nothing; and despite the signals, despite the cries of these unhappy abandoned men, it disappears. The conflict must be renewed. Captain Géreaux gives the order to retreat.

The soldiers bid a hasty adieu to the dead body of Chapdelaine. One of them clips off a side of his mustache, a relic which, if he himself be saved, he will send to the mother or to some sweetheart.

But during this desperate struggle, the Arabs have descended from the douar which crowns the mountain on







It is the last shot that comes from the square.  
Page 147.

the right hand, and have cut off the retreat of the heroic fragment of a combat which has now lasted four days. On drawing near a hedge of fig-trees, the little force finds itself so hemmed in that it cannot advance a step.

Captain Géreaux, for the third time, orders a square to be formed. At this command, the men halt and form the square. About twenty-five men are still upon their feet. Here it is that each man uses his last cartridge. Then the men present bayonets, the last weapon which remains in their hands. Then the Arab bullets decimate the little force. Then the Arabs charge so close that one of them puts his hand on the epaulette of Captain Géreaux. The latter still has a loaded pistol, and the Arab falls, killed at the muzzle. It is the last shot that comes from the square.

The Arabs fall back and shoot our men from a distance of twenty paces. At the first discharge Géreaux, with a dozen men, falls dead. Only twelve or fifteen men survive. Then a square is no longer possible. The sole remaining hope for the few men still alive is to break through the enemy's line and escape. The survivors cast themselves headlong among the Arabs.

The twelve or fifteen brave men disappear. Some fall dead; others cast themselves into the brush, which they penetrate by crawling; others reach the lines of Djema r' Azouat, where they are received in a dying condition by Doctor Artigues. Three expire of exhaustion, their bodies showing not the sign of a wound.

But before dying they gave all the details of this terrible affair. They said, that perhaps five or six of their comrades might yet be saved. All the able-bodied men at Djema r' Azouat ask to be allowed to march. They sally out, repulse the Arabs, and do succeed in rescuing five or six men who had escaped the yataghan of the Kabyles.

Among these men was Corporal Lavaissière. Eight men survived. They were the glorious remnant of one of the battalions which the Duke of Orléans had formed, and, five years previously, manœuvred at Saint Omer.

By the admission of the Arabs, their victory cost them more than nine hundred men.

## THE MASSACRE.

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**I**N the evening of the day of the first combat, after having three times summoned Captain Géraux and his riflemen to surrender, Abd el Kader returned to the tent which had been pitched for him.

At the sides of this tent, three hundred heads were scattered on the ground. Abd el Kader cast right and left, a calm, indifferent glance, wiped his cheek from which still trickled some drops of blood, and ordered the prisoners to be brought before him.

At the head of these prisoners, the most considerable of all, was Major Courby de Cognord. He had received five wounds. An Arab was engaged in cutting his throat, when, by chance, the Caliph Bou Amedy passing, perceived that Monsieur de Cognord was an officer of rank, and that he was still living. The Caliph arrested the arm of the Arab.

The wound remained gaping, horrible to the sight, but happily, not mortal. Monsieur de Cognord was raised up, supported, and conducted to the presence of Abd el Kader.

He recollects, as one recollects of a dream, having seen the heads lying on the ground, having heard the voice of the Emir, and having essayed to reply. Around him, and behind him, were eighty prisoners. Among them sixty were wounded; and among these, one hundred and twelve wounds were numbered.

Abd el Kader ordered Major Courby de Cognord to be conducted to the tent of Adja Bit, one of his Chiefs. The Major passed the night with the Chief-Quartermaster, Barbut, who dressed his wounds.

The other prisoners were compelled to sort the heads of their dead comrades, and to coat them with honey, for the purpose of preserving them. Among these heads of soldiers, Tétard—the same who had given up his horse to Monsieur de Cognord—recognized those of Colonel Montagnac, Captain Gentil Saint Alphonse, and Lieutenant Klein.

When the heads were coated with honey, the prisoners were made to divide them into twenties, and place them in piles, like cannon-balls in a park of artillery. Fifteen piles of heads were counted. They were to be sent to the principal Chiefs of Morocco.

The next morning when the Arabs were about to depart, the heads were taken, and the ears pierced. The heads were then tied together with strings made from the palm-tree, and were put into panniers, with which mules were loaded.

The prisoners were brought forth. Those in the best condition were obliged to walk, those most sick were placed on mules. The feet of the men mounted on the mules rested on the bottom of the panniers: they were up to their knees in heads. Only Monsieur Courby de Cognord had a mule without panniers, and, consequently, without heads.

They marched, the first day, from seven o'clock in the morning until five o'clock in the evening. The prisoners who followed afoot were conducted very roughly. At five o'clock the troop halted, for the purpose of sleeping in a village of the Beni Snassen. All spent the night in the open air. The heads were emptied out of the panniers, and the prisoners lay down beside them.

At six o'clock the next morning they departed, and directed their course toward the Moulaja. In following the road thither they passed to the right of the district of the Beni Snassen.

In skirting a ravine, a mule fell. The heads which it carried rolled into the bushes, bounded over the rocks, and disappeared in the depths. There was a halt, and the prisoners were set to work searching for the heads. They were obliged to bring them back to the last one. Then the march was resumed. On this day, they marched until night. They halted half a league from the Moulaja, and bivouacked near some douars.

The prisoners were suffering terribly from thirst. Some of them had not had water since the time when they were captured. They who were in a condition to walk, were conducted to the river, where they drank, and whence they fetched water for those who had not been able to accompany them. As on the preceding day, the mules were unloaded, and everybody slept in the open air.

On the third day, they set out early in the morning. About half-past five o'clock they were on the bank of the river, which they skirted for some time. At last, about nine o'clock in the morning, they crossed it. At eleven o'clock they arrived at the deïra. The prisoners were at once conducted to the tent occupied by the mother and the wives of Abd el Kader. At this period the Emir had three wives.

Then the prisoners were marched all over the deïra, and afterward were taken to a camp situated about three leagues from the place where they had crossed the stream that very morning. In the last day's march their course was away from the sea.

The heads remained at the deïra for three days. They formed around Abd el Kader's tent a circle about which

the Arabs came to dance the fantasia. The prisoners were put in the centre of the camp, in which place a poor tent was provided for the officers. The men who were the most seriously wounded were put into another tent. The rest lodged as they could.

They remained in this place, about a month. One night a fire broke out in camp. One of the prisoners, without intending it, had caused the conflagration, but as it was not known who the person was, he escaped punishment. Much personal property was burned or otherwise lost.

Then they broke camp and pitched their tents about a league off. The second camp also was on the Moulaja, but it was a league further in the interior.

On the 9th of February, that is to say, after a stay of four months, an order came to strike tents at once. They obeyed. They crossed the Moulaja, and established themselves on the opposite bank, reaching the mountains of the Leuf.

At the time of their departure four men were sick. Monsieur Courby de Cognord requested mules for them. The mules were promised to him, but when the time for marching had arrived, they did not appear. The four sick men were beheaded.

Some days afterward they left the mountains and approached the banks of the stream.

On the 15th of February the chasseur, Bernard, and a soldier of the train, Gagne, escaped. Gagne was killed on the way, but Bernard reached Djema r' Azouat, safe and sound, and communicated the first precise intelligence which had yet been obtained in reference to the prisoners.

On the 17th, three other prisoners disappeared. They were Corporal Moulin, a zouave named Poggi, and that Ismael who in the midst of the combat had cried, "We are lost." All three were recaptured.



The Caliph Bou Amedy—the same who had saved the life of Monsieur Courby de Cognord—condemned all three to death. Monsieur Courby de Cognord, by dint of entreaty, first obtained the pardon of Poggi and Ismael, and at the last moment, when the guns were already loaded, when the firing-platoon was about to shoot Corporal Moulin, he managed to obtain his pardon also.

On the 24th of April arrived a messenger from the Caliph, Haggi Mustapha. This messenger came, in the name of his Chief, to invite Monsieur Courby to eat a couscousou\* with him. Monsieur Courby de Cognord set out with the officers and four soldiers, for the purpose of accepting this invitation. They who accompanied him were Lieutenant Marin, Lieutenant Larrazée, Lieutenant Hillerin, Doctor Cabasse, Adjutant Thomas, Chief-Quartermaster Barbut, the hussar Tétard, the chasseur, Trotté, and two others.

Leaving camp about three o'clock in the afternoon, they walked until eight o'clock in the evening, when, as they had reached the district inhabited by the tribe of Hachem, they stopped to rest for the night.

Early in the morning of the next day, the 25th, they set out, to continue their journey toward the deïra ; but scarcely had they gone a league when an order was received commanding them to retrace their steps, and to return to Soliman, Chief of the tribe of the Hachem, which they had left that very morning.

Then suspicions began to arise in the minds of Monsieur de Cognord and his companions. They perceived that their separation from the other prisoners had been prompted by sinister motives. Unfortunately, they could do nothing for their comrades.

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\* An African dish of mixed animal and vegetable food.—*Trans.*

They questioned the Arab guard, but they could obtain no answer. In fact, whilst they were going further and further from camp, this is what was transpiring in the place which they had left. At dark, the prisoners had been assembled and stood in a row. Then they had been ordered to produce all their effects. When they had reassembled, the regular foot-soldiers of Abd el Kader had come and separated them. Divided into parties of five or six men, each party had been compelled to enter a separate gourbi.

In one of these parties was a man whose account is the sole light that has been shed on the terrible scene which opens. This man is the trumpeter Roland. He, with six other prisoners, had been placed in the same gourbi.

He was a resolute man. He had seen all these preparations; he had understood them, but without being dismayed. "Something will happen to night," said he to his companions; "do not sleep, but be on the alert to defend yourselves, if they do really intend to kill us."

"Defend ourselves! and with what?" exclaimed the other prisoners.

"Make a weapon of anything," replied Roland.

Roland had a French knife which he had found three days previously, and which he had kept concealed. Besides, in entering the gourbi, he had found a sickle against which he had accidentally struck his foot: he had given it to a man named Daumat. Exhibiting the knife to his companions, he said: "At the slightest noise, I shall rush out. I shall kill the first Arab in my path. Follow me."

It was about eight o'clock in the evening when these unhappy men, grasping each other's hands, arranged in whispers their plan of desperate defence. One can readily imagine that not a man closed his eyes that night. Toward midnight, the soldiers of Abd el Kader gave a shout. It was the signal for the massacre.

Roland sees that the time has come. He rushes out first, darts forward, meets an Arab on his way, and plants the knife to the hilt in his breast, jumps over the body, leaps the hedge which surrounds the camp, lays hold of a branch, and swings himself over to the other side. At this moment two regulars seize him by the waistband of his trousers; but his trousers in rags remain in their hands. Roland escapes in his shirt.

About a hundred metres from camp, an ambuscade fires on him. A ball grazes his leg. He continues to fly, and reaches a hill situated about an eighth of a league from camp. There he stops, and seats himself, in order to see whether any one of his comrades is coming to join him.

Is it not marvellous? This man who has just escaped miraculously from death, whom death still loudly claims! stops, and seats himself, to see whether some comrade is not coming to join him!

At two gunshots off, under his eyes, the massacre was going on. He heard the cries of the victims and the shouts of the assassins. By the flash of the musketry, he saw the struggle.

The struggle lasted over half an hour. Eighty Frenchmen cannot be thus slaughtered without resisting. At length the firing ceased, the cries subsided. All was over. Then Roland arose, cast a last look upon the camp, and perceiving no fugitive in the obscurity, resumed his way, crossed the Moulaja, and walked straight forward.

By day, he concealed himself; by night, he set out again. Some prickly pears were all his sustenance during three days.

In the evening of the third day a terrible storm gathered in the sky. Thunder muttered, rain fell. The wind blew so heavily as to tear the branches from the brushwood.

Roland continued to walk. He was almost naked; he

was sore, emaciated, dying. He estimated that he might still live two or three hours. He resolved to make an end of it, and directed his steps toward a Moroccan village which he perceived on the horizon. He reached it at nightfall.

At the entrance to the village he met women going to draw water from a spring. On perceiving him they took to flight, uttering screams. But Roland pursued his way, and entered the village behind them. At the end of a little street, he found himself face to face with a young man about twenty years of age, who, on seeing him, drew a poniard and rushed at him. Roland wished to die: he bared his bosom and awaited the stroke.

For an instant this action disconcerted the Arab, but he was again raising his arm, when another Arab leaped from the top of a neighboring terrace, and stopped him. The new-comer was doubtless a man of a certain authority, for, with a gesture, he put aside the murderer, and made a sign to Roland to follow him. Roland could do nothing better than obey, so he followed his protector, who conducted him to his house, let him warm himself for two or three minutes, and afterward bade him lie down, bound his feet and hands, and threw over him a horse-blanket.

Roland had not only lost all strength, but even all will. The only desire that he possessed and manifested, was that a speedy death should deliver him from all the torture which he believed that he still had to undergo. The signs which he made to this effect, the Arab understood, and answered that, on the contrary, he would not kill him, and that he bade him fear nothing. In fact, the next morning at daylight, the Arab approached Roland and untied the cords which bound him.

Roland passed seven days in the Arab's house. The Arab did not allow him to go out, but that course was

prompted by good intentions. Some men of the village were on the watch to kill Roland.

On the seventh day after Roland's arrival, a man entered the gourbi of the Arab, exchanged a few words with him, and at the end of the conversation, gave him two douros. Roland was sold, in consideration of the sum of ten francs. They waited for night; for as long as it was day, neither the seller nor the purchaser would have dared to take Roland through the village. But when night came, the purchaser led away his slave, and conducted him to his house. There he gave him a haik and a burnoose.

He kept him in the house for eight days. On the tenth day he conducted him to the house of one of his relations, who lived in a village, one day's walk from Lalla Maghrnia. The journey was made through the mountains of Nedroma.

From the village Roland was delivered to the French. The promise of a reward, which Roland had made to his master, had induced him to conceive this project, which Roland could not credit until he found himself in the arms of his comrades.

During this time the liberty of the officers who survived was still further restricted. The orders regarding them became daily more and more stringent. They could not stir without being followed. At last, Monsieur de Cognord obtained permission to write to his family, and to General Cavaignac. General Cavaignac received his letter, and answered him. By this answer, Monsieur de Cognord learned that he had been made lieutenant-colonel, and an officer of the Legion of Honor. This news reached him toward the end of January.

At length, after eighteen months' captivity, a koggia—a grade which corresponds with our fourier\*—had a con-

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\* As no French Dictionary gives the word *fourier*,—except the name of the celebrated Socialist,—and as several Frenchmen, on being

ference with Lieutenant-Colonel Courby de Cognord and Monsieur Marin. He was instructed to ask them whether they were willing to purchase their liberty for the sum of twelve thousand douros, or in our coinage, seventy-two thousand francs. To this proposition the Colonel replied that, treating on his own account, and in his own name, the sum was entirely too large.

The koggia retired, bidding Colonel Courby de Cognord reflect well on the matter, inasmuch as, he observed, high in rank though the Colonel was, he might easily have happen to him what had happened to others. The affair was protracted for three weeks. The Arabs hoped all the time that Monsieur de Cognord would yield, but he continued to reply that, redeeming himself and his companions with his own funds, and not with those of his Government, he could not treat save for a sum corresponding with his means.

Then the Arabs lowered the amount of the ransom to fifty thousand francs, then to forty thousand, and at last to thirty-six thousand. The ransom at this sum was accepted by the Colonel, and thereupon was made the arrangement which was communicated to Don Demetrio Maria de Benito, Governor of Mellila, which arrangement led to the deliverance of the prisoners—a deliverance at which by an extraordinary concatenation of circumstances we happened to be present.

Thus, at last ended the cycle of these men's captivity. Leaving Djema r' Azouat, they had left Captain Géreaux still alive on the battle-field of Sidi Ibrahim, and, after an absence of fourteen months, they returned to the

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appealed to, have been obliged to confess their ignorance of the existence of the word, it may be considered excusable that the translation should not throw any light on the meaning of *koggia*.—*Trans.*

tomb of their comrade, to learn the circumstances of his death, and to relate their captivity. Thus, after fourteen months had rolled by, after this heroic defence and this distressing captivity had occupied every generous mind, we, with the remains of this immortal column, came to conduct the living to the tomb of the dead.

This tomb, or more properly, this charnel-house which holds the remains of Géreaux and his comrades, has been raised to them by the pious regard of the garrison of Djema r' Azouat. The tomb is simple, but of handsome form; such as is appropriate for a military mausoleum. Unfortunately, some savant sent by the Institute, some architect travelling for the Government, will one of these days land, as we did, at Djema r' Azouat, will follow the path which we followed through that gloomy reddish valley streaked with black verdure, and suddenly, on issuing from the sacred woods, will find himself in front of this tomb. Then will come to him the idea of associating his useless name and insignificant reputation with this great achievement of modern warfare. Then he will present a Grecian or a Roman design. The design will be examined and received, and from our desecrating Europe will come the order to substitute the cold work of the chisel for the glowing tribute of the heart. These holy stones, each of which was placed by a brother's hand, will be scattered; this tomb, on which is leaning the old torn flag, will be demolished; and a sort of temple, with Corinthian columns, with sharp pediment,—a pale reflex of a monument erected three thousand years ago,—will rise—classical sacrilege!—in the place where now rises this tomb breathing a living memory.

It is very fortunate that Cairo is not Paris. The Pyramids would long ago have disappeared for the benefit of the Madeleine and the Bourse.

We took our way toward Djema r' Azouat. I remember nothing more touching and devotional than this return. Each one mentioned the name of a lost friend. At every step an officer paused, and said to his companion. "Hold, it was here that such a one fell." "Yes," the other would sadly-smiling reply, "poor fellow! he was the bravest and the best of us all." Among noble martyrs, it is always, in their eyes, the best, the noblest that falls.

Remember that there are in Africa ten thousand officers belonging to our noblest, richest, and most talented families, whose whole ambition is comprised in these two sentences. "It is here that he fell! It is here that we shall fall!" And what courage, what strength, is not needed by these voluntary exiles, in order to brave surprises, fever, battle, the heat of summer, the cold of winter, constant absence from their native land!

With deep respect, did I clasp the hands of these men, and walk with them arm in arm. It was with astonishment that I saw them smile. My God! said I to myself,—when the hum of our Europe reaches them, when the scandalous debates in our Chambers are brought to them by the newspapers, when the shameful traffic of our consciences is revealed to them by aristocratic lawsuits,—My God! what must these men of pure and generous soul think, who suffer, who fight, who die for this corrupt and venal mother; who speculates by millions in her railroads, in her Spanish loans, in her English funds, and discusses, sou by sou, the few thousand francs which are needed for the purpose of giving better bread to the soldier, a hospital to the sick, a chaplain to the dying! My God, my God! permit them not to curse their country, for the curse would be fatal!

They must have cursed their country, for since I wrote those lines, worse than I feared has befallen them.



## THE BANQUET.

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OUR return to camp—for the city does not yet merit the name of city—diverted my mind from these ideas.

Two or three hundred persons had come to meet us, and waited for us five hundred paces from the fortifications.

During our absence, the preparations for dinner had advanced with gigantic strides. A great dining-room had been improvised in a barn. Tricolored tapestry—where could they have found it?—adorned the interior; designs in verdure festooned and decked its whole length. These designs were formed of laurel, which everywhere grows spontaneously on the fertile soil of Africa.

I know no people more ingenious than soldiers are in matters of ornamentation. Give sabres, bayonets, pistols, and guns, to the architect or to the decorator, he will make nothing of them but sabres, bayonets, pistols, guns. The soldier will make of them lustres, mirrors, stars. He will diaper the walls, and constellate the ceiling. He will make of them pilasters, columns, caryatides, and all resplendent with light.

When we entered this shed,—a barn in the morning, a banquet-hall at night;—when we saw a table with three hundred covers set out on this sandy and desert shore, we turned to discover the Genius who had produced this prodigy, or the Fairy who had effected this transformation. The most powerful of Fairies is Necessity—the rough god-mother of the soldier.

Six o'clock struck. All the prisoners were assembled, save one. Alas! one among all these men was not admitted to this fraternal banquet. He had surrendered, said they: that was his crime. In Africa a man does not surrender. He is either victorious, or killed, or captured. Now this man had surrendered, this man, reserved for trial by a court-martial, could not partake of the festivity.

It was thought that he would blow his brains out at the first toast, which the cannon would bear to him in the abandoned hut where he had been left alone like a leper. The means, so they said, had been provided by his comrades. A pair of loaded pistols had been left within his reach. It was thought—more, it was hoped, that he would not await the impending sentence. Amid the universal joy, there existed, therefore, a shade of sadness. These men, so stern in points of honor, felt that a stain had sullied their own honor. What would these men have said of the capitulation of Baylen, and the surrender of Paris?

The guests took their seats at table. The honors were reserved for the prisoners, and for us. Colonel Courby de Cognord was placed on the right of Colonel McMahon, I was placed on his left. In front of us were Captain Bérard and Colonel Trembley, then came Maquet, Boulanger, Giraud, Desbarolles, and Alexandre, each of them having a prisoner right and left. At the lower end of the table, with an interpreter, sat the envoys of Abd el Kader, dressed in their white burnouses bound around the forehead with a camel-halter. The band of the regiment, concealed behind the drapery, played martial airs.

A man may be present at such a fête once perhaps in a life-time, by chance, by good-fortune, should I say; but he cannot describe it. What makes it sublime is the emotion of the moment. Who dares flatter himself that he

can arouse this emotion in the hearts of strangers, when time has rolled by, when even they who felt it find it no longer in their hearts, save in the form of memory! But I very sincerely thank God,—who in my artist-life bestows on me much more than I should have dared to ask of him when I ventured to step forward in the career of hope,—but, I say, I very sincerely thank God for having vouchsafed that I, the son of an old soldier, that I, a soldier at heart, should have been present with my friends at such a festival. Ah, none among them, at this moment, regretted Tetuan with its bazaars, its minarets, and its mosques, for, a day passed at Tetuan, we should have arrived too late at Djema r' Azouat!

With the champagne came toasts to the King, to the Princes, to the prisoners so miraculously saved, to the dead so gloriously fallen. And at each toast roared a salvo of artillery, to which from the mountain the astonished cries of hyenas and jackals responded.

Then, between the toasts came narratives—marvellous recitals which seemed like extracts from Herodotus, or Xenophon—recitals of which the heroes were there, laughing, singing, raising their glasses toward the ceiling. One, out hunting with his double-barrelled fowling-piece had defended himself alone against six Arabs. He had killed three, and taken one prisoner. Another, with ten men, had come unawares upon a douar containing twelve hundred Arabs, and had brought back to camp nine out of his ten men. It seemed to me that I was present at one of Cooper's fine romances put in action. And some of the men who had accomplished these wonderful things had not even the cross, that distinction which is all the more difficult to obtain the more it is merited.

To the toasts succeeded songs, and, sooth to say, the songs were succeeded by dances. The envoys of Abd el Kader

looked on with their great velvety eyes. They must have thought us mad.

We rose from table. The hour had come to take leave of these new acquaintances, of whom some were already old friends. But people cannot thus part on that African shore, five hundred leagues from their mother-country. Horses were in waiting for us in the square, for the purpose of enabling us to ride to the shore, whither Colonel McMahon, Trembley, Picault, Leorat, and almost all of the officers chose to accompany us. A last adieu was exchanged with the guests at large, and leaving the singers to their songs, the dancers to their joy, we mounted on horseback and departed—but slowly. It was with regret, as any one can well understand, that we were leaving this shore, where our footprints would be for ever effaced by the first gust of wind sweeping over the sand.

The conversation was animated, boisterous. We talked about France and Africa, intermingled recollections of the two countries; linked in loving bonds, Austerlitz and Isly, Marengo and the Pyramids. Suddenly every one became silent. They showed us the solitary hut. "It is there that he is," said they. This man whom they named not, before whose hut they interrupted tales of honor and glory, was he who had surrendered. The Spartans were not more cruel to the fugitive of Thermopylæ.

After a half hour's ride, we reached the sea-shore. There the farewells were renewed, the shaking of hands became warmer, the embraces closer. There was emotion in the firmest voice, there were tears in the dryest eye.

Our boat was waiting for us, and we got into it. But we, so to speak, separated without parting. The night was beautiful, the moon magnificent. All our enthusiastic escort remained on the sea-shore, shouting farewell, and following with their eyes the phosphorescent wake traced in the

water by our little bark. And we to these shouts answered by shots fired in the air.

At last we reached the *Vélocé*. She had steam up, all ready to depart; and she weighed anchor as soon as we were on board. We cast a last farewell toward the shore, and the peopled shore replied. For some time still, bursts of joy and strains of martial music reached our ears, then, little by little, the sounds were lost in the distance, then nothing remained in sight but the fires of Djema r' Azouat, with their reflections projecting over the glassy mottled surface of the water, then little by little, the fires in their turn disappeared. We had just doubled the eastern Cape of the Bay.

## BIZERTA.

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[T had been decided that we would not stop at Oran, but that, under sail and steam, we would bear to Algiers the joyful tidings of the release of the prisoners.

During the whole day of the 28th, and the morning of the 29th, we coasted along.

Maquet had nearly broken his head by striking it against a beam, and he remained in his berth. Giraud, sick from very fear of sickness, rarely trusted himself on deck. Our party was therefore reduced to Alexandre, Desbarolles, and Boulanger.

On the 29th, at nine o'clock in the morning, the cry of Algiers! Algiers! brought Maquet from his berth, and Giraud from his cabin. Neither Sidi Ferruch nor Torre Chica had induced them to stir.

The view of Algiers is superb. The city begins at the sea-shore, and mounts the eastern slope of the mountain, which is crowned by the Fort de l'Empereur, situated a little to the left.

We doubled the jetty, a Titanic work executed by the hand of man with blocks of concrete. It is this jetty which, for the last ten years, has been every year attacked and defended in the Chambers.

French buildings sadly mar the Oriental aspect of Algiers. At first sight, it looks like a European city. The glance must overlook the foreground, all bristling with four-story houses lighted with windows like lantern-slits,

and sweep up the mountain-side to the middle and background, in order to discover the ancient city of the Deys, the African city. Yet, even amidst these white-walled houses, pierced with few and narrow openings, one sometimes sees rising a long rectangular building that reminds one of the picturesque architecture of the Rue des Lombards, or the Faubourg Saint Denis.

Some lovely palms, motionless, their green plumes vividly relieved against the white houses, or on the blue of the sky, protested eloquently, in the name of tropical vegetation, against the invasion of the French. On the right was the sea stretching away to Montpellier, sweeping by the island of Majorca. On the left hand was the plain of Metidja, extending from Rassauta to Ben Afroun. Behind us was Cape Matifou ; beyond Cape Matifou were the Atlas Mountains.

Scarcely had we cast anchor, when a boat, leaving the port, rowed toward us. The result of the negotiation at Mellila was as yet unknown at Algiers. We were the first to arrive, and our diligence was rewarded. It was evident that we were regarded as the bearers of good tidings. In fact, the excitement in Algiers was intense, especially among the troops. As for the bourgeois, the trades-people, the speculators, they are, on the other side of the Mediterranean, just what they are everywhere else. Some of them asked us what prisoners we were talking about.

A disappointment was in store for us. Marshal Bugeaud was not at Algiers. Some days before our arrival, he had started for Oran, going by land with two or three Deputies, who had availed themselves of their parliamentary recess to visit Algiers. In his absence, General de Bar was in command of the city.

Our determination was quickly taken. Marshal Bugeaud was to be absent about fifteen days. As it was he to

whom we had letters, I resolved to employ the fifteen days in going to Tunis, returning by the way of Bona, Philippeville, and Constantina. Therefore, armed with the letter which placed the *Véloce* at my disposal, I presented myself to General de Bar, who referred me to Rear-Admiral de Rigodie.

I trust that Madame de Rigodie will permit me to mention, incidentally, an hour delightfully passed in her society, whilst Captain Bérard received new instruction regarding our party.

As I desired, the *Véloce* was placed entirely at my disposal, with the understanding that we would use our best endeavors to return to Algiers about the 20th or 24th of December.

The authorities added to our party—and the favor was appreciated—an old friend of mine, known in France by his charming poetry, and, in Algeria, by his more serious labors—Monsieur Ausone de Chancel.

It was this little transaction, placing the *Véloce* at my disposal for three weeks, which the Minister of Marine termed a *misunderstanding*, in that famous session of the Chamber, when I was spoken of as *that person*. Alas! one of these men so ready to insult is dead. I have forgotten the names of the two others. So it is in France. All reward irritates us, all honor wounds, when we are not, let it be distinctly understood, the objects of that reward or that honor. This vessel placed at my disposal has made me more enemies than have “Antony” and “Monte Cristo,” and that is not saying a little.

I think that it was in 1823 or 1824, that Sir Walter Scott, then in ill-health, manifested the desire to travel in Italy. The English Admiralty put at the disposal of the author of *Ivanhoe* its finest frigate. England applauded, and both Houses of Parliament applauded. Even to the



journalists, every one clapped his hands in unison with Parliament. And it was well done, for perhaps, for the first time, the flag of the Three Leopards was saluted in all the ports of the Mediterranean with the enthusiastic acclamations of the people. Were these acclamations for the flag, or were they for the man of genius whom it protected? Were they for the captain of the frigate, whose name I never knew, or for Sir Walter Scott? True, it may be said, I am not Sir Walter Scott; but to this I answer, that in France the misfortune of the living is not to know what they are so long as they do live.

Well, whether from favor or from justice, the vessel was delivered to me, and the Government consented to load its budget with the sum of sixteen thousand francs' worth of coal. It is well for people to know that this voyage, about which there has been so much outcry, cost the Government sixteen thousand francs—just the half of what it cost me.

This first visit to Algiers, being but a halt, I reserve for a more appropriate place, my description of what I saw on my return.

I confess that it was with great pleasure that I found myself once more on the deck of the *Vélocé*. We were about to visit Tunis, the city of Saint Louis. We were about to visit Carthage, the city of Dido and of Hannibal. About certain names there is fascination, toward certain cities one is drawn as by a loadstone. One feels as if they were fabulous cities, which one can never see; the poet's fancies, vanished with the thought which gave them birth.

On board I fortunately had *Virgil*, *Plutarch*, and *Joinville*. Oh, how I missed those charming nereïds who propelled the vessel of *Æneas*! how I missed those bags of wind given by *Æolus* to *Ulysses*! We coasted along for three days. The third day, about eleven o'clock, our eyes were greeted with the view of a charming little city, this time

truly Oriental, situated on the sea-shore, at the end of a gulf, blue as the waters of Cyrenaïca. We asked Vial the name of the town, and he replied, "Bizerta."

This word Bizerta produced a magical effect. Maquet thrust his head out of his cabin. "What," said he, "do you say to going ashore at Bizerta?"

"Yes," added Giraud, going through the same manoeuvre; "yes, what do you say to going ashore?"

"Captain," I inquired, "do you perceive any objection to carrying out these gentlemen's wish, which is also my own?"

"None whatever," replied the Captain.

Vial immediately headed the ship for Bizerta. An hour afterward, we cast anchor in the port. There are two things that make a man more capricious than the most capricious woman—one is to travel post, the other, to have a vessel at his own disposal.

The Captain ordered the yawl to be lowered, and, as usual, accompanied us in our new excursion. We landed in front of the French Consulate. To reach there, we had followed the course of a river, or rather gut, which beyond the bridge joining the two parts of the city, becomes a magnificent lake. The terrace at the Consulate commands a view of the lake and the city.

Nothing can be more enchanting than the shores of this lake, with its great fowl with wings of flame, and its marabouts half concealed amidst the palms; nothing more picturesque than the city's quay, with its ruminating camels, and its grave people that look like so many phantoms.

The water on which the boat floated was so pure, that, at the depth of ten feet, we could perceive fish darting over the bed of pebbles and the algæ. One of them seeming to rise toward the surface of the water, I sent at it a ball, which

was a ball thrown away. But at the report of the gun, flocks of ducks darkened the air, forming a background to a white line dotted with red, composed of a dozen or two of flamingoes. The ducks and the flamingoes circled for an instant above the surface of the lake, but, faithful to their loves, soon alighted. This sight aroused in us all our sportsman-instinct. We requested the Consul to give us a guide, who was immediately provided. We were to make, while shooting, the tour of the city, and return to the shore of the lake, where a boat should await us.

Then, as usual, the party divided. Chancel, Alexandre, Maquet, and I took our guns. Giraud, Desbarolles, and Boulanger took their pencils. The city held out to the latter the inducement of plenty of sketches, and the country proclaimed to our party its abundance of game.

We left the city by a gate passing through a high wall, with the construction of which it was evident that Vauban and Cohorn had had nothing to do. Bizerta is fortified in the nineteenth century as Ptolemaïs was in the twelfth.

We struck to the left, and ascended a mountain, through a Turkish cemetery. White turbans, placed at the heads of some graves, indicated those which contained men. In proportion as we ascended, the sea unrolled before us, calm, motionless, deserted. The *Vélocé* was the only dark spot on its mirror of azure.

Scarcely had we gone a hundred paces, when we flushed two coveys of partridges. Chancel fired and killed a bird. It belonged to a species which resembles our red partridge.

The country seemed well-cultivated, fertile, and studded with olive-trees, over which peered some few palms. One might fancy that these wild inhabitants of the desert retreat before the progress of civilization, and keep their shade for the oases of Sahara.

Some rusty old cannon, protruding their muzzles through the embrasures, viewed us from the height of the city's walls.

The country was desolate. One might have said that it cultivated itself, had not one occasionally, toward the east or toward the west, toward Utica or toward Hippo, caught a glimpse of a galloping horseman, or camel-driver afoot, disappearing in a distant road.

We hunted for about two hours. In this time we saw fifty partridges, killed five or six of them, and made the tour of the city. The honors, not of the hunting, but of marksmanship, belonged to Alexandre. To our guide's utter astonishment, he killed a lark with a single ball. We returned by the gate opposite to that by which we had left the city. A boat was in readiness for us, two sailors from the *Vélocé* manned her, and we rowed toward the middle of the lake..

On the quay we had left Maquet and Alexandre, who had undertaken to visit the city while Chancel and I continued our sport.

Almost everywhere, one can see the bottom of the lake. Its greatest depth is scarcely eight or ten feet. In some places, the water is so shallow that three or four times we ran aground. I never saw game so plentiful, and, excepting the flamingoes, game so little wild. In a second, we killed three or four ducks, two coots, and I know not how many snipe. The boat, striking against a stake which I did not perceive, sent me pitching overboard. Fortunately the water was as warm as in our summer, although we were in the month of December. Our friends, who were looking at us from the top of the terrace, could not imagine what had possessed me to leap into the lake with all my clothes on. The accident put an end to our sport, and we

returned to the Consulate. I, with the rest, ascended the terrace, where I did my best to get dry.

Giraud, Desbarolles, and Boulanger rejoined us. They had made plenty of sketches, and had left Maquet and Alexandre responding to the advances of an officer of the country, with whom they were about to take coffee and talk Sabir. Giraud brought with him a sketch of the notary of the place and his principal clerk.

The Consul would have been very glad to keep us as his guests. At Bizerta there is but little diversion. He did not appreciate the sport of shooting, to which we had abandoned ourselves with so much pleasure. At nightfall, we parted. In passing the quay, the boat took in Maquet and Alexandre, who, having made friends with the people, had had great difficulty in escaping from their hospitality.

As we were returning to the *Véloce*, we set this day down in our list of lucky days. In fact, Bizerta, with its quiet streets, chiefly arched, its quays lined with cafés, its camels lying down at the doors, and its people pressing around us, left a charming impression.

We reached the *Véloce* about six o'clock in the evening. At two o'clock the next morning, and by a lovely moonlight, we cast anchor near Tunis.

## FRENCH JUSTICE AND TURKISH JUSTICE.

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THE next day we were awakened by the cannon of the *Vélocé*, which, in the name of the King of France, and subsidiarily, in mine, fired a salute of twenty-one guns in honor of the city of Tunis. I say in honor of the city of Tunis, because at the moment when we were entering Tunis, the Bey was entering Paris. Tunis, like the polite city that it is, returned the salute; perhaps with less promptness and precision than ours, which was not its fault, but that of its artillerists.

We were in the very middle of the gulf. An eighth of a league off, a beautiful frigate rocked on the waters of the roadstead. It was the *Montezuma*, commanded by Captain Cuneo d'Ornano.

The view of the port was splendid. Although it was the 5th of December, the weather was magnificent. We were anchored just abreast of *Goulette*. Opposite to us extended a long and narrow jetty, on which was strung a caravan of mules and camels. Beyond the jetty, the lake extended, and, at the end of the lake, Tunis the White, as the Turks themselves call it, rose like an amphitheatre, so that the most distant houses were defined on the azure sky.

On the left, rose the Arsenal Fort, and the two peaks of *Bou Kournein*. On the right, the Chapel of St. Louis glistened, and the Cape of Carthage projected. Behind us, on the other side of the roadstead, the Lead Mountains

rose—dark, bronze-like masses, on which not the slightest trace of vegetation could be perceived.

Our cannonade had communicated the news of our arrival, not to the city,—that was too distant for us to know what was passing there,—but to Goulette, a sort of out-work, or picket, that recognized vessels in the name of Tunis. A boat left the jetty, and rowed toward us. It was commanded by our Consul, Monsieur Gaspari.

Monsieur Gaspari is a charming man. Cast for twenty years on the other side of the Mediterranean, he is the providence of Europeans who go to Tunis either on business or for pleasure. As for himself, he has become an antiquary. He lives amidst the memories of ancient times and those of the Middle Ages, between Dido and St. Louis, Appian and Joinville.

Whatever might be our haste to enter Tunis, there were some formalities to fulfil. In the first place, Captain Bérard owed a visit to Captain d'Ornano, who was his senior officer. The *Véloce*,—although of pretty good size, when she ploughed her solitary way through the great sheet of azure called the Mediterranean,—was a mere pigmy compared with the *Montezuma*.

We decided, therefore, that we would begin by breakfasting aboard the *Véloce*; that afterward, two boats should leave the ship, one taking Captain Bérard on board of the *Montezuma*, the other taking us to Goulette. There we were to await the Captain, visiting, meanwhile, the antiquities of Monsieur Gaspari, and trying to shoot some flamingoes. I had longed to shoot some of those beautiful red-winged birds ever since, for the first time, I saw them on the previous evening on the lake at Bizerta. They announced Egypt.

We hurried through breakfast, as fast as we could. But everything aboard a man-of-war is regulated, and if we

succeeded in gaining five minutes, it was as much as we could have gained. At eleven o'clock, we set foot in the boat which took us to Goulette. A quarter of an hour afterward, Monsieur Gaspari made us taste his champagne, his maraschino from Zara, and his rosolio from Florence.

The aspect of Goulette quite surprised us. It is impossible to form an idea of the appearance presented by the Asiatico-European population which throngs the quays of this advance-city. What most attracted our attention was the Tunisian militia.

The Bey, as every one knows, is a progressive man, so he wished to be guarded by an army modelled on the French. To procure this army, only two things were needful—men and uniforms. He had the men, the only question remaining was how to get uniforms. He imported from France twenty thousand pairs of madder-colored trousers, and twenty thousand blue jackets; all based upon the mean of five feet four inches, the ordinary height of man.\*

Unfortunately, nothing is more capricious than size in tropical climes. Of the twenty thousand soldiers whom it was purposed to uniform on the French model, there were about eight thousand whose height reached five feet six or eight inches; eight thousand whose height was not above five feet two or three inches; and finally, four thousand—and these were they who composed the famous mean counted on—who varied between five feet two inches and five feet six inches. Consequently, eight thousand men had jackets and trousers too short; eight thousand had jackets and trousers too long; and lastly, only four thousand had jackets and trousers of a tolerable fit.

We would have divided these twenty thousand men into three army corps—one with jackets and trousers too short,

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\* The French foot is longer than the English foot.—*Trans.*



one with jackets and trousers too long, and one with jackets and trousers just right. In that way, at least, the things would have resembled a uniform. But, in Tunis, people are not so critical. The consequence is that the European army of His Highness the Bey of Tunis presents the strangest appearance.

Now, add to the difference of stature, difference of complexion and race. Add to these, red caps with silken acorns, gray burnouses which remind one of the blouses of the invalids of the Hôtel Dieu, and finally, add an instrument resembling a corkscrew, hanging from the belt half-way down the thigh,—an instrument whose purpose I have never been able to divine,—and you will have an idea of this famous militia.

Next to this militia, the thing which struck me most was the number of people whom I saw hurrying about on the quay, with cotton-caps jauntily stuck on top of their heads. Surely it was hardly worth while to have traversed Spain from Bayonne to Cadiz, to have visited the coast of Africa from Tangier to Bizerta, to find one's self, five hundred leagues from France, in the midst of so many cotton-caps. So you can very well understand that I made inquiries. This is the story.

About twenty years ago, during the reign of another Bey, a storm drove into the roadstead of Tunis, a captain from Marseilles, whose vessel was carrying a cargo of cotton-caps to Gibraltar. At that time, there was an import duty in the port of Tunis, and this duty, left to the whim of the raïa-marsa, that is to say, the harbor-master, was very arbitrary. The Marseilles captain quite naturally found himself subjected to this duty, and quite naturally, too, the raïa-marsa fixed it at an exorbitant sum.

The Phocæans are hard to deal with in matters of impost. They do not forget that Marseilles, daughter of Phocæa, sister of Rome, and rival of Carthage, refused

to pay impost to Julius Cæsar. Now it is hard to pay a raïa-marsa what one refused to pay Julius Cæsar. It was necessary, however, for the poor speculator to comply, he was under the lion's paw. Yet, while leaving there a part of his skin, he slipped between the lion's claws, and ran to throw himself at the feet of the Bey.

The Bey listened to the complaint of the giaour. Then, when he had heard the complaint, when he had satisfied himself that the amount stated as overcharged was correct, he said: "Do you wish Turkish justice, or French justice rendered you?"

The Marseillais considered for a moment, and with a confidence that did honor to the legislation of his native-land, replied: "French justice."

"'Tis well," said the Bey, "return to your vessel and wait."

The Captain kissed the slippers of His Highness, returned to his vessel, and waited. He waited one month, two months, three months. At the expiration of the third month, finding the waiting rather long, he went ashore and posted himself on the passage of the Bey. The Bey approached. The Captain threw himself at his feet. "Your Highness," said he, "you have forgotten me."

"Not at all," replied the Bey; "you are the Frank captain who came to complain to me of the raïa-marsa."

"And to whom you promised justice."

"Yes! but French justice,"

"Undoubtedly," returned the Captain.

"Very well," said the Bey, "of what do you complain?"

"Of uselessly awaiting this justice for three months."

"Listen," said the Bey. "It is *three years* since your Consul was wanting in respect to me; I complained, three years ago, to your King, demanding justice, and I have

been waiting for three years: come back in three years, and we shall see."

"The deuce!" exclaimed the Captain, who began to understand; "and is there no way of shortening the delay, your Highness?"

"You asked for French justice."

"But in case I had asked for Turkish justice?"

"That would have been another thing; justice would have been done instantly."

"Is there still time to reconsider what I said?"

"It is never too late to do well."

"Turkish justice then, your Highness! Turkish justice!" cried the Captain.

"Then follow me," said the Bey.

The Captain kissed the slippers of the Bey and followed him. The Bey alighted at his palace and introduced the Captain.

"How much did the raïa-marsa exact from you?" inquired the Bey.

"Fifteen hundred francs."

"And you think that sum too large?"

"Your Highness, that is my humble opinion."

"Too large, by how much?"

"By two-thirds, at least."

"Exactly! here are fifteen hundred piastres, which make just one thousand francs."

"Your Highness," said the Captain, "you are the scales of justice;" and he kissed the slippers of the Bey. Then he prepared to go.

"Have you no other claim to make upon me?" said the Bey, stopping him.

"I might have one, your Highness, but I dare not."

"Dare," said the Bey.

"It seems to me that there is due to me some indemnity

for the time that I have lost in waiting for the memorable decision which you have just rendered."

"Of course," replied the Bey.

"All the more," continued the Captain,—emboldened by the approbation of the Bey,—“all the more, because I was expected at Gibraltar about the beginning of winter, and here we are at the end of it; and because the favorable time for the sale of my cargo will have passed before I can reach that port.”

"And of what is your cargo composed?" inquired the Bey.

"Of cotton-caps, your Highness."

"What do you mean by cotton-caps?"

The Captain drew from his pocket a specimen of his merchandise, and handed it to the Bey.

"What is the use of this utensil?" demanded the latter.

"To put on the head," replied the Captain, and suiting the action to the word, he put on the cap which they were discussing.

"It is very ugly," said the Bey.

"But it is very comfortable," answered the Captain.

"And you say that the delay in receiving justice, for which I am responsible, was the cause of loss to you?"

"The loss of ten thousand francs at least, your Highness."

"Wait," said the Bey.

The Bey called his Secretary. The Secretary entered, crossed his hands on his breast, and bowed to the ground, and the Bey said to him, "Seat yourself there, and write."

The Secretary obeyed. His Highness dictated several lines, of which the Captain understood absolutely nothing, owing to the fact that they were Arabic. Then, when the Secretary had finished: "Very well!" said the Bey, "cause this amra to be proclaimed throughout the city."

The Secretary crossed his hands on his breast, bowed to the ground, and withdrew.

"I beg your pardon?" said the Captain.

"What more?" inquired the Bey.

"Can I, without indiscretion, ask your Highness the tenor of this decree?"

"Assuredly, it is an order to all the Jews of Tunis to provide themselves within twenty-four hours with cotton-caps, under penalty of having their heads cut off."

"Ah!" exclaimed the Captain, "I understand."

"Then, if you understand, return to your vessel, and take out the greater part of your merchandise: you will not have to wait long for customers."

The Captain threw himself at the feet of the Bey, kissed his slippers, and went aboard his vessel.

During this time, they were proclaiming, in the streets of Tunis, to the sound of trumpets the following amra:

"Praise be to God, Sole Ruler of the Universe, from whom all things proceed. On the part of the slave of the glorified God,—of him who implores pardon and absolution,—The Mouchir Sidi Hussein Bashaw, Bey of Tunis, forbids every Jew and Christian to appear in the streets of Tunis without having cotton-caps on their infidel and accursed heads. This under penalty of having their heads cut off. Giving to the miscreants only twenty-four hours to procure the aforesaid head-dress.

"To this order implicit obedience is due.

"Written the 20th of April, in the year 1243 of the Hegira."

One can imagine the effect produced in the streets of Tunis by such a publication. The twenty-five thousand Jews who form the Israelitish population of the city stared at each other aghast, asking each other what was this eighth plague that was descending upon the people of God.

The wisest Rabbis were interrogated, but none of them had a very distinct idea of what a cotton-cap was. At last, a Gourni,—thus the Jews of Leghorn are called,—remembered that he had one day seen a Norman crew, ornamented with that head-dress, enter the port of the aforesaid city. To know the object to be procured was at least something gained: it remained to ascertain where to procure it. Twelve thousand cotton-caps are not to be found at a moment's notice.

The men wrung their hands, the women tore their hair, and the children ate dirt. And all raised their hands to heaven crying out, "God of Israel, thou who didst cause manna to fall, tell us where to find cotton-caps!"

At the moment when their distress was at its height, when their cries were most heart-rending, a report spread among the multitude. A vessel laden with cotton-caps was in the port. People inquired. She was, it was said, a three-master from Marseilles. But, would there be twelve thousand cotton-caps aboard? would there be enough cotton-caps for everybody?

They rushed to the boats, they crowded as in a shipwreck; and a real flotilla covered the bay, advancing by means of oars toward the roadstead. At Goulette, the boats got afoul of each other; five or six of them swamped, but as there are only four feet of water in the lake at Tunis, no one was drowned. They passed the strait, and took their course for the three masts of "Our Guardian Lady."

The Captain was waiting on deck. By means of a spy-glass, he had seen the embarkation, the struggle, the shipwreck—he had seen all. In less than ten minutes he had three hundred boats around him. Twelve thousand voices shouted desperately: "Cotton-caps! Cotton-caps!"

The Captain made a sign with his hand: it was understood that he requested silence, and every one hushed.

"You ask for cotton-caps," said he.

"Yes! yes! yes!" was responded on every side.

"Very well!" said the Captain; "but you know, gentlemen, that the cotton-cap is an article very much in demand at the present time. I have received news from Europe, announcing that cotton-caps are high."

"We know that," said the voices; "we know that, and we are ready to make some sacrifice to obtain them."

"Listen," said the Captain, "I am an honest man."

The Jews trembled. It was thus that they always began their discourse, when they prepared to flay a Christian.

"I will not take advantage of this circumstance to be extortionate."

The Jews turned pale.

"The cotton-caps, taking the lot, cost me forty sous a-piece."

"Well now! that is not too dear," murmured the Jews.

"I shall be satisfied with a profit of one hundred per cent."

"Hurrah," shouted the Jews.

"Cotton-caps at four francs apiece!" said the Captain. Twelve thousand arms stretched forth.

"Order," said the Captain; "enter on the port side, and leave by the starboard."

Each Jew crossed the deck, received a cotton-cap, and paid four francs. The Captain put into his strong box forty-eight thousand francs, of which thirty-six thousand were clear profit. The twelve thousand Jews returned to Tunis, each richer by a cotton-cap, but poorer by four francs. The next day, the Captain presented himself at the palace of the Bey.

"Ah! it is you," said the Bey.

The Captain prostrated himself at the feet of the Bey, and kissed his slippers.

"Well?" inquired the Bey.

"Well! your Highness," said the Captain; "I come to thank you."

"You are satisfied?"

"Enchanted!"

"And you prefer Turkish justice to French justice?"

"There is not the slightest comparison."

"You are not through yet."

"How am I not through?"

"No, wait," said the Bey.

The Captain waited. The expression had no longer any terrors for him. The Bey called his Secretary. The Secretary entered, crossed his hands on his breast, and bowed to the ground.

"Write," said the Bey.

The Secretary took up a pen: the Bey dictated:

"Praise be to God, Sole Ruler of the Universe, from whom all things proceed. On the part of the slave of the glorified God,—of him who implores pardon and absolution,—the Mouchir, Sidi Hussein Bashaw, Bey of Tunis, *forbids*, by the present amra, all Jews to appear in the streets of Tunis, with cotton-caps on their heads, under penalty of having their heads cut off. Twenty-four hours allowed to every owner of a cotton-cap to get rid of it as advantageously as possible.

"To this order implicit obedience is due.

"Written the 21st of April, in the year 1243 of the Hegira."

"Do you understand?" inquired the Bey of the Captain.

"Oh! your Highness," exclaimed the latter, enthusiastically; "you are the greatest Bey that ever lived!"

"If you think so, return to your vessel and wait."

In half an hour, the trumpet again resounded in the streets of Tunis, and the people flocked together at the unusual signal. Amidst the listeners, the Jews could be dis-



tinguished by their confident bearing, and by their cotton-caps cocked on one side.

The amra was read in a loud and distinct voice. The first impulse of each Jew was to take his cotton-cap and pitch it into the fire. But, on reflection, the Elder of the Synagogue perceived that every one had twenty-four hours to get rid of his property. The Jew is essentially calculating. Every Jew reckoned that it would be better to lose half, or even three-quarters, than to lose all. As they had twenty-four hours before them, they began by chaffering with the boatmen, who, on the first occasion, had taken advantage of the crowd to fleece them. Then, the price having been settled, they started for the three-master. Two hours afterward she was surrounded with boats.

"Captain! Captain!" shouted twelve thousand voices; "cotton-caps for sale, cotton-caps for sale!"

"Pooh!" said the Captain.

"Captain! now is your chance! Captain! you shall have them cheap."

"I have received a letter from Europe," said the Captain.

"Well? well?"

"It announces a great fall in cotton-caps."

"Captain, we are willing to lose on them."

"Be it so," said the Captain. "I notify you then that I can take them back only at half-price."

"Very well, let it be half-price."

"I paid forty sous apiece for them. Those who wish to sell their cotton-caps for twenty sous, can enter on the port side and leave by the starboard."

"Oh, Captain!"

"You can take my offer or let it alone."

"Captain!"

"Holloa! all hands on deck to make sail!" shouted the Captain.

"What are you doing, Captain, what are you doing?"

"Eh, parbleu! I am weighing anchor."

"Captain! say forty sous."

The Captain continued to give orders for making sail.

"Captain! say thirty sous."

The main-sail was unfurled, and one could hear the creaking of the chain on the windlass.

"Captain! Captain! we consent!"

"Stop!" shouted the Captain.

One by one the Jews clambered up the port side, and left by the starboard. Every one restored his cotton-cap, and received twenty sous. They had twice saved their heads for the trifle of three francs: it was not dear.

As for the Captain, he had regained his goods, and there remained thirty-six thousand francs of clear profit. As he was a well-bred man, he took eighteen thousand francs in his boat, and departed for the palace of the Bey.

"Well?" inquired the Bey.

The Captain prostrated himself in the dust, and kissed the Bey's slippers.

"Well! I come to thank your Highness."

"Are you satisfied?"

"Enraptured!"

"Do you consider the indemnity sufficient?"

"I consider it excessive, so I come to offer your Highness ——"

"What?"

"One-half of the thirty-six thousand francs that I have realized."

"Come now!" said the Bey, "did I not promise to render you Turkish justice?"

"Doubtless."

"Well! Turkish justice is rendered *gratis*."

"By heavens!" said the Captain, "in France a judge

would not have been contented with half, he would have taken at least three-quarters."

"There is your mistake," said the Bey, "he would have taken all."

"Come, come!" rejoined the Captain; "I see that you are as well acquainted with France as I am." And he prostrated himself in the dust to kiss the slippers of the Bey: but the latter presented his hand.

The Captain returned to his vessel, with his eighteen thousand francs. A quarter of an hour afterward, he set sail under a press of canvas. He feared lest the Bey should change his mind.

The Jews never knew the cause of the two amras of a tenor so conflicting. They understood only what was easy to understand, that it had pleased their all-powerful lord to levy on them a sort of tax. But this tax, quite different from other taxes, had left a pleasant remembrance—that of the elegant head-dress which they had worn for twenty-four hours, and which they regarded as far preferable to their yellow caps or their black turbans. So, on the accession of the present Bey to the throne,—and every one knows that an accession is a period of favors,—they requested that the privilege of wearing the cotton-cap should be granted them. The Bey, seeing no objection to granting them this favor, as in truth the cotton-cap is a great partisan of progress, authorized that graceful head-dress, which is an essential and typical sign of European civilization. Hence the incredible number of cotton-caps that I noticed on the quay at Goulette.

At present, it is not necessary to apply for the desired goods, either at Manilla, Leghorn, or Gibraltar. The old Turks themselves knit cotton-caps.

## TUNIS THE WHITE.

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ABOUT two o'clock in the afternoon, Captain Bérard arrived with his yawl, and we set out for Tunis—every one in our boat.

The gut, or passage between the sea and the lake, is scarcely twenty metres wide ; and as the lake is not deep, no vessel of much draught can enter. The aspect of this lake is strange, and like another Dead Sea. The water is reddish, and, they say, unwholesome. At intervals piles, which rise a foot or two above the surface of the water, indicate the course to be pursued. On each of these piles, drooping, silent, with folded wings,—like the birds carved on tombs,—perches a cormorant, which dives whenever a fish passes within its reach, rises to the surface of the water, takes its place on its pile, and, motionless, watches for another haul. These fish, which are not hurtful to the sea-fowl, are, they say, often fatal to the Arabs and Christians who have the imprudence to eat them. Their unwholesomeness arises from the foulness of the waters of the lake.

Occasionally, from one point or another of the lake, rises a flock of flamingoes which, with out-stretched necks and legs, traverses the watery plain, forming a horizontal line as straight as if drawn with pencil and ruler. Each bird appears a red object like an ace of diamonds, a flock producing the effect of a pack of cards gifted with wings. The whole of this sheet of water, is also covered with

ducks, gulls, coots and divers, disporting with the sense of security belonging to animals in wild countries.

Whilst approaching Tunis, which grew more and more distinct to the view, we crossed the track of heavy boats, often touching bottom; propelled by strength of arm, and by means of long poles, with which the sailors find a support three feet below the surface of the water. At dusk, after a trip of three hours' duration, we touched the end of the jetty. This point was crowded with Europeans, half-dressed in European, and half in Arab costume, and almost all wearing the cotton-cap already described. On asking who these men were, we were answered, "Gourni, Gourni."

At the end of this jetty, Monsieur Laporte was waiting for us. He was an attaché of the Consulate at Leghorn; acting, at that moment, in place of Monsieur Lago, who had accompanied the Bey to Paris. He had brought his cabriolet, drawn by two horses driven by an Arab postillion. As all ten of us could not get into Monsieur Laporte's cabriolet, we declared that we would go afoot the quarter of a league to the city, whose dazzling whiteness was growing dim in the gray shades of evening.

The jetty on which we had landed—varying in width, and jutting out into the sea, like the barb of a lance, widening as it approaches Tunis—was covered with framework and building materials.

With the rapidly descending darkness, appeared one of the characteristics of the East. Before us and behind us, began to troop dogs—hideous masterless dogs, the savage aspect of which partakes of the appearance of the fox and the wolf, and which with bristling hair and erect tail howl at the passers. These dogs followed us in packs, as if curious to see the strangers. One, in particular, on top of a long wall, accompanied us; barking, and at every moment pretending to pounce upon us. Two or three times I

sighted my rifle at him. Monsieur Laporte stopped me. When we reached the city gates, the dogs left us. I confess, that, for my part, I was not ill-pleased to get rid of the barking escort. A European who should risk himself at night on that waste which extends from the walls of the city to the shores of the lake, would infallibly be devoured.

We plunged under the dark and crooked vault that serves for entrance to Tunis. It leads to a little square in which the market is held. Opposite this little square stands a house with green Venetian-blinds, the only European house that I observed in Tunis. It was the residence of the English Consul. The French Consulate was a hundred paces from the door. We entered the latter, and I gladly perceived that it was an entirely Moorish dwelling. I say gladly, because Monsieur Laporte had secured me for his guest. Not being able, to his great regret, to accommodate all of us, he wished at least to retain me.

Supper over, Laporte presented us to the residents of the Consulate, Monsieur Rousseau, and Monsieur Cotelte. Two charming sisters, two Parisians of Smyrna,—that is to say, combining all the Asiatic grace with our European coquetry,—did the honors of a couple of little rooms furnished in the French style, in which, alternately, we passed the fleeting hours of the evening. They were the wives of these gentlemen.

Would you like to know what they talked about that evening at Tunis? Ma foi! of balls, hunting, Victor Hugo, the Théâtre Historique,\* Madame Lehon, Madame de Contade, our pretty women, the Opera, Nestor Roqueplan—what not? It seemed to me as if I had not left Paris, and as if chatting at my fireside in Mont Blanc Street, or under the huge trees of Monte Cristo.

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\* Instituted at Paris, by Dumas, to produce his own pieces.—*Trans.*

The evening passed quickly, and, at midnight, our friends, escorted by a Janissary, set out in search of their hotel, whilst I was conducted to my chamber. Having reached my chamber, I opened the casement upon a magnificent moonlight that illuminated my window-panes, and then I found myself again in Tunis. My window exactly overlooked a sort of suburb, and, even in the streets, I saw wandering those packs of howling dogs with which we had had to do on our arrival: but night had increased their numbers to their full complement, and the concert rejoiced in all its harmony. I know of nothing, except the hyenas and jackals of Djema r' Azouat, that can rival the dogs of Tunis.

However, the landscape spread out afar, calm and grand. A splendid palm tree, motionless amidst the breezeless air, plumed a little mosque which lay in the foreground. Then the view extended over the lake, from the surface of which arose, from time to time, the strange note of a marsh-fowl. At the extremity of the lake, one could distinguish, cloud-like, Goulette; then, beyond Goulette, something vague and boundless, which one could divine to be the sea. On the right, stretched away the great circle of mountains which encompass the Bay of Tunis; on the left, projected Cape Carthage. This time, I confess, I more completely forgot Paris for Tunis, than, one hour previously, I had forgotten Tunis for Paris.

## THE CITY OF TUNIS.

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FOR the following day, at seven o'clock, we had an appointment at the Consulate, to scour the streets of Tunis together.

As usual, Boulanger and Giraud had gone off on their own account. Where were they? No one knew. They had engaged a kind of Italian ruffian, and had put themselves under his charge. Laporte wished to be my cicerone, so I dashed after him into the streets of Tunis.

The streets have no names, the houses no numbers. When one wishes to give an address to a person, he indicates the place, as well as he can, by the vicinity of a bazaar, or a mosque, a café, or a shop.

Europeans cannot hold real estate in Tunis, they rent. As for the Moors, they hold it either by inheritance or by purchase. If one of them is straitened for room, he obtains leave from the Bey, throws an arch across the street, and extends his chamber over the arch. If, in the operation, he blocks up a window on the opposite side of the street, so much the worse for the owner of the window.

One of the first things that struck me was the sight of manuscript placards on the walls. Of printing, as one can readily understand, there is none at Tunis. The placards announced the theatrical performances of that evening. The plays were, "Michel et Christine," and "Le Déserteur." I was at first inclined to be provoked. Truly, it was worth while to have come to Tunis, to find the Gymnase and the



Opéra-Comique there! But Laporte soothed me by requesting my good-will for his protégés. The theatrical manager was Madame Saqui. The company which had undertaken to present to the Tunisians this specimen of our literature was a company of children. Pity took possession of me, as you can well understand. A company of poor children, at Tunis, six hundred leagues from their country—it was enough to bring tears into one's eyes!

There was to be a play that evening. I promised Laporte to be present; but on condition that he would allow me to tear down all the placards that I might come across, provided also that I would indemnify Madam Saqui for the diminution that I should cause in her receipts.

Those confounded placards spoiled Tunis in my eyes. This was because Tunis is a true Turkish city—except that the spread of Islamism has stopped there. The religion of Mahomet has finished its civilizing task. The Arabs, driven back into Africa, appear no longer to receive new elements of exterior life. Now they have reached that period when, among nations, the interior life no longer suffices.

Tunis,—a city of about a hundred and fifty thousand souls,—Tunis goes, so to speak, in rags. Scorched by a heat of one hundred and thirteen degrees of the thermometer, the houses are crumbling into dust. People prop them up, but they no longer rebuild. Every house that falls in Tunis remains a ruin, and, every day, one hears that a house has fallen. These corpses of houses, less habitable than those of Pompeii, give the city a marvelously gloomy appearance. The Arab wrapped in his bur-noose, the Arab,—that living tradition of ancient times,—the Arab, with his grave face, his bare legs, his long beard, and his crooked staff, like that of the olden shepherds, stands out in admirable relief on the jagged débris of a

crumbling house. Amongst us, in our thronged streets, at the doors of our shops, the Arab is an anomaly. Yonder, stretched on a mound of fallen stones, standing at the base of a ruined triumphal arch, seated on a desert shore, the Arab is in the setting which becomes him. He makes, if one may so speak, solitude more solitary, nothingness more void.

Nothing can convey an idea of the streets of Tunis. Sometimes a tree—generally a fig-tree—has protruded itself through the opening formed by the window of a house, or through a rent in a wall; then it has spread, obstructing the way, without anybody's ever having had the idea of lopping off one of its branches; so that at present, it has possession of the street. Twenty or thirty years of ownership have rendered its title secure. One must stoop to pass. On stormy days, it shakes, it shatters the fostering shelter that of old warmed its seed into life. Some day, with a final toss, it will topple the house down, and the débris will be heaped on its gnarled and venerable trunk, which, covered with verdure, will spring from a mound of ruins in which the lizard will bask and the adder glide.

After having surveyed some of the streets which I have just endeavored to describe; which were inhabited by Moorish women like spectres, and by Jewish women with brilliant costumes, we entered the bazaar. There we found Giraud and Boulanger taking their coffee on the threshold of a little Moorish shop, with the proprietor of which they had already struck up an acquaintance. They introduced us to Signor Mustapha, who immediately ordered as many cups as there were new-comers. Signor Mustapha spoke Italian, or rather *lingua franca*, so that we were able to understand one another without having recourse to an interpreter.

Half the shop had been already examined, owing to the diligence of Boulanger and Giraud.

By a Moorish shop, one must not picture to himself anything that resembles a French shop. A Moorish shop is a kind of oven hollowed out of the wall; the threshold of which the dealer occupies, motionless, with eyes rolled up in ecstasy, with pipe in mouth, and with one foot slippered, the other bare. In this attitude, the dealer awaits his customer, never addressing him. The smoke of his hashish—for generally it is hashish that he smokes, and not tobacco—gives him dreams so pleasant, that it is almost painful to him to be aroused from them by the buyer. The very reverse of our fashion, it is the buyer who is obliged to bear the burden of the conversation. In the East, from time immemorial, he who buys has need to buy, since he takes the trouble to make the purchase, but he who sells never has need to sell. So the Moorish dealer, momentarily aroused from his ecstasy, sinks back into it immediately. It is your business to take the article at the price, if you find the price reasonable. But do not offer him more or less. Should you offer him more, he would think it a joke—less, he would consider it an insult.

Of course the Moor must not be confounded with the Jew. In contrast with the Moor, inert, ecstatic, inflexible, there is the Jew,—the Jew, a trader to the very core,—the Jew, soliciting customers,—the Jew, overcharging, haggling, abating. To the Jew offer half price, and then, perhaps, you will be robbed. With the Moor, take your purse, put it in his hand, and say, "Pay yourself."

We had arrived early, that is to say, about mid-day. At mid-day the auction-sales commence. A person must have seen one of these sales to enable him to form an idea of the witches' sabbath. The articles sold at auction are coffers, burnouses, haiks, sashes, and carpets from Smyrna and

Tripoli. At two o'clock, the infernal hubbub ceases, as if by enchantment; the crowd disperses, and the business is over.

I bought a coffer, all of mother-of-pearl and tortoise-shell, a coffer five feet long by two broad, a real coffer of the "Arabian Nights;" one of the coffers by the aid of which the sultanas of Bagdad introduced their lovers when living, and had them removed when dead. In Paris, I should not have dared to ask the price of it; in Tunis I bought it for three hundred and sixty francs. Then I bought carpets from Smyrna and Tripoli, all at the tenth part of their value in France.

The Moors hawked trinkets. There were some who traversed the bazaar, with their arms from elbow to wrist laden with gold chains, hooks for fastening haiks, bracelets made of sequins, and châtelaines, from the ends of which hung talismans. All these trinkets were second-hand articles, sold by weight. Modern manufacture is dead. Families sell their inheritance from their ancestors in proportion to the pressure of their necessities.

To ascertain the price of a trinket which one wishes to buy, one must conduct the dealer to an inspector: there are three or four inspectors in the market. The inspector tests the gold, weighs the trinket, and states the price. Purchase if, after the trinket has been tested and weighed, it suits you; for if the inspector has deceived you by so much as a grain, or by the weight of a carat, you have but to lodge a complaint against him. If the accusation be acknowledged just, the inspector will have his head cut off.

Nothing can be more picturesque than this bazaar. From these poor little shops, which with us would be despised by match-dealers, issue all the fabrics of the East; marvellous tissues with their gold-embroidered flowers executed by hand, so fresh that they seem to have blown

during the night; all this, amidst a cloud of fragrant smoke, and in an atmosphere of perfume maintained by flagons of attar of roses uncorked every moment to serve as a prospectus to purchasers.

Now, what cannot be described, what neither pen nor pencil can portray, is the contrast afforded by the Turkish or the Moorish serenity, and the Jewish excitement;—is the concourse of pedestrians of all nations sweeping through the narrow streets of the bazaar, where, at the same time, pass horses, camels, water-carriers, charcoal-men;—are the cries in all tongues, floating above this one-storied Tower of Babel.

We could not at first tear ourselves away from the shop of our friend Mustapha. It is true that, observing Monsieur Laporte with us, he had abated his Moorish dignity, and had turned everything upside-down in the shop, in which we left a hundred louis. At last, I managed to tear myself away from this island of loadstone; but in spite of all the inducements that I could offer, I was not able to drag away either Giraud or Boulanger. Everything appeared to them worth sketching, and drawings multiplied in their sketch-books with that marvellous rapidity which is one of the characteristics of talent.

As for me, I had wished to take notes, but I soon relinquished the idea. It would have been necessary to jot down everything; for every new object presented itself with a character of strangeness for which it was indebted to the brilliant play of light, to the general effect of the picture in which it was introduced, and even to the mood in which we found ourselves, quite as much as to its own peculiarity. To mention through what street we set out is impossible, to specify the quarters which we visited, I cannot. Suddenly Laporte stopped, and said to me. “Ah! would you like me to introduce you to the sheik Medina.”

"What is the sheik Medina," I replied.

"He is the Sheik of the city; the Prefect of Police, as it were; the Delessert of the place."

"Peste! indeed I should!" said I. "The Prefect of Police of a Turkish city is an admirable acquaintance."

"Come in, then; we are opposite his Court," rejoined Laporte.

We crossed the threshold of a sort of stable, and perceived a magnificent old man of seventy-five or eighty years of age, seated crossed-legged on a kind of stone daïs covered with matting. He held the long stem of a pipe in his hand, and through the cloud of smoke, and slightly veiled by it, one could see his superb head, with its long white beard contrasting with dark velvety eyes which might have belonged to a man of thirty.

Laporte explained the cause of our visit, and endeavored—a pretty difficult task—to make him comprehend who I was. The word *taleb* (savant) suggests to a Turk no idea but that of a man who, with an inkstand thrust in his girdle, in lieu of a poniard, relates tales in the coffee-houses. The reception of the sheik Medina was not the less gracious. He laid his hand on his breast, bowed, assured me that I was welcome, and ordered in pipes and coffee. We drank and we smoked.

If in France, for but three days, I should do the same execution on our corporal tobacco and chicory coffee, that, for three months, I did on the real articles in Africa, the fourth day I should be dead.

We conversed about the tranquillity of Tunis. If one might credit its Sheik, Tunis is perfectly angelic: there are never any murders, scarcely ever any robberies, unless of Christians or Jews—which do not count.

Whilst we were chatting, two handsome young men,—one of twenty-five years of age, the other about thirty,—

dressed in the Turkish costume, entered in turn, made their report to the Sheik, and retired. They were his two sons, entrusted, subordinately, with the administration of the police department, and acting under their father's orders. I was presented to them, and recommended to their care. I was assured that, by virtue of this introduction and recommendation, I could, by day or night, ramble about Tunis, without the slightest fear—but, on two conditions. The first was that, at nightfall, I would provide myself with a lantern; the second, that, after nine o'clock at night, I would not leave the city, on account of the dogs, upon which all the influence of the sheik Medina and his two sons was not of the slightest avail.

After conversing an hour, I took leave of my host. I had noticed an elegantly formed lamp which hung from the ceiling. I asked Laporte where I could find a similar one. He inquired of the Sheik, who replied something which I could not understand, and which I did not have translated, as it appeared to be the desired address.

At a hundred paces from this sort of Court-House, I stopped in ecstasy before the door of a hair-dresser. I had never seen so charming a door: one might have called it a miniature door of the Alhambra of Granada, or of the Alcazar of Seville. It was made of wood, ornamented with three Oriental ogives, and carved with a delicacy of finish that rendered it a marvellous gem. The first idea that occurred to me was to purchase the door. I entered the place of the hair-dresser. He thought that I came to have my hair cropped. It seemed to him a good opportunity, so he presented me with a seat, and with one hand tendered me a mirror, while with the other he took up a razor. But I made a sign to him that, like Samson, I was extremely partial to my locks.

Laporte here explained that my visit had an entirely

different motive ; that, in passing, I had noticed the marvel of cabinet-ware which served as a door for his house ; and that we wished to know whether he would consent to part with it. The hair-dresser was for some time at a loss to account for this freak. I even think that he never thoroughly understood it. The idea of a man's coming from Paris to buy his shop-door did not readily enter his brain. So he refused. It was evident, however, that he refused in the conviction that I wished to make game of him ; although I believe that there is not, in Arabic, a verb which signifies, *to make game*.

At last, the diplomatic character with which Laporte was invested, seemed to impart seriousness to the proposition. Then the hair-dresser pondered a while, and demanded fifteen hundred piastres. Fifteen hundred piastres brought the sum to about a thousand francs ; which makes me think that the hair-dresser was a Jew, and not an Arab. The price appeared to me exorbitant. Made in France, the door would have cost that ; purchased yonder, it was worth fifty crowns. I offered two hundred francs. The hair-dresser slammed the merchandise in our faces.

I had a good mind to return the compliment, which seemed\* rather a rough one ; but, around us had congregated a ring of natives of the country, who were not less astonished than was the hair-dresser at the longing which possessed the giaour. It therefore occurred to the giaour, that in case of a fight, he would not be the stronger party. Besides, the door indisputably belonged to the hair-dresser. In refusing to sell it, he was only exercising his right, and, strictly speaking, that right might extend to slamming it in our faces.

After having pursued a zigzag course through the city, we again found ourselves at the bazaar. Boulanger and Giraud had not left it. They had discovered some things



which I had not seen at the first glance. There was a bazaar for arms, where, for sixty-five francs, I bought a pair of silver-mounted pistols; a shop of copper-ware, where, for thirty-five francs a-piece, I bought ewers of charming form; a street where there was nobody but dealers in slippers. The examination of these new objects detained us until about two o'clock in the afternoon. The dinner-hour approached. Laporte had invited us all to dine with him, so we returned to the Consulate.

In the court-yard, I found the elder son of the sheik Medina. In his hand he held the lamp which I had remarked at his father's house, which lamp the hospitable old man begged me to accept. But that was not all. Four men supported the hair-dresser's door, which, also, the Sheik begged me to accept.

This second present demanded some explanation. The explanation was very simple. The sheik Medina, in his capacity of Chief of Police, had inquired the cause of the crowd which, from a distance, he observed at the barber's door. He had learned that it had gathered in consequence of the desire which I had manifested to buy the door, and by the astonishment which that desire had excited among the people. He had also learned, both of the barber's refusal at first to sell, and then, of the extravagant price which he had demanded. Thereupon, he had had the door carried off, and he now presented it to me as a token of his particular friendship. As a substitute for the absent barrier, he had posted in front of the shop a sentinel to stand guard there day and night until a new door should protect the barber's goods. Of course, the sentinel was to be paid by the barber; a measure which, in the opinion of the Sheik, would expedite the construction of the new door.

At first, I had almost as much difficulty in comprehending

the offer of the honorable Prefect of the Tunisian Police, as the barber had had in realizing my request to purchase. When I understood it, I was at my wits' end. Then I employed all my eloquence, in order to make the honest young fellow understand that it was impossible for me to accept such a gift. The idea of property could no more enter his head than it could get into Monsieur Proudhon's. At last, I explained to him that, in France, it was not customary to take without paying; in consequence of which, I declared that it was impossible for me to accept the door, whatever might have been my desire to possess it. He shook his head with an air which seemed to say, "I thought France further advanced than that."

However, out of respect for my scruples, he left me free to return the door to its proprietor, murmuring, meanwhile, that my course set a bad example, and that if such things should occur often, they would bring discredit on the authorities.

I had the door carried back by the four men who had brought it. I gave each of them a piastre, and sent a louis to the barber, to make amends for all the vexation which had befallen him, owing to the expression of my odd wish.

As a matter of course, I accepted the lamp; but I noticed that on leaving me the son of the Sheik seemed really vexed. However, he did not the less accept, for himself, as well as for his father and brother, the invitation which Laporte gave him, to come pass the evening of the next day at the Consulate.

## THE BEY DU CAMP.

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WE had decided that the following day should be devoted to visiting the ruins of Carthage, but as matters fell out, we were not able to visit them until the day afterward. The delay happened in this wise. In the evening the Bey du Camp, who governed in the absence of his cousin who had gone to France, sent for Laporte, who waited upon him in answer to the summons.

The Bey du Camp, according to his practice, received Laporte with the most gracious countenance. France has always patronized Tunis; and the French at Tunis are not only in an ally's country, but in a friendly one. After the first compliments, the Bey said :

"A French ship has arrived?"

"Yes, your Highness."

"Do you know her name?" resumed the Bey.

"The Véloce."

"She fired a salute of twenty-one guns."

"And you returned the salute," observed Laporte.

"Certainly, I always salute your flag with pleasure."

Laporte bowed.

"Whom does she carry?" asked the Bey.

"A French savant," replied Laporte.

"A savant!" repeated the Bey.

"Yes, your Highness."

The Bey considered for a moment, and said :

"But why has she come?"

"For the purpose which I mentioned—to bring a savant."

"And what has this savant come to do?"

"He came to visit Tunis."

"And he hired a vessel?"

"No, the King, my master, lent him one."

"The King, your master, lent him one of his vessels!" echoed the Bey.

"Yes, your Highness."

"For what purpose?"

"Why, as I had the honor to mention—for the purpose of visiting Tunis."

It was evident that the thing remained obscure to the mind of the Bey. The King of France lending one of his vessels to a taleb committed an action which was incomprehensible to the mind of the good Mussulman. At last he said:

"Your savant, then, is a very powerful savant?"

"Yes, indeed," answered Laporte, laughing; "it is a two hundred and twenty horse-power savant."

"Then I wish to see him. Bring him to me."

"When shall I do so, your Highness?"

"To-morrow."

"At what hour?"

"At twelve o'clock."

Laporte had bowed, retired, and had come on the run to announce to us the great piece of news. The matter in hand was no longer that of exploring the ruins of Carthage, but that of paying a visit to the Bey. We had fortunately our uniforms. We therefore put on full dress, small-clothes, swords at our sides. The Bey received us at Bardo, his pleasure-house. Bardo is situated about a league and a half from Tunis. We went there in a carriage. It blew a gale which could be compared only to the Mistral. At

some moments the wind which lashed the top of our cabriolet prevented the horse from advancing. The wind blew before it a dust which stung our faces as if each grain had been a particle of powdered glass.

Soon we perceived Bardo. It is a collection of houses half Moorish, half Italian, which date back about one hundred and fifty years. At first sight it looks much more like a village than like a princely residence. Almost all the roofs are terraces, only three or four rising to a ridge. Amid the latter shoots up the arrowy spire of a minaret. The general effect is European. A population of dealers in various merchandise swarms around the den of the lion. We saw there, tailors, boot-makers, tobacconists, fruiterers. Doubtless they are employed to subsist, clothe, and shoe the garrison, the courtiers, and the prince himself.

We were first presented to the Keeper of the Seals, who was waiting for us in the outer apartment. He at once made us traverse several rooms, and conducted us to the Bey du Camp, who was waiting for us in what he pompously called the French Chamber. Without doubt, it was with the view of doing us honor that the Bey received us in his favorite apartment, in that which he regarded as the most sumptuous.

The French Chamber is as like a café of suburban Paris as two drops of water are like each other. The sole portion of the furniture in which Turkish customs had prevailed were the cushions. The room was surrounded by sofas, and His Highness, the Bey du Camp, squatting Turkish-fashion, decorated with all his orders in diamonds, was waiting for us, and smoking.

The new sort of savant, without an inkhorn at his side, and with a dozen crosses and stars on his breast, struck him as strange. Yet I did not think I observed that my appearance produced an unfavorable impression. He saluted

us by placing his hand on his heart, made me seat myself near him, and ordered coffee and pipes. Then, having allowed a reasonable time for consideration, he asked me whence I came last. I answered that I had just come from Spain. The ice having been broken, one question succeeded another. For what purpose had I been to Spain, he inquired.

I answered that I had the honor of being known to the King of France and the Princes; that I had the misfortune of being on tolerably bad terms with the father, but the honor of being on tolerably good terms with the sons; that one of these sons, of whom he had doubtless heard, who was dead,—Monsieur, the Duke d'Orléans,—had more than once deigned to call me his friend; that another son, still better known to him than the first mentioned,—Monsieur, the Duke de Montpensier,—had inherited his brother's friendship for me, and had invited me to be present at his marriage, which had just taken place at Madrid; that having once reached Madrid, I had desired to push on to Algiers, and once in Algiers, I had not been willing to leave Africa without having offered up a prayer on the tomb of St. Louis, who was, as he was aware, a great marabout; that I was on the point of departure for the performance of this duty, when I had learned that he did me the honor of expecting a visit from me, and I had hastened to present my respects.

All this was translated to the Bey by the interpreter; but it was easy to see that my explanation did not entirely satisfy him. A taleb, the friend of the heir presumptive to the throne! a taleb invited to the marriage of a prince of the blood! a taleb commanding a steamer with engines of two hundred and twenty horse-power, and saluting him—him! with twenty guns, to which at a venture he had replied, a courtesy which he looked as if he almost re-

gretted: all this was novel, incredible; and, most assuredly, had it not been for Laporte, who assented by nodding his head affirmatively at all the assertions which I made, he would not have believed them.

During this time we were handed pipes crammed with Latakia tobacco, and coffee flavored with rose. Meanwhile the Keeper of the Seals, observing that the Prince had fallen into meditation, produced, doubtless, by what I had just said, had in his turn addressed me, and I was replying to the best of my ability, all the while not losing sight of the Bey, who on his part had begun a conversation with Laporte. Suddenly I saw his countenance sadden, and he heaved a sigh which might have passed for a groan. For an instant, I allowed him to abandon himself to his sadness, then, profiting by a moment of silence, and not divining what shadow had passed over the spirit of our illustrious host, I asked what ailed His Highness.

"His Highness is very uneasy," answered Laporte.

"About what?"

There is no news of His Highness, the reigning Bey, who, as you are aware, set out for France; and as it is known that a great storm has just swept over the Mediterranean, fears are entertained that he may have met with an accident.

Suddenly an idea flashed through my mind. In leaving Algiers I had brought with me a number of the "*Presse*," which had arrived that very day. In starting for Bardo that morning, I had taken the paper to read on the way. It had remained in my pocket; but it certainly seemed to me that in the few lines of it which I had read, there was mention of the Bey of Tunis. I hastily drew the paper from my pocket, cast my eyes over the various items of news, and read this:

"This morning the Bey of Tunis arrived in Paris. His

Highness, although a little fatigued by his voyage, is in the enjoyment of excellent health."

I handed the newspaper to Laporte. The Bey du Camp had been watching my proceedings. The quickness of our movements always absorbs the attention of the Orientals. They can divine nothing from our gestures: our gestures are more rapid than their thoughts.

Laporte read, and, with a rapid movement, placed the newspaper before the eyes of the Bey du Camp, pointed out the two lines with his finger, at the same time translating them into Arabic.

"Is it really so?" inquired the Bey, who did not appear to have absolute confidence in newspapers.

"It is official," replied Laporte.

"And it was the savant who had the paper?" asked the Bey.

"It was the savant."

He turned toward me, and his face assumed an expression of perfect dignity. Said he:

"As you are a savant, you must know one thing——"

"What, your highness?" inquired I, bowing.

"It is that every bearer of good tidings has a right to a recompense commensurate with the goodness of the tidings. Your tidings are precious, and as I know nothing more precious than the illustrious Order of Nisham, I announce to you that my first words to my cousin, after having welcomed his return, shall be to request him to confer on you that Order. If I myself were able to confer it on you, I would do so this very instant, but its disposal is a prerogative of the reigning Prince. Tell me where you reside, and if you delay but a month in returning home, your servants, on your entering your house, shall place around your neck the pledge of my gratitude."

I deemed that the thing was so handsomely offered,



that I acted as I did in the case of the Sheik's lamp—I accepted.

The Keeper of the Seals asked me for my address, which I gave him.

“And now,” said the Bey to me, “do you think that my cousin will stay long in Paris?”

“Your Highness,” I answered, “when visitors of your cousin's rank come to Paris, Paris, like Thebes, has a hundred gates to receive them, but not one to let them depart.”

This compliment was tolerably Oriental, as you will observe. Doubtless the Bey found nothing more Arabic to say to me than what I had just said to him, so he bowed graciously.

I took the salutation for a sign of dismissal. I charged our Master of Ceremonies with placing my respects at the feet of His Highness. I endeavored to harmonize my gestures with the interpreter's words, and we departed, escorted to the door by the Keeper of the Seals.

To mention finally the promise of the Bey, let me hasten to say that on returning to my house at Paris, in Joubert street, I really found in my Secretary's hands the Order of Nisham, in which, I confess, I had never believed, and, moreover, on which I had bestowed no further thought.

## CARTHAGE.—THE TOMB OF ST. LOUIS.

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THE next day was as much occupied as a day could well be. In the morning we visited the Chapel of St. Louis, and the ruins of Carthage. In the evening we were present at a grand ball at the Consulate.

We were not able to get Giraud and Boulanger away from the streets of Tunis. However, we agreed to meet on the Montezuma, Captain Cuneo d'Ornano having requested us to return by water, and invited us to dine aboard of his vessel.

Amid the ruins of Carthage rises a monument which resembles an Arab marabout. It is the tomb of St. Louis. Doubtless the form of a marabout was given to it intentionally. The Arabs, if they perceived no difference in the appearance of the tomb of a French saint and that of a Mussulman saint, would naturally respect one as much as the other. The result has not disappointed the foresight of the architect. At the present day St. Louis is almost as much venerated in the regency of Tunis as is Sidi Fathallah, or Sidi Abd el Kader.

Let me say a word of the holy death which crowned the great life of St. Louis.

I described, in the account of our journey to Sinai, the crusade into Egypt, in which Louis the Ninth found a defeat more glorious than a victory. On leaving the Holy Land, he vowed not to land in France, except for a halt. The halt was long; it lasted from 1255 to 1270. Louis the Ninth

had to establish order in his kingdom. He was sick, suffering, feeble. He could wear neither buckler nor cuirass; he had scarcely enough strength left to raise his sword. But although his strength was insufficient for a conqueror, it was more than sufficient for a martyr.

He, before departing, executed his will. He bequeathed to Agnes, the youngest of his daughters, ten thousand francs for her dowry. As for his three sons, he took them with him. Five or six kings accompanied him, the greatest nobles in the world marched in his train—Charles of Sicily, Edward of England, the Kings of Navarre and Arragon. Wives quitted the distaff and followed their husbands beyond sea—the Countess of Brittany, Iolande of Burgundy, Jeanne of Toulouse, Isabelle of France, Amélie of Courtenay.

He left ten thousand francs to his daughter Agnes, and four thousand to his wife, Queen Marguerite; and that *sweet, good queen, full of noble simplicity*, as Robert de Sinceriaux describes her, was perfectly satisfied.

Louis the Ninth embarked at Aigues Mortes, on Tuesday, the 1st of July, 1270; and arrived in sight of Tunis toward the end of the same month.

A Moorish prince was rebuilding Carthage. It was at the period when Moorish architecture was spreading its marvels over Spain. Several houses already arose amid the ruins of Carthage. A castle recently finished crowned the hill of Byrsa.

Louis the Ninth disembarked, despite the menace made by the Mussulman prince, that he would slaughter all the Christians in his territory. The Christian warriors had not come so far to give way before a menace. They who had come to seek martyrdom, could not recoil from the martyrdom of others.

The first attack was directed against Carthage, poor city

scarcely restored to life, a corpse emerging from the tomb and forced to return. The city was taken, the castle stormed. The Crusaders took position on the heights, whence they could see Tunis, the sea, and in the distance, the site of Utica.

Tunis was fortified. Tunis had a warlike population of a hundred and fifty thousand inhabitants. Tunis could not be attacked until the King of France had assembled all his forces. It was necessary to await the King of Sicily. The Crusaders entrenched themselves on the isthmus, and awaited his arrival.

The season was the beginning of August. A blazing sky hung over the burning earth. The scattered stones cropping out of the ground as if they had been bones of a half-buried city, reflected the rays of the sun. The sea was like molten lead.

The Moors invented strange warlike machines. Instead of launching bolts and stones, they cast clouds of sand before the wind that came from the Desert. The wind whirled the burning atoms toward the camp of the Crusaders. It rained fire. Thereupon, a contagious disease broke out in the army: men died by hundreds. The Crusaders began to bury the dead; but soon their arms grew weary, and then they were obliged to content themselves with throwing the corpses into the trenches of the camp.

Death was impartial. The Counts de Montmorency, de Nemours, and de Vendôme, were attacked by the plague, and they died. The King's dearly beloved child, the Duke de Nevers, sickened and fell dying in his father's arms. When he died, the father felt that he himself was stricken by the fell destroyer. To be aware of an attack was to be warned to prepare for death. The scourge was pitiless. Louis did not delude himself. He retired, certain of never rising, so he lay down on a bed of ashes.

It was the morning of the 25th of August. Louis was stretched on the earth, his arms crossed on his breast, his eyes raised to heaven. The dying, less near to death than their King, had dragged themselves up to him, and formed a circle around him. Around this first circle, the soldiers who were well stood armed. In the distance, on the azure mirror of the sea, one could see appearing some specks, like a flock of gulls. They were the sails of the fleet of the King of Sicily.

The viaticum was brought. The King raised himself on his knees to receive the Saviour to whom his soul was speeding. Then the King, with his eyes half closed, lay down, and remained motionless, praying in a low tone of voice. Suddenly he raised himself alone, heaved a deep sigh, and pronounced these words distinctly: "O Lord, I shall enter into thy Mansions, and adore thee in thy Holy Temple." Then falling backward, he expired. This happened at three o'clock in the afternoon.

The Sicilian fleet was sufficiently near for those on shore to hear the joyous fanfares which heralded its arrival. When Charles landed, his brother had been dead for two hours. He claimed the viscera of the sainted King, and obtained them. They are at the monastery of Montréal, near Palermo. The heart and the bones were carried to France.

During five hundred and sixty years, nothing indicated to the pious regard of the French pilgrim the place where the sainted Louis had died, not even a cross. That hostile and infidel land of Africa seemed to refuse to preserve a trace of the great event. But, about 1829, negotiations were commenced, by order of Charles the Tenth, between the Consulate of France and Bey Hussein. France requested to be allowed to raise an altar in the place where a tomb had been so long wanting. The authorization had just been

granted by the Bey, when the revolution of 1830 occurred.

Louis Philippe came to the throne. He also descended from St. Louis. He profited by circumstances, and sent an architect with orders to search for the place where the sainted King had drawn his last breath, and to erect a tomb on the site. But it was useless for Monsieur Jourdain—that was the name of the architect charged with this sacred mission—to attempt to gather anything positive in the narratives of historians and in the floating traditions of ages. He and Jules de Lesseps contented themselves with choosing the spot which was most beautiful, most prominent, the spot where they themselves would have wished to die, had they been in the place of the sainted King; and it was on the spot chosen by them that the tomb was raised.

It is placed on a hill which one mounts in stumbling over the rubbish of intermingled marble and mosaic. Perhaps chance favored them, and these débris are those of the castle, near the gates of which St. Louis must have died. At all events, nothing can be more admirable than the view that unfolds itself to the pilgrim who seats himself pensively where St. Louis laid him down dying. Toward the north, lies the sea resplendent beneath the rays of the sun; toward the east, the Lead Mountains, dark and gloomy as their name imports; toward the south, Tunis, white as a city carved from a quarry of chalk; toward the west, a plain studded with hillocks, on the summits of which show in relief marabouts and Arab villages. Then there is an echo which repeats the names of Dido, Æneas, Iarbas, Mago, Hamilcar, Hannibal, Scipio, Sylla, Marius, Cato of Utica, Cæsar, Genseric, St. Louis.

We entered the precincts devoted to the monument. The form of the tomb, as I have already said, is like that of the Arab marabouts. The walls of the enclosure are covered

and encrusted with débris—fragments of vases, fragments of columns, fragments of statues. Among all these is a torso of a beautifully executed statue, and in a tolerable state of preservation. The interior of the tomb is sculptured in the Arabic manner. The designs are to the Alhambra of Granada and the Alcazar of Seville, what the style of Louis the Fifteenth is to the style of the Renaissance. I inquired of the guardian—an old French soldier—who executed the sculpture. He answered that it was executed by a Tunisian artist named Younis.

There is little to see in the monument, much, perhaps, to reflect. But one cannot reflect well in company with five or six persons. Now, as I write these lines in my study, amid the noise of the street, between my recollections of yesterday and the events of to-day, I would give much to be able to muse for two hours, alone and tranquil, at the door of the tomb of St. Louis.

We descended to the shore. One amid those ruins might naturally think that animal life was almost extinct. There was not a lark in the fields, not a gull on the shore of the sea. Something there is not only barren, but accursed, in a buried city, with its remains protruding through the ground. At intervals, agriculture contended with all these crumbling débris, for the possession of a narrow strip of vegetable mould. On this strip were two little and lean oxen yoked to a plough of antique form, and goaded by a half-naked Arab. On the edge of the shore were white marble and red marble columns rolling like fragile reeds in the combing surf. Here and there, on the surface of the water, appeared a dark island of ancient formation, which the sea frets away with its long and patient murmur of eternity. To conclude, all this desolate landscape is commanded by the little Moorish village of Sidi Bou Saïd.

Oh! I declare, I then felt deep regret that our two

artists had stayed in Tunis. How Giraud, with his quick eye, would have sketched this marvellous scene! how Boulanger, with his profound and melancholy soul, would have identified himself with this grand desolation! I made a *détour* to be alone, and went to lie down on the shore of the sea;—that sea which for a thousand years has rolled columns of jasper and porphyry, as if seaweed torn from the rocks;—on the shore of that sea which for a thousand years to come will perhaps continue to roll them. It seemed to me that, amid this moving flood, I heard the plaintive voice of past ages. What living city can boast of being peopled as thy ruins, O Carthage! What voice, powerful though it be, can boast of discoursing so loudly as thy silence!

Long had I remained thus engaged in bringing together the two shores of the Mediterranean, in confounding in the same dream Africa and Europe, in evoking Paris, its din, its balls, its theatres, its civilization, in fancying to myself what my friends at home were doing!—when I heard myself called by Alexandre. As a man half-asleep, who feels that his dream is escaping him as he awakes, I did not at first answer. I was like him who having found a treasure loads himself with all the gold that he can carry. I was storing my heart with pain, and my memory with recollections.

Two guns were fired about twenty paces from me, at the same time that my name resounded from every quarter. This time it was impossible not to answer the call. My friends were beginning to be uneasy about me. I arose, shouting in my turn, and waving my handkerchief.

At the end of a jetty situated at about a quarter of a league from us, a boat was making signals. It was the yawl of the commander of the *Montezuma*, coming to take us. We were waited for to dine aboard. We followed the course of an ancient ruinous quay, and then we made the



tour of two great excavations, at the bottom of which three or four snipe dabbled in a little mud among some sparse reeds. These two excavations were, according to the savans, the port of ancient Carthage, which had an entrance of sixty feet in width, and was secured with iron chains. The first was the port for merchantmen; the second, that of the Arsenal.

## THE BALL AT THE CONSULATE.

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**D**URING the rambles of my companions, and during my revery on the sea-shore, the wind had risen, and the sea had become white-capped; the consequence of which was to present a twofold danger—if we went by sailing, of capsizing, and if by oars, of not reaching our destination until the next day. Now sailors are slaves to orders, and as ours had been told to bring us back by one o'clock, and it was half-past twelve, and we had just enough time left to reach the Montezuma by sailing, they hoisted sail. If we upset, that was none of their business.

The little bark at once assumed a careening posture that was well calculated to make us feel uneasy. The starboard gunwale was on a level with the water, while the port gunwale was five feet in the air. Of course all hands were not seated, but were leaning against the port-side. But the wind outweighed all hands. The foam flew before us, and covered us with diamond spray. From time to time we shipped a sea which seemed inclined to take possession of the yawl. We laughed and joked, but all the while that we laughed and joked we measured the distance that separated us from shore. We talked of Leander's swimming the Hellespont, of Lord Byron's swimming Lake Geneva, and we asked if there were many sharks in the waters of Tunis.

After three-quarters of an hour's sail, we came alongside of the Montezuma. On board, they had seen us at a dis-

tance, and had been admiring our keeled-over appearance. They were waiting for us on deck.

Scarcely were we in the waters of the frigate, when we were becalmed. The Montezuma protected us as if she had been a mountain. It was very humiliating for the *Véloce*, and consequently, for me. Compared with the Montezuma, the *Véloce* was like a ship's launch. There was, in truth, a difference of one hundred and eighty horse-power between the two ships.

Monsieur Cunéo d'Ornano received us with the gracious hospitality of the sailor. We found on board of his vessel Monsieur and Madame Rousseau, Monsieur and Madame Cotelte, Monsieur and Madame de Sainte Marie.

Madame Rousseau and Madame Cotelte were, as the reader may remember, our two countrywomen of whom we had caught a glimpse at the Consulate, and with whom the commander of the Montezuma was graciously pleased to make us better acquainted.

Madame de Sainte Marie is a charming Parisian, exiled in the land of Dido, in consequence of the mission entrusted to her husband by the French Government. Monsieur de Sainte Marie is a captain of Engineers, charged with making a map of the Regency. He has lived in Tunis for six or eight years.

The Turks do not much like these scientific peregrinations in their territory. They never believe that it is from the mere desire of making a step in advance in science, that a government instructs a man to trace on paper, with the aid of unknown instruments, figures of which they can understand nothing. Still, their respect, I will say more, their affection for the French, is such in this portion of Africa, that the reigning Bey gave full authority to Monsieur de Sainte Marie to make his surveys. He even, for greater safety, gave him as an escort a Mameluke, the

bearer of an amra. With the Mameluke, and, above all, with his invincible will, with his unheard-of courage, Monsieur de Sainte Marie makes wonderful journeys. Every now and then he disappears with his Arab, no one hears of him for five or six months, then, at the expiration of that time, he some fine day or night knocks at his own door. He has returned from Jebel Auctar or from Jebel Korra.

He has discovered unknown lakes and mountains, and tribes of which not even the Bey of Tunis himself knows the names. His wife sometimes asks him whether he has run much danger. Sainte Marie shrugs his shoulders. The fact is that for this man, danger has become the very breath of his nostrils, and no longer exists. It is from his Mameluke that people learn about the encounters that he has sustained, the hunting that he has done, the wounds that he has received. He never says a word about them. He stays two or three months in Tunis, then some fine day he disappears again, not to return for six or eight months. We fortunately arrived at Tunis between two of his eclipses.

The breakfast was excellent. Sea-sickness had done its work well. Laporte and Maquet looked on at the rest. It is true that in the case of those whom the ramble had famished, and whose appetites the wind had sharpened, the meal was a pretty interesting spectacle.

After breakfast, the Captain, not knowing what amusement to offer the ladies, proposed that they should fire the cannon in honor of the ladies of Paris. We descended to the battery of thirty-six pounders. The guns were loaded, and the ladies fired with a more than masculine courage. Fire! you will exclaim—Yes, fire; with their white and delicate hands; fire like practised gunners; without turning their heads, or stopping their ears. O lovely Parisians

who give charming little screams of fright when on the stage an actor draws a pocket-pistol from his fob, come to Tunis, and at the end of six months, you shall fire cannon, and such cannon, thirty-six pounders, nothing less.

However amusing the exercise might be, it, like every other amusement on earth, had to come to an end. About six o'clock we took leave of the commander of the *Montezuma*, got into our boat, and rowed toward Tunis.

The sea was still heavy, so we had some trouble in gaining the gut; but when once in the passage, there was no longer question of wind or wave. We rowed along, meanwhile fruitlessly sending balls at the huge birds which rose above these dead waters, silent as birds of ill-omen. With our French crew, with our French companions, with our French songs, we could have fancied ourselves upon the *Lake d'Enghien*, had we not had Tunis in the perspective.

On landing at the mole we were received by our usual escort of cotton-capped Jews and howling dogs. The Jews had designs on my purse, and the dogs, upon my flesh, two things which I had thoroughly made up my mind to dispute with them.

We reached the Consulate unmolested, but it was at the Consulate that the chief danger awaited us. The court-yard of the Consulate was changed into a bazaar. The news of our purchases of the preceding day had spread abroad. Jewellers, dealers in sashes, dealers in stuffs, dealers in mirrors, dealers in guns, poniards, and pistols, were watching for our return, with their merchandise displayed. Scarcely did we appear at the door, when the whole flock swooped upon us. Without our two Janissaries we should have been torn to pieces. We shouted at the top of our voices that the Consulate was asylum. Laporte came to our assistance. It was agreed with the dealers that they

should give us a respite until the next morning, that the evening should belong to us, but that, the next day, we should be at the disposal of the Tunisian manufacturers. Every one left his package where it was, under the safeguard of French honor.

It was eight o'clock. The ball was to open at nine. Laporte had just time enough to light his drawing-rooms, and we had just enough to dress ourselves. At nine o'clock a French orchestra was playing quadrilles and polkas. Thirty or forty female dancers, in dresses of gauze and in dresses of satin, balanced partners with thirty or forty male dancers in black coats and pantaloons. Five or six Turks, in their long, grave, and splendid costumes, sitting cross-legged and motionless in a corner, looked like a party of masqueraders that had strayed into a Parisian entertainment.

There were some little accessories which kept in mind that we were still in Tunis—for example, a delft-ware tiled floor, with which Alexandre, while dancing a polka, made the most intimate acquaintance possible. There was also an Arab improvisator who related stories, as Levassor, at the Jardin d' Hiver, recites his verses. There was also, in a corner, the admirable face of the sheik Medina, who sat cross-legged, whilst two sons, as large and strong as Georgians, stood up near him, exhibiting the respect that the children have for their fathers; which forbids them, at any age whatever, to seat themselves in the presence of the father. There was also the coffee, the fragrant smoke from the chibouques and the yucas, there were the sherbets and ices made in the Oriental fashion. All these things added keener relish to the soirée. All this is without reckoning the story of Prince Charming.

I am sure that you do not know the story of Prince Charming, which our Arab improvisator related to me,

while my companions vied with each other in dancing the polka. I will tell it, but I fear that I shall be far from telling it as well as it was told by Hassan ben Mahmoud Djelouli, and translated to me word for word by Rouman, as the story proceeded.

"There was one day born at Tunis a prince so ugly, so ugly, so ugly, that, at the sight of his hideousness, everybody, with one accord, called him Bou Ezzin, which means Prince Charming.

"By a well-understood precaution, in order that the poor Prince, deceived by his name, should never be able to form any opinion as to his appearance, the reigning Bey forbade any one whomsoever, on pain of death, to place a mirror in the hands of the Prince, his son, or ever to allow one to be within reach. So the Prince, joyous and self-satisfied, reached twenty years of age, thinking himself the handsomest one of the young people in the Regency; and the courtiers took great pains not to undeceive him.

"Unfortunately, the reigning Bey died, leaving the Beylic to his son; and unfortunately, too, Prince Charming—as he adored his father—wished, in token of mourning, to be shaved at the same time that he allowed his hair to grow. He therefore ordered a barber to be brought. He who came was a poor devil lately arrived from Susa. He was ignorant of the famous decree of the defunct Bey in relation to mirrors. The first thing, therefore, that he did, was to provide himself with a mirror, and the second, to place it in the hands of Prince Charming. Every one was so far from expecting the infraction of a law respected for twenty years, that the Bashaw Mameluke, the Prime Minister, had not time to pounce upon the mirror, and snatch it from the unhappy barber. The result was, as I have said, that it was delivered to Prince Charming.

"Prince Charming raised the mirror toward his face, and

uttered a cry which was heard from the palace to the gates of Tunis. Then he began to weep bitterly, and to tear out his beard. He did not attempt to deceive himself, he thought himself hideous.

“As a matter of course, at the very instant when he saw himself, and acquired the conviction that they were really his features which the mirror had reflected, he dashed it to the ground, and broke it into a thousand pieces.

“The Bashaw Mameluke seeing the Prince weep, also wept; seeing the Prince tear out his beard, he tore out his own beard.

“The Prince, who, after having wept all the morning, and, while weeping, torn out his beard, but who, at bottom, was a sensible youth, made this reflection: That tears do not beautify, and that, if his beard were plucked out, the imperfections of his face would be more revealed. Toward evening, therefore, he ceased weeping, and having ceased weeping, he ceased tearing out his beard. The next day he was still very sad, but, nevertheless, as he was a philosophical prince, he only sighed: it is true that he sighed very piteously.

“But, as for the Bashaw Mameluke, whose grief the Prince had noticed, and after whom he had inquired, to thank him for the sympathy which he had shown, it was a very different matter. Far from being like the Prince, in the way of consolation, he wept harder than on the previous evening, and he had torn out a third of his beard. The young Prince attempted to console him; but the more the Prince endeavored, the more the Bashaw Mameluke wept: his eyes were two veritable brooks. Prince Charming dismissed him, conjuring him to summon all his reason to his aid. The next day the Prince sent for him. The Prince was almost resigned, and he fondly hoped that his Prime Minister's frame of mind would be like his own.





Prince Charming uttered a cry which was heard from the palace to the gates of Tunis.



He was mistaken. Grief had made some progress with the Bashaw Mameluke, and he was disconsolate. He had torn out two-thirds of his beard, and his eyes were two veritable rivers. However devoted his Prime Minister might be, Prince Charming could not comprehend such grief. He dismissed the Bashaw Mameluke, embracing him, but the Bashaw Mameluke wept only the harder.

"The next day, the Prince was entirely comforted, and hoped that it would be the same with the Bashaw Mameluke, so he sent for him. It was still worse than on the preceding evening. The affliction of the Prime Minister was despair. He had torn out his whole beard, and his eyes were two veritable cataracts.

"‘Why,’ said the Prince to him, ‘how happens it, Bashaw Mameluke, that I, whom this misfortune most concerns,—that I wept but one day, and by evening all was over?’

"‘Oh, Prince!’ cried the Bashaw Mameluke, ‘if, on account of seeing yourself for an instant, you wept for a day, how long should I not weep!—I who have seen you ever since your birth, and expect to see you until my dying day!’”

What do you think of the story of Prince Charming. Is it not one of the very drollest?

I will conclude this chapter by giving two of Alexandre’s witticisms, which circulated in the ball-room, and were considered quite good. I have mentioned the misfortune which happened to Alexandre while dancing the polka. That accident made him a little cross. Now it is especially when Alexandre is cross that he is witty.

In every place in the world, even in Tunis, there are women who serve as wall-flowers while the rest dance. Two sisters, the wives of two Tunisian merchants, models of the Turkish style of beauty, one weighing perhaps two hundred

pounds, the other, perhaps one hundred and fifty pounds, had remained three contra-dances without a partner. Laporte, who was desirous that every one should be amused, went to find Alexandre, and begged him to ask one of the sisters to dance, while he himself asked the other. Alexandre grumblingly consented. "Which one will you ask?" inquired Laporte.

"The one there is the least of," replied Alexandre.

After the contra-dance, Rousseau showed him a charming young lady who, amid the universal gayety, preserved a certain melancholy expression, which became her admirably.

"Well?" inquired Alexandre.

"Well!—you see that young girl?" said Rousseau.

"Yes."

"Is'nt she pretty, though?"

"Is'nt she pretty! I see her," replied Alexandre.

"Is'nt she stylish?"

"Is'nt she stylish!—what then?"

"Well! her father is in the galleys."

"Ah!" cried Alexandre, "why was he not invited to the ball? he would not have come, and politeness would have been satisfied!"

They would have been all the more able to invite the honest man, inasmuch as there was nothing infamous in his case, for he was expiating in the galleys of his Highness an old balance due for conspiracy.

On the following day, at four o'clock, a grand dinner was given to us by the twelve Consuls of the twelve Powers which have representatives at Tunis, and by all the European merchants. The only Consul whose presence we did not enjoy, was Sir Thomas Ride, the English Consul, one of the jailers of Napoleon at Saint Helena. I know not whether it is he who does not see his colleagues or

whether it is his colleagues who do not see him. On second thoughts, I decidedly think that it is his colleagues who do not see him.

In the evening of the same day there was a grand ball in our honor, at the Consulate of Sardinia.

## MY ARTIST, HADJ' YOUNIS.

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IN visiting the bazaar, we had forgotten to visit the gold-dust shop. We repaired this forgetfulness.

Gold-dust, which is the principal medium of exchange with the tribes in the interior of Africa, is gathered to the southward of Tuggurt. The dealer of whom we made inquiries had in person several times made the precious harvest.

This dust, which is collected in the desert, is invisible by day, the grains, so long as the sun shines, not looking different from those of common sand, but, by night, the places where it is appear phosphorescent. Unfortunately, with darkness, issue from their holes horned vipers and black scorpions, reptiles and insects whose bite or sting is mortal; and in so great numbers, too, the dealer told me in his figurative language, that the sand is ridged on their course, as if fishermen had cast their nets in the desert.

However, the hunters of gold-dust have discovered means of braving the horned vipers and the scorpions. By night, they scour the desert on camels carrying leathern boots and sacks of powdered charcoal. The leathern boots used by the hunters turn the viper's teeth and the scorpion's sting, and the powdered charcoal, sprinkled on the shining spots, indicates, by the next day's light, the mine that is to be worked.

May not these vipers and scorpions be the monsters which defended the approaches to the treasures of old?

We cheapened a lion-skin, but it was held at an exorbitant price. We thought for a moment that we had chanced to come across the hunter himself; but the owner of the skin was not the first one. The lion had been killed in the Kaf Mountains, which divide the Regency of Tunis from the Province of Constantina.

This topographic information recalled to me Gérard our lion-killer. I asked the Arab whether he knew him. He did, in truth, know him under the same title that we did. But, when I remarked to him that Gérard had already killed ten lions, he, with the exaggeration which is the poesy of the Arab, smiled and made a movement with his head, saying, "Ten, twenty, a hundred, five hundred, a thousand."

"Oh! oh!" said I, "that is a good many."

The Arab made another gesture. "A thousand!" repeated he. "And now when Gérard meets a lioness he, disdaining to kill her, gives her a kick, saying, 'Go find your husband.'"

Apropos of Guelma and Constantina, and, above all, apropos of Gérard, I shall return to the stories about lions. The Arabs told me some excellent ones. Meantime, let me here record a characteristic fact. In the Arab tongue there is but one word for lord and for lion—Cid. So, when the Arabs call Don Rodrigo, Cid, they speak of him not only as a lord, but as a lion.

On leaving the bazaar, we went to visit the city palace of the Bey. The most recent association with this pile was that connected with the suite of apartments which had been occupied by Monsieur, the Duke de Montpensier. This association was very strong. The gracious politeness of the Prince during his sojourn, and his generosity on his departure, had made him a good many friends among the residents of the palace.

In other respects, there was nothing about the palace to attract attention, if it were not those identical modern sculptures which I had already noticed in the tomb of St. Louis; which, as I have said, were executed by the pilgrim Younis—Hadj' Younis. On our return to the Consulate, I, inspired by the desire which I entertained, to have an Arab chamber made in Paris, inquired where the artist Younis resided. The address given, Paul was instructed to bring to me the person with whom I wished to speak. An hour afterward he was at the Consulate. A boy of twelve years of age accompanied him; a wonderfully beautiful boy whom, by the way, any one may have seen at Saint Germain during the year that he stayed there. He was called Ahmed, a contraction for Mohammed.

As for Younis himself, he was a man between forty and forty-four years of age, of perfectly regular features, with handsome black eyes, and a straight nose, and with a beard whitening at the extremity. He was dressed with a sort of elegance.

I asked him whether he had any dislike to travelling. He answered me that he was quite used to it, having been to Mecca. I then proposed to him that he should accompany me to France. He pointed significantly to his son. I made him a sign in the affirmative.

"I should then like very well to go to France," said he.

"Then you have confidence in me?" inquired I.

He looked at me fixedly, and said, "Yes."

"How much do you charge?" I asked.

He considered for a moment, and replied,

"Shall I enjoy your hospitality?"

"You shall."

"Shall I live according to my own mode of living?"

"You shall do your own cooking, and you shall arrange your chamber to suit yourself."



"Very well. Before my departure, you will give, on account, for my work, four hundred piastres to my wife?"

"I will."

"To me, you will give four piastres a day?"

"What next?"

"That is all."

"No, it is not enough. I will give you double the amount."

He looked at me, and then at the Consul. Monsieur Laporte understood what was passing in his mind, and said, "He will give it to you."

"You are then a lord?" inquired Hadj' Younis.

"No," said I, "but I am a man who appreciates talent, and recompenses it as much as lies in his power."

I saw that the artist had a final observation to make. "But the voyage?" said he.

"That will be at my expense," I replied.

"Then," said he, finally, "I am at your disposal, saving the permission of my lord, the Bey."

"Ah, the deuce!" exclaimed Laporte; "I forgot all about that."

Obtaining the permission was in fact the most difficult part of the arrangement. Not only does the Bey dislike his subjects to travel, for fear that the taste for emigration may seize them, but, in addition, Younis was, at the very time that I inveigled him, occupied in sculpturing the tomb of the Bey du Camp. That necessitated a negotiation. Horses were put to the cabriolet, and Laporte and I departed for Bardo.

We reached the presence of the Bey with greater facility than one can in France obtain audience of a Chief of a Division, or a Minister of the Interior. He received me charmingly, and inquired whether I brought him another

piece of good news. Laporte answered that I did not, but that I had a favor to request of him.

"Then it is good news for me," said the Bey.

Laporte made known to him my desire. The Bey's face darkened slightly.

"But," said he to Laporte, "does your friend, the savant, know that Younis is working for me?"

Laporte transmitted the question to me.

"Yes, your Highness," I replied, "but if you will allow me, I hope to be able to explain the matter satisfactorily. You are employing him to make your tomb, but I wish to employ him to make a chamber. My chamber is for the purpose of being inhabited during my life; your tomb is merely for that of being occupied after your death. Naturally, you are the one who is in less haste, therefore it is for you to yield to me your turn."

The reply seemed to the Bey full of logic.

"I give you Hadj' Younis," said he; "take good care of him, and send him back to me as soon as possible."

I thanked the Bey with an enthusiasm much more sincere than when he had promised me the Order of Nisham. The passport of Younis was sent to us, and we returned to the Consulate.

Younis, at sight of the passport, was almost as delighted as I was. It was evident that, if I had the desire to take him to France, he had a greater desire to go there. As we were to sail on the day after the next, I gave him his four hundred piastres, and bade him hold himself in readiness to go with me. What made him take his departure so easily, was that Paul, the Arab from Darfur, talking with him in the old Arab tongue, had told him, that he would be better off at my house than at his own. The promise which I made to him I kept scrupulously. After four

months' sojourn in France, Hadj' Younis, in his own and in his son's name, wrote to his wife; and to depict the abundance and the satisfaction in which he was living, he had found only this one phrase that could convey his idea, "*Anni farchan kitter*"—We are in clover.

## THE DEPARTURE.

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**A**FTER a stay of six days, which passed like an hour, we left Tunis. Tunis was the extreme point of our voyage. I shall now add a few pages, in which I intend to collect whatever curious details may have escaped notice in the preceding chapters.

Tunis possesses not only the tomb of St. Louis, but also the School of St. Louis. This School, at the period when we happened to be in Tunis, was presided over by a warden *ad interim*, named Espinasse. The following are the circumstances under which the institution was founded.

To the Chapel of St. Louis, of which I spoke in a preceding chapter, is attached a worthy ecclesiastic called the Abbé Bourgade, who realized that, in crossing the sea and exiling himself in Africa, his task did not limit itself to saying two or three masses a year on a site which was much more likely a pagan temple's than the funeral couch of the holy King. Even with the founding of the Chapel of St. Louis, Christianity had secured but a slight foothold in Africa. The Abbé Bourgade resolved to instal it there so securely that it could never be expelled. First, he sent for fifteen Sisters of Charity, belonging to the Society of St. Joseph, founded in France by the Baroness de Vialar. These holy women founded at the same time an infant-school, a school for girls, and the Hospital of St. Louis. Then the Abbé dreamed of a Grammar-School for boys. It was not until 1832 that, with the aid merely of a thou-

sand francs, sent to him by the King of France, Monsieur, the Abbé Bourgade succeeded in establishing his Grammar-School, which at the present time numbers upward of two hundred scholars learning and speaking with equal facility French, Italian, and Arabic. Wednesdays and Saturdays are devoted to a course of chemistry, natural philosophy, and mechanical drawing.

The King, seeing the progress made by this admirable institution, converted to an annual allowance the aid which he had at first granted as a first and final gift. But a thousand francs of income is a very small matter for an institution which is lacking in the first principle of its founder,—in charity,—if it receives not gratuitously a portion of its pupils. Would it not, in all conscience, be much better to give the Théâtre Français,—which if well conducted can dispense with an allowance,—but three hundred and eighty thousand francs a year, and to send twenty thousand francs to the Grammar-School at Tunis?

We visited the school. Our visit put it all in commotion. Four or five pupils in disgrace were pardoned on our account.

A great black-board was marked with some Arabic lines. These were sentences. Here they are.

“The word that escapes thee is thy master, that which thou retainest, thy slave.”

“Speech is silver; silence, gold.”

“He who beats the dog, strikes the master.”

“A tender heart is ever in mourning.”

“Patience is the key of joy; haste, that of repentance.”

“Even were thy friend honey, lick him not all over.”

Let me add to these maxims a last one, which, because it had not the advantage of being inscribed on the black-board of the Grammar-School, but on a mere wall, did not the less appear to possess merit. This is it.

"Marry not a widow, were her cheek like a bouquet. It will be in vain for thee to fulfil and more than fulfil all the duties which marriage imposes, thou shalt none the less hear her, heaving a sigh, say ceaselessly,—'May Heaven be merciful to my poor dead husband!'"

We had deferred to the last moment the business of making our purchases. To tell the frightful temptations which beset me near those necklaces, those bracelets, those pins; near those stuffs streamed with gold, those stuffs of silk, of gauze; near those carpets from Smyrna and Tripoli; those tortoise-shell coffers, those mother-of-pearl tables; would be to renew a torture then too cruel.

My two Arabs were waiting for me. They each had a little bundle containing a spare suit of clothes, and their tools wrapped in a cloak, as if the matter in hand had been to go merely as far as Goulette. On seeing me, they took my hands and kissed them, addressing me as Cid. It was a bargain; they were at my disposal; the rest did not concern them; it was my duty to watch over them during the voyage; it was my duty to shield them from dangers of which they were ignorant, but of which they surmised the existence; it was my duty to return them at the appointed time to their country and their home.

They carried two fowls, as if they did not know where we were going, and whether in the country to which we were going there would be food for the next day. Paul used all his eloquence to make them understand the uselessness of carrying the two fowls, but they would not listen to anything; saying, that if the fowls were not used by them, they would do for me.

The moment for saying farewell arrived. The sailors of the *Véloce* loaded a wagon with our baggage, which was increased at every stoppage by three or four chests. We could scarcely make up our minds to part from Laporte,

Cotelle, Rousseau ; our excellent friend the Sardinian Consul, who had given us a beautiful ball ; our delightful countrywomen, who had given us a fine dinner ; Sainte Marie, too, who was about to depart again on one of those dangerous journeys, which have become sport to him, but have remained a terror to all his friends.

Fifty persons accompanied us to the shore, while from the top of the terrace the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. Night came on rapidly. There was no time to lose. The moon would not rise until midnight. We might lose ourselves in the lake. We gave each other a last embrace and leaped into the boat.

So long as the least daylight lingered, our friends could be seen standing on the shore. By slow degrees, distance deepened the grayish veil that extended between us : objects at last grew dim, blended, and disappeared. I fired two shots as a last farewell, and we no longer endeavored to discern anything. Night had come.

After an hour's rowing, we perceived that we were lost on the lake. In fact, nothing indicates the course except those piles just awash, which I have already mentioned ; which, by night, become almost useless, because one cannot easily see them. At last, after another hour's pulling around at a venture, we saw before us a black pool, and recognized the gut. Just at this moment, Monsieur Gaspari, who had suspected what had occurred, appeared on the jetty with a torch. He had seen passing the boat which went to fetch us, and he was waiting for it to return.

We had to land. A punch was ready for us, and around the flaming bowl were bottles of rosolio, maraschino, and two or three unknown liqueurs. Then I was obliged to accept some of the product of Monsieur Gaspari's explorations of ten years—medals, fragments of mosaics, remains

of statuettes. There was still a chest to be added to the other chests.

At last it occurred to us that we must be impatiently waited for on board of the *Vélocé*. We abruptly broke all these hospitable bonds and departed. It was like leaving Tunis a second time.

About ten o'clock we were on board. The Captain had had supper prepared. We sat down to table, and the ship got under way. At midnight, the moon rose splendidly. By its pale light we could glance over the beautiful lake, beyond which we could imagine rather than discern Tunis. We doubled Cape Carthage, and all disappeared.



## GALITA ISLAND.

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THE sea was smooth, the wind fair. During all the night we ran at the rate of seven knots an hour. In the morning we awoke within view of the little island of Galita.

The island of Galita, like the island of Monte Cristo, to which it bears some resemblance, is inhabited by rabbits and goats. At this news, we had requested the Captain to stop there for some hours, and, as usual, he showed his readiness to gratify our wishes.

Some time before our voyage, a rather strange occurrence had happened at the very place where we found ourselves. A Jewess of Tunis had married at Bona, and two years after her marriage had returned to Tunis. People sought for motives to account for her return, and the one generally adopted was, that the lightness of her conduct had so displeased her husband, that a separation had taken place between them. Still, some months after her arrival at Tunis, her husband came there to rejoin her; and as people saw the married couple together, as they seemed to live in perfect harmony, the accusation which had been made against the wife fell of itself to the ground. More than this, the husband came to get his wife, not being able, so he said, to do without her. He had set up a new establishment in Algiers. The married couple embarked on a little Greek vessel to go and take charge of their new home.

• But this establishment at Algiers was a myth, this renewal

of love was feigned. The Jew's project was nothing less than that of getting rid of his wife; and in consideration of two thousand piastres which the Greek captain had received, the latter had agreed to aid him to the best of his ability.

Chance favored the accomplices. A storm so tossed the little vessel, that the poor woman was violently attacked by sea-sickness and rendered incapable of defending herself. Besides, the poor woman, ignorant of what menaced her, had no idea of defending herself. Suddenly the husband and the Captain entered the cabin and gagged her. Then they brought a chest in which they nailed her, and threw her into the sea.

It was night. No one saw the chest tossed into the sea, or at least no one remarked it. The vessel, which was a fast sailer—it went seven knots—soon lost sight of the chest, which floated at the mercy of the waves.

Three hours afterward, as day was commencing to appear, the steamer *Sphynx*, which had left Goulette five hours after the Greek vessel, and was running on the same course, sighted an object which at first was supposed to be a boat, then a bale, and finally a chest. The vessel stopped, and a boat was sent off; the sailors that manned it grappled the chest, and rowed toward the steamer. On their way, they thought that they heard moans coming from the chest, but as they had no tools with them, they contented themselves with pulling hard, meanwhile addressing the strange package with questions to which it replied only by inarticulate sounds.

They placed the chest on deck, and sent for the carpenter. Hatchet and pry did their duty, the box was burst open, and revealed a woman naked and half-smothered. It was our Jewess. She told her story.

The *Sphynx* also was going to Algiers. The Captain

ordered all steam put on. About mid-day he sighted the Greek vessel, and by evening he had overhauled and passed her. The Sphynx reached Algiers twelve hours before the Greek vessel arrived. The Captain, therefore, had had ample time to make his deposition, and the woman her complaint before the authorities. On setting foot on the jetty the first person that the husband saw was his wife, and behind her, came a squad of gendarmes.

As for the Greek captain, he did not judge it advisable to land. From his vessel he saw the arrest of the Jew, and he at once stood out to sea.

The husband was tried, condemned to death, and executed, to the delight of the Moors and the Arabs, for whom it is always a great source of joy to see a Jew die a violent death.

It was Younis who related all this interesting story to Paul, who translated it to me whilst we were casting anchor at rifle-range from the island.

We found seventeen fathoms of water on a bottom of stiff clay mixed with algæ. A little vessel lay sheltered among the rocks which dotted the approach to shore. She belonged to coral-gatherers. We exchanged some words with them. They were Neapolitans.

We ourselves lowered our boat, and we began to shoot divers, which were disporting along the beach, quite astonished at seeing their island receive so fine and numerous a party.

We found some difficulty in landing on the island, which being but a mass of rocks, occasionally lets fragments as large as a house detach themselves, and these, bounding down its sides, split and reach the sea in the condition of much smaller rocks. There, as they find a depth of eight or ten feet of water, they remain half-submerged.

It was by leaping from point to point of these rocks that

we succeeded in reaching the island. Once on *terra firma*, we considered our trouble over, but the same difficulty as that which we had overcome still presented itself. We were on the borders of chaos, and were obliged to surmount a new pile of débris. We finally succeeded, and found ourselves on a rocky piece of ground, where, in the interstices of the rock, grew tall herbs, two feet in height, straight and sparse, and breaking with a sharp sound. I had advanced scarcely two hundred paces into these herbs, when two rabbits took me by surprise, by springing up at my feet. By good luck I killed them both.

At the double report, repeated by the echo, we saw on the right a herd of wild goats bound along, and gain the steepest summits of the island. Alexandre, Desbarolles, and our young surgeon started in pursuit. Maquet, Giraud, Chancel, and I, on the contrary, kept toward the left. Consequently, as the left-hand side was the level part of country, and the right-hand side the hilly part, we contented ourselves with a rabbit-hunt, while the other gentlemen had the ambition to hunt the wild-goat.

I was not without uneasiness regarding the others. This excursion amongst rocks, moving like loose teeth in the socket, and ever ready to roll toward the sea, appeared to me dangerous. I made some observations, which I had, as I expected, the pain of seeing thrown away. The hunters disappeared in a depression of the ground. We continued our shooting.

Those sailors who had obtained leave, accompanied us, making a circle in such a way that but few rabbits could escape from their battue. So we saw nothing but the rabbits' white tails darting like lightning through the tall herbs. We killed twenty rabbits with our guns. The sailors, on their part, killed two or three with stones. Chancel also brought down a woodcock.

We made a fusillade that sounded like a skirmish of sharp-shooters. From time to time, a report answered from the mountain. One of these reports caused me to turn around. I saw the smoke of powder, then something which I thought that I recognized as Desbarolles sliding rapidly down the slope of a rock. But he slid neither on his back, nor on his stomach, nor on his right side, nor on his left side, nor headlong, but on his seat. This was explained to us later. Desbarolles had missed his footing, and, to the detriment of his pantaloons and their lining, had passed over a space of many yards in the posture which seemed to him the least dangerous.

Alexandre had been carried away in the swift career of his companion. I had seen a sort of dividers opening from rock to rock. It was he. He had been able to stop only at the expense of his gun, by thrusting the butt of it between two rocks. The butt was broken. To these two accidents the mishaps of the day were limited.

Of course, the least said about the goats the better. Every one, however, had done wonders. But the most unaccountable thing was that, despite the unlimited number of balls that the goats must have received, not a goat had succumbed. We therefore came to the conclusion that the goats of Galita Island are invulnerable, or at least, like Achilles, could not be wounded except in the heel. Now the heel of a goat presents so little surface, that it was not astonishing that our huntsmen, however skilful they might be, had shot a little above, or below, or to one side. However, Alexandre gave us a proof of his skill, which made an appropriate pendant to his killing the lark at Bizerta. He threw a pebble into the air, and pulverized it with the ball remaining in his gun; which confirmed us in the opinion that the goats were invulnerable.

On the sea-shore we found our sailors reassembled.

In hunting on their own account, by forming great circles which they contracted by gradually closing in on the game, the rabbits caught between them were well caught. Among the number of captives, living and dead, was a white rabbit, a variety of the species which his fellows seemed to regard with profound astonishment.

In a sort of quarry, a sailor had discovered a delightful spring which filtered through the rocks and spread with icy coolness in a vast natural basin. This unknown naiad had already quenched the thirst of other travellers besides ourselves; for a French crew, through the medium of its boatswain, had engraved their thanks on the overhanging rock.

As nothing now detained us, we left Galita Island, and returned to the *Véloce*, which at midnight cast anchor in the port of Bona.

## BONA—ST. AUGUSTINE. ---

THE first thing that attracted our attention on reaching deck was the fortress of Bona, the scene of the first and the boldest *coups de main* of Joussouf.

The port of Bona is very little liked by mariners, who in stormy weather do not, unless they are obliged, come to anchor there. The anchorages that are preferred are those of Fort Génois, and the Carob-Trees. In fact, the port of Bona is but shallow water with poor holding-ground. The anchor, taking only in a layer of sand over rock, which in stormy weather is reached and moved by the waves, is easily dragged.

Formerly Bona was wealthy. In 1810, for example, the population was as high as ten thousand inhabitants. In 1830, when the French made the conquest of Algeria, it numbered no more than fifteen hundred inhabitants. In fact, the crops of the Crimea have ruined the business of exportation of grain from Africa. The inhabitants no longer ask of the earth that rich superfluity which is called commerce; but only that strict necessary which is called food.

The report of our voyage had spread over all the coast. So, scarcely had we cast anchor, when we saw a boat leave the shore and row toward us. It was commanded by the French commissary, an old friend of mine, who came, so he said, to confiscate us for his benefit. We had nothing in the world to object to this friendly confiscation. We ac-

accompanied him to his house, where we found his wife and his daughter, who were waiting for us.

Our walks in the city were short. The city does not contain anything very curious. We resolved to take a ride to Hippo. Our host undertook to provide the horses, Hippo being situated about a league from Bona. As for me, having learned that I could reach there in hunting by the way, I threw my gun over my shoulder and, guided by a Polish colonel who had contended for me with my friend the commissary, and in whose possession I had definitively remained, I set out toward the tomb of St. Augustine, which was the general rendezvous.

On leaving the city, one sets foot on a great marsh which extends on the left to the sea, and on the right, to the foot of the mountains. In front, the horizon is bounded by a little chain of hills, on the first slopes of which rises the holy tomb. We followed the right bank of the Seybouse, along which I killed some snipe and a wild duck. At last, after three-quarters-of-an-hour's walk, we reached the tomb, where I found the whole party assembled.

The tomb is built on the ruins of ancient Hippo—Hippo Regius. In fact it was the residence of the Numidian kings. But of these Numidian kings naught remains, not even the names. St. Augustine has covered everything with his pastoral mantle, and only his memory survives amidst the ruins of the great city.

Born in Tagaste on the 13th of November, 354, educated in Madaura, he visited Carthage, whose dissolute manners revolted him; for nothing is so far from love as debauchery. Attracted by the eloquence of St. Ambrose, he visited Milan, where his conversion took place; and finally visited Hippo, where the people, touched by his great piety, and his profound eloquence, forced him in some degree to receive holy orders from the hand of the worthy



bishop to whom he succeeded in 395. At last, on the 22d of August, 430, St. Augustine died during the third month of the siege of Hippo by the Vandals. He had implored God to recall him to himself before the capture of the city, and God granted his prayer.

The Vandals destroyed the city, but they respected the library and the episcopal residence, the only property that St. Augustine had possessed, and which he had bequeathed to the Church. The Vandals constituted themselves the executors of the Saint.

As for the Saint, his mortal remains were contended for by the different cities which had had the happiness of hearing his eloquence. Cagliari first possessed them, and then Pavia. At last, in 1842, the French Government claimed for the modern Hippo a part of the precious relics. The bone of the right fore-arm was yielded, placed on board of the *Gassendi*, transported to Hippo, and interred with great pomp in the place in which at the present time the monument rises.

By a singular chance, it was Captain Bérard, the captain of the *Vélocé* when we made our Mediterranean voyage, who at that period commanded the *Gassendi*.

I shall say nothing about the monument. Was it money, or was it talent that was wanting in making it worthy of the Saint? I really wish to think that it was money. When one reaches the foot of the cenotaph, the best thing that he can do—as an artist, bear in mind—is to seat himself, turning his back upon it, and contemplate the magnificent landscape that unfolds to the sight. In the foreground are the ruins of the ancient city, through whose rents the glance penetrates; in the middle-ground, are the marshes intersected by the *Seybouse*; and in the background, the city rises amphitheatrically; on the left are the mountains, on the right is the sea.

At this place was settled in grand council a question important for us to decide,—whether we should proceed directly from Bona to Constantina, by the way of Guelma, or whether, taking the usual route, we should go to Stora, from Stora to Philippeville, and from Philippeville to Constantina. The journey by the way of Guelma was the more fatiguing, but the more picturesque. Then, for a long time, I had had an appointment at Guelma with Gérard, our lion-killer. We were therefore inclining to decide for Guelma, when the Polish colonel drew a letter from his pocket. This letter was written in Gérard's own handwriting. It was dated two days before, and announced that Gérard was at that very moment starting for the interior, as he had been sent for by the Arabs, to destroy a lioness and her two whelps.

Gérard had been the great object of our curiosity; hunting the lion with him had been our earnest desire. Gérard being no longer at Guelma, we very naturally chose the route to Philippeville.

## ARAB STORIES OF LIONS.

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LET me, although we were disappointed in not meeting Gérard, say something here concerning the physiology of the lion, and in consequence, concerning Gérard, his terrible and successful antagonist.

Among the fanciful animals of fabulous antiquity, none appears to us more terrible than that terrible reality which we call the lion. At Rome, there was no fine hunting without the lion. One of the principal grievances of Cassius against Cæsar was that the latter had taken from him fifty lions which he was keeping at Megara for the celebration of his edileship. One of the great memories which made Pompey popular at Rome was that, in the celebration of his triumph, he had let into the arena three hundred maned lions. Neither the serpent of Regulus nor the elephants of Hannibal have made so vivid an impression on the imagination as has Antony riding with Cytheris through the streets of Rome, on a car drawn by two lions.

The great subject of conversation under the Arab tent is the lion.

The Arabs assert that the lion changes his food thrice every year. During the first quarter, he eats demons; during the second, human flesh; during the third, potter's-clay; during the fourth, animals.

The Arabs have observed that the lion, which carries off a horse or a camel by throwing it boldly over his shoulder, and with his burden leaping hedges of three or four feet in

height, can only with extreme difficulty drag along a sheep. This anomaly must have a cause. The Arabs have found it in their poetic imagination.

One day, in an assembly of animals, the lion, boasting of his strength, said: "If it please God, I shall carry on my shoulder the bull; if it please God, the horse; if it please God"—and so on. Coming to the sheep, he considered the matter so trifling, that he forgot to invoke God. God punished him for it. The King of beasts is obliged to drag the sheep, which he cannot throw over his shoulder.

The elephant, the tiger, the panther, and the wild boar are, with man, the only animals that dare fight the lion. In Morocco has been found a dead boar ten paces from a disemboweled lion.

The Arabs eat lion. According to them, certain portions of the animal even cure particular diseases. But they eventually pay dearly for their gluttony, for the children of a man who has eaten lion almost always die in cutting their teeth, the teeth growing huge.

The marabouts have often raised or tamed lions. Thence their reputation for sanctity has almost always augmented.

The Arabs are keen huntsmen. They chase the lion, the panther, the wild-boar, the hyena, the wild-bull, the fox, the jackal, and the gazelle. As for the small game which among us is killed with shot, they treat it with contempt. As a matter of course, the lion is the first, the most dangerous, and the most noble of their adversaries.

In speaking of the lion, the Arabs call him lord. When they speak to him, they call him My lord Johan ben el Johan, which means, My lord John, the son of John. Why have they bestowed on him both a man's title and a man's name? It is because, according to them, the lion has the noblest qualities of the noblest man; because he is brave, because he is generous; because he understands

human speech, in whatever language he is addressed ; because he respects the brave, honors woman, and is pitiless to cowards.

If an Arab meets a lion, he reins in his horse, which trembles under him, and addresses his terrible antagonist thus : " Ah, it is you, my lord John, son of John. Think you to terrify me—me ! such and such a one ? You are noble, I am noble. You are brave, I am brave. Let me then pass as a brother, for I am a man of the sword, a man who has his gloomy days." Then he draws his sabre, makes his stirrup-leathers crack, and spurs straight for the lion, which gets out of the way, and lets him pass. If on the contrary, he is afraid, if he retraces his steps, he is lost ; the lion leaps on him and rends him.

On his part, the lion tests his adversary ; looks at him in the face, reads there his emotions. If the man is afraid, the lion approaches him, pushes him with his shoulder, throws him out of the way, with the cruel growl that announces his doom. Then the lion slabbers, and goes aside, making circles around his victim, breaking with his lashing tail the stems of young trees among the brushwood. Sometimes he even disappears. Then the man's spirits revive, he thinks that he has escaped. He flies, but at a hundred paces off he finds the lion face to face with him, barring the way. Then the lion places one paw on the man's shoulder, then the other, and licks his face with his bloody tongue, until a misstep causes the man to fall, or else fright makes him faint. Then the lion leaves the man again, and goes to drink, sometimes a quarter of a league off. From that moment the man belongs to him, he can return when he pleases. He drinks, and returns, licks the man again for an instant, and then commences his repast.

Some Arabs—remember, it is always the story-teller of the desert, and not Monsieur de Buffon, that speaks

through me—placed in this desperate strait which I have just depicted, that is, fainting and lying extended on the ground whilst the lion had gone to drink, have been saved either by a caravan, by hunters, or by Arabs more brave and better instructed in the habits of the lion than they themselves were. In the last case, the brave Arab, in lieu of aiding the cowardly Arab to fly,—which would cause them both to be lost, inasmuch as the lion would overtake them both,—awaits the return of the animal. The lion reappears, and halts on seeing two men instead of only one. The brave Arab advances to meet the lion and says: “My lord John, son of John, he who is lying there is a coward; but I am such a one, son of such or such a one, and I fear you not. Still I ask pardon for this wretch, who is not worthy to be devoured by you. I bind his hands, and lead him away to make of him a slave.”

Then the lion growls.

“Oh! never fear!” says the brave man; “he will be dealt with severely.”

Thus speaking, he binds the hands of the coward with his camel’s halter. Thereupon the lion, satisfied, departs, and this time disappears, not to return.

There are also Arabs—and they, far more than the men who first hazarded themselves at sea, have hearts covered with the triple brass of which Horace speaks—who pretend to be afraid, and who, at the moment when the lion places his two paws on their shoulders, rip open his belly with their poniards.

However, depending on the locality, two places of retreat offer themselves to the fugitive—a tree within reach, up which there is time for him to climb, or a thorny thicket into which he can glide like a serpent. The lion fears to prick his face; that expressive face resembling Olympian Jove’s, in which Barye and Delacroix have so happily

exhibited the play of muscle. But in the first case mentioned, the lion stands erect against the tree, and in the second, lies down near the thicket, and waits. In either event, the man can be saved only by the passage of a caravan.

On the route to Bathna an Arab once met a lion. He fled, and finding a pit on his way, precipitated himself into it. The lion came to the pit, plunged his flaming glance into it, and judging that once there he would not be able to extricate himself, lay down at the edge. The next day, by good luck, a detachment of French troops passed, and put the lion to flight.

When the lion flies, the Arabs have an infallible way to stop him. It is to insult him. "Ah! coward! ah, wretch!" they cry; "you pretend to be the bravest of animals, and yet you fly like a woman. We will no longer call you lord, we will call you slave." At these words, the lion turns around and awaits the hunters.

The lion must be utterly famished not to respect woman. The Arabs even assert that he fears her. Arabs have assured me that they have seen women run after a lion carrying off a ewe or a heifer, or perchance a child, seize him by the tail, and belabor him with a stick.

The Arabs assert that the lion never carries off a horse picketed before a tent, whereas he constantly carries off horses picketed in the pasturages.

Almost all the lion-skins that I saw in Algeria were mutilated. This is caused by the women's pulling out the teeth and claws, and making talismans of them, whenever the warriors do not take them to adorn the necks of their horses. Lion-skin carpets, it is said, have not only the virtue of keeping away noxious animals, but even demons.

In hunting the lion, it is, above all, important to escape the first three bounds of the animal. A single bound is sometimes thirty feet.

When the hunters have been apprised that a lion has advanced into the country, they send scouts, who observe the tracks, and discover the place where he stays. Ordinarily, it is in a thicket so slightly thorny that the lion can enter it without pricking his face. The scouts then return, and make their report; the hunters mount on horseback, and surround the thicket. The first who perceives the animal cries out as he points at it with his finger—*Rahe-hena*, which means, he is not there. Were he to cry out *Rahena*, which means, he is there, the lion which, as I have said, understands all languages, would not fail to devour his denouncer. Every one goes off to a distance of sixty metres, so as to escape the first three bounds of the animal, and so as to appear to have found the thicket unoccupied. There the hunters stop, and fire a volley at the designated spot. If the lion has not been mortally wounded, he sallies from the thicket. The Arabs, reloading their guns, ride off at full speed. If the lion flies, it is then that they recall him by insulting him.

Rarely does a lion-hunt end without the hunters' having to regret the loss of three or four of their number; the lion, so great is his vitality, scarcely ever falling at the first fire, even when a ball passes through his heart.

Generally, in Algeria, they abuse the lion. When a man disappears, they say that he has been eaten by a lion.

The Arabs fear the panther more than the lion, on account of the former's total want of generosity. So, in reference to the panther, there exist none of the marvellous stories which they tell about the King of beasts. The panther met, you kill it, or it kills you. It understands no language. It makes no distinction between the brave and the cowardly. For it, a man is a man, an enemy and a prey. Its bounds are as swift and almost as powerful as those of the lion; it pursues the horseman, leaps on his



horse's croup, and breaks the horseman's skull either with a blow of its paw or a bite. For this reason the hunters wear iron skull-caps.

Panthers are shot from blinds. The bait intended to attract the panther is placed on a branch about five or six feet from the ground. At the moment when the animal stands on its hind legs to reach the bait, the hunter sends a ball into its breast.

The Arabs make use of the panther-skin to place over the djebira which covers the pommel of their saddles.

There still remains to be described the hyena, for which Monsieur de Buffon has made so terrible a reputation, Monsieur de Buffon who—as was said by an Academician full of poetic similes—wrote on the knees of Nature. Unfortunately, Monsieur de Buffon wrote oftener on the knees of Parisian Nature, than on those of real Nature. Observe how, from the most cowardly and miserable of animals—the hyena, he has made one of the most terrible.

The consequence of doing so, was that a governor of Algeria, who had studied Africa, not in Africa, but in Monsieur de Buffon, fearing lest our fleet should be unmanned by the death of the unhappy sailors attracted to shore by the wailings of hyenas, ordered a premium of twenty-five francs to be paid to every hunter who should kill one of those terrible animals. When the Arabs learned of this decree, they rejoiced amazingly. Twenty-five francs apiece for hyena muzzles!—the price is almost as much as the law gives our Representatives. So the Arabs began to hunt the hyena, and not a week passes but an Arab is seen entering Algiers leading a muzzled hyena in leash. When the hyena refuses to walk the Arab drives it along with a cudgel.

I asked an Arab whether hyena-hunting was very dangerous. He made me repeat my question twice: he did

not understand me. When he did, he smiled as much as an Arab can smile, and inquired whether I should like him to tell me how the Arabs take the hyena. Of course I accepted his offer. This, according to the statement of the Arab, is the way in which the hunting is done when it is desired to capture the animal alive :

When an Arab discovers the cavern where a hyena is concealed, he spreads his burnoose over the entrance, and thus excludes the light. Then, with extended arms he enters the place. When he has touched the hyena, he says to it: "Give me your paw, so that I can put henna on it." The coquettish hyena, tempted by such a promise, puts out its paw. The Arab takes it by the paw, and leads it outside, where he muzzles it, and puts it in leash. Thus he leads it to Algiers.

I do not vouch for the perfect truthfulness of the details of this hunt, but they afford an idea of the estimation in which the Arabs hold the courage of the hyena. Nevertheless, it is not in strength that the hyena is lacking, especially not in strength of jaw. In 1841, an Arab led a hyena to Oran, and presented it to General Lamoricière. It was able to crush with its teeth a thigh-bone of beef. The General sent it to the Jardin des Plantes.

I now return to Gérard, the lion-killer.

## GÉRARD, THE LION-KILLER

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THE Arabs can remember but one lion-killer. He was named Hassan. He had been the huntsman of Hamed Bey, Mameluke Bey, and Braham Bey. He died during the reign of the last-mentioned Bey. The Arabs thus describe his death :

“A lion roars. Hassan goes to meet him. A report is heard, then a roar, then a cry, then—nothing. Hassan was dead.”

Hassan hunted the lion, using blinds of stone, covered with trunks of trees and with earth. He also killed several lions from places of concealment amid the branches of trees. His weapons were a rifle, two pistols, and a yataghan. He hunted during eleven years. The Arabs differ as to the number of lions that he killed.

Chance reserved for France the honor of giving a successor to Hassan. This successor is Jules Gérard, quartermaster of spahis. Jules Gérard is a man of about thirty or thirty-one years of age, small, slender, and light-complexioned. His blue eye is at the same time mild and determined, his beard is light and sparse, his voice sweet, and feminine in its tones. In 1842, he enlisted in the spahis of Bona. He chose that corps because the spahis never leave Africa.

He arrived at Bona, in 1842. They tried, at first, to make a sort of military clerk of him. At the end of three months, he became tired of scratching paper, and asked for

a horse and a gun. Thenceforward he was one of the most diligent target-shots of the garrison.

Soon afterward, his squadron was disbanded, to form that of Guelma. Gérard asked to go to Guelma, which is eighteen leagues in the interior. At Guelma there would be engagements, or at least hunting. He obtained the favor of being transferred to that place. From the third night after his arrival Gérard scaled the ramparts of the camp, to go hunt the wild-boar, the hyena, and the jackal.

It was at Guelma, that Gérard first heard mention of Hassan, of lions, of their ravages, of the danger of encountering them. All those stories which I have told, Gérard heard narrated in the evenings; and the poetry of the desert flew to his head, intoxicating him, and causing him to dream through the livelong night. In his dreams he found himself face to face with the terrible lords of the mountain; he contended with them, and feared not. He resolved to consign Hassan to oblivion.

Great practice at the target had given him an accuracy of eye and a steadiness of hand which were beginning to be extolled throughout the country. He often said to the Arabs: "If any lion should descend from the mountain, notify me; for I also desire to be a lion-killer like Hassan; but without blinds, without shelter in trees."

#### THE FIRST LION.

About the beginning of July, 1844, Gérard learned that a lion was ravaging Archioua. Every night the lord of the mountain descended into the plain, and levied his tithe of the flocks. Gérard asked for a leave of absence, and received one for three days.

On arriving at the Arab douar, no one would believe that it was this young man, seemingly a child, who came from the French camp to encounter the lion. To these

primitive men, it seemed as if only a powerful frame could possess great courage, and as if only brute force could contend with brute force.

Gérard, after his arrival, lost no time in setting off on the hunt; but the first day passed in fruitless search. The second day, he had a herd of cattle driven into the woods of Archioua, and accompanied by two Arabs, he followed it. The day passed without their seeing anything, but at evening the lion began to roar. Gérard confessed to me that, at the first roar, his heart beat. However, no one but himself knew it, for he walked straight for the roar.

Suddenly, amid a wavering shadow, about fifty paces off, he saw the lion. On his part, the lion had seen the hunter, whom no doubt, he had for a long time scented. At the sight, his tail waved, his mane stood erect; he lowered his head, pawed the ground, roared, and walked straight toward Gérard.

The two Arabs wanted to fire, but, with an imperious gesture, Gérard stopped them. It was for him to measure himself in single combat with the lion, and to assure himself at once of his prowess.

The lion continued to advance at the same pace, without exhibiting any sign of anger, save a quicker lashing of his tail, and a more rigid bristling of his mane. Every moment diminished the space between him and the hunter. From the distance of fifty paces, he had approached to forty, to thirty, to twenty, to ten. Gérard had stood motionless, and kept his aim upon the lion from the moment when he first perceived him. Perhaps the lion doubted whether what he saw was a man. However that may be, at ten paces from Gérard the lion paused. A bright flash accompanied a report, and the lion rolled over stone-dead. The ball had struck him just in the middle of

the forehead, had broken the skull, and penetrated the brain.

I asked Gérard why he had waited until the lion came so near. He replied simply: "I had but one shot."

The victor returned to the douar. Had he been alone, no one would have believed him: the Arabs with him gave an account of the lion's death. The next day they went to find the carcass.

The news spread rapidly through all the country, that a Frenchman had gone straight up to a lion, and killed him at the first shot. In consequence, at the beginning of the following August, Gérard received information that a lion had been prowling about for eight days in the vicinity of the douar of Zeouezi, and making great havoc among the flocks.

#### THE SECOND LION.

On this occasion, Gérard set out with a corporal of spahis, a native of the country, named Saadi Bounar. After having obtained at the douar all the information that they could procure, they went to station themselves in a gully, near Aïn Sefra, in the pass of Sergi el Haouda, to await the terrible lion of Mahouna.

They stayed there a portion of the night, without seeing anything, without hearing anything; holding their breath, lest the slightest noise should indicate their presence. About half-past one o'clock, Saadi Bounar, tired of fruitlessly waiting, fell asleep.

What do you think of a man who could go to sleep when waiting for a lion? Fortunately Gérard remained awake.

About two o'clock, at a moment when the moon, which had shone all night, had just become obscured by a cloud, Gérard thought that he perceived an ill-defined shadow move. Every moment, however, its form became more

and more distinct, and he discovered that he was in the presence of his expected foe.

On this occasion Gérard had a double-barrelled rifle.

As before, he shows no haste, but awaits motionless. The lion, which imagines that he has caught a glimpse of an enemy, advances with measured pace and raised head. Then, at a bound, he clears about twenty paces. The distance between him and Gérard is thereby reduced to about thirty paces. Thereupon, the lion snuffs the wind, raises his head, shakes his mane, bounds again, and alights about fifteen paces from Gérard.

This time Gérard takes him at the instant he alights. He fires, and a terrible roar proclaims that the lion is wounded. The roar awakes Saadi Bounar, who leaps quickly to his feet, and is about to fire; but Gérard restrains him. The lion rears, pawing the air.

At the second shot, Gérard hits him full in the breast. He then seizes his companion's rifle. But a third shot is unnecessary. The lion rolls over, tears up the ground, rises, and falls to rise no more.

Followed by a concourse of Arabs, Gérard returned to camp, bringing back the skin of the lion of Mahouna, as Hercules did that of the Nemean Lion.

#### THE THIRD LION.

For some months a lion overran the country of Ouled Bouazis. He especially ravaged the farm of Monsieur de Montjol. Gérard was appealed to, and, furnished with permission from his captain, eagerly repaired to Bona. The day after his arrival, that is to say, on the 28th February, 1845, he started on the hunt. On the skirt of the woods of Kunega, which command the plain, he imagined that he perceived signs, and soon he acquired the certainty that he was on the track of the lion.

In the interval before night, he visited the douar of Ali ben Mohammed, where the Arabs eagerly hastened to proffer him cakes, dates, and milk; then, after partaking of that frugal repast, he, hearing the first roars of the animal in the mountain, started off, guided by a single Arab, who represented the ford of Kunega to be the favorite crossing-place of the lion.

Gérard seated himself on a stone, at six paces from this crossing-place, whilst his companion withdrew about thirty paces, and took shelter behind a lentisk.\*

Meanwhile, the roaring, which grew more and more frightful, indicated not only that the lion was afoot, but that he was approaching. Soon, the direction which he pursued was so plainly indicated by the noise which he made, that Gérard no longer doubted, that faithful to his nocturnal habits, he would soon cross at the place mentioned by the Arab. In fact, about eight o'clock, the lion arrived at the ford, and, without perceiving Gérard, passed within six paces of him.

The hunter aims with his usual coolness, and fires when the lion is at the muzzle of his rifle. The lion has neither strength nor time to turn. Struck unawares, he rolls into the ford, uttering dreadful roars. Gérard advances, and sees him mouthing the mud in the bed of the river. Already unaccustomed to retrieve a want of success, Gérard thinks that he has mortally wounded the lion, and returns to the douar, indicating to the people of the place where, on the next day, they will find the carcass.

At daybreak, he returned to the ford of Kunega; but the lion had disappeared. Yet, in five or six spots, the ground, bloody and torn, bore witness to the agony of the beast.

On that day, it was impossible for Gérard to regain trace of him. The whole evening and night were spent in plan-



ning a battue for the next day. At the time appointed, the Arabs repaired in crowds to the forest, and explored it in every direction, but without success.

Unfortunately, Gérard's leave of absence was to expire on the morrow, and he must abandon the hunt. This was the first lion that had escaped him.

About three o'clock, he left the Arabs, and returned to the douar, where he made his preparations for departure. All at once, five or six reports of fire-arms broke upon his ear, and announced to him that all hope was not to be relinquished. Already on horseback to depart, he galloped in the direction of the firing, and rejoined the Arabs, who, the moment they perceived him in the distance, shouted, "The black lion, black as night, son of a boar and a lioness, bigger than the Bey's horse. There he is, in front of us, in the thicket! None but a lion more terrible than himself can dislodge him!"

By the trembling of his horse, Gérard perceives that the Arabs are right. He dismounts, and advances alone toward the stronghold into which, from a distance, the Arabs had seen the animal enter; and he endeavors to discover it by separating the branches with the barrel of his rifle. But nothing budes in the thicket. Then Gérard shouts to the Arabs to bring dogs, to regain the beast's track, which he believes lost. But, with their burnouses, the Arabs signal to him that the lion has not left his stronghold. The reader remembers the superstition which deters them from pronouncing the words, *Ra-hena—he is there*.

Meanwhile, two Arabs, bolder than the rest, detach themselves from the troop, and advance toward Gérard. One, armed with a yataghan only, halts at sixty paces from Gérard; the other, armed with a gun, halts at about twenty paces from him. The latter, while making a sign to Gérard to hold himself in readiness, picks up a stone and throws it

into the midst of the thicket. Immediately the branches are heard to crackle, the cactus is seen to open, and, as if breaking through a wall, the lion comes bounding forth, recognizes Gérard as his old adversary, and rushes at him. Scarcely has Gérard time to put his rifle to his shoulder. He fires, and the lion pauses as if struck by lightning, falls, and raises himself; but a second shot strikes him, and he rolls helplessly to the bottom of a ravine. The Arabs run up, but, before they reach the place, the lion is in his death-agony, gasping with his jaws streaming with blood.

On this occasion, they did not postpone until the next day the task of removing the lion. A few shots terminated his misery, he was placed on a litter, and borne to the douar.

When the lion appeared, the Arab armed with the yataghan had turned his back, and confided his safety to his legs. At first, the one armed with the gun had done likewise, but, after a few steps, he had returned conscience-stricken.

The carcass of the lion was placed in front of the Sheik's tent, under which all the Arabs of the douar were assembled. Each, in turn, apostrophized it; one asking an account of his ox, another of his horse, this one of his sheep, that one of his camel. Then one of the ancients of the tribe arose, requested silence, and said:

"My children: In very truth the lion of Kunega lies before you; he whose roar in the mountains we have nightly heard; he who lately, before daylight, put our whole douar in commotion; he who destroyed our neighbor's flocks; he who, at Sidi Denden, carried off a mare and many oxen; he, in fine, who feasted on human blood, by devouring, in open day, a Christian travelling on the highway, and a Mussulman near the banks of a stream.

"You see, my children, that the lion of Kunega is in-

deed dead; but the real lion still lives, to bring low all those that he may encounter.

"Honor to the brave Gérard, the lion-killer! May his memory ever be dear to us, and may he depart loaded with our gratitude!"

The lion of Kunega had been known for over sixty years.

#### THE FOURTH LION.

The following July, Gérard lay in wait for a lion at the ford of Boulerbegh. His waiting was in vain until eleven o'clock at night, but at that time, instead of one lion, three lions appeared. The first which perceived the hunter halted, but, at that very moment, Gérard broke his shoulder with a rifle-shot. The lion roaring, rolled into the oued Cherf, and his two terrified companions fled.

Gérard, who knew not what had become of the wounded lion, darted in pursuit; but on reaching the edge of the stream, he found himself face to face with the lion, which had scrambled up the steep bank, and was returning toward the hunter. A second shot precipitated the lion into the bed of the river, but without killing him. Despite the second wound, Gérard's terrible adversary again rose, and it was not until he had received the fourth ball, that he fell to rise no more.

#### THE FIFTH LION.

Gérard, in August of the same year, traversed the district of Bereban. About eight o'clock in the evening, he heard a lioness roar two hundred paces from him. This time he did not take even the trouble to lie in ambush and await the animal's approach, he walked straight up to her, broke her skull with a ball, and killed her on the spot.

## THE SIXTH LION.

Would not the reader like to hear Gérard speak for himself? Read the following letter in which he recounts to Colonel Boyer one of those terrible conflicts with which he had become familiar.

*January 8th, 1846.*

“COLONEL:

“I arrived here yesterday from Mahouna, where I have been since the 16th of December; and I make a point of submitting to you the details of my encounter with the lioness of Ouled Hamza.

“For several days, the lioness had molested the flocks belonging to the douar, where I was staying, but at first I was not able to come across her. After having carefully followed her tracks during the whole of the 5th, I caused a goat to be fastened on her usual path. Scarcely ten minutes had elapsed after I had taken my stand, when the lioness showed her head near the edge of the woods, about fifteen paces from the goat, and after having cast a cautious glance around her, she started on a run toward her prey. She was about six feet from the goat, when my ball, striking her in the head, knocked her down. Seeing her attempt to rise as she was rolling over, I gave her a second ball, and she fell again.

“The Arabs tending flocks about a hundred-paces from the spot, witnessed the scene, and ran up shouting with joy. But whilst, without reloading my rifle, I was approaching the lioness,—which uttered a muffled roar and stiffened her limbs like a dying animal,—we, when within two paces, saw her, to our great amazement, rise and fall, rise again, and with a tolerably swift pace regain the woods. I reloaded my rifle, and we started in pursuit.

“From the spot where she fell, on which she had left

more than a quart of blood, we followed her until nightfall, without once losing her track. Wherever she fell, there was a pool of blood. From time to time, we could see her hiding with difficulty before our advance; trailing herself from bush to bush: but never close enough for us to give her the death-blow. Snow and night compelled us to return.

"We fully promised ourselves to return to the forest the next day, but ever since snow has continued to fall; and besides, I have been attacked with a fever, which compelled me to return to Guelma, after having received the congratulations and thanks of the Arabs for having delivered them from a lioness which was in the habit every year of wintering in their district. They promised me, that if the weather grew better, they would go for the lioness, and bring her to me; but the snow-storm continues, and it is not easy to say when they will be able to put their project into execution.

"I have the honor to be yours, &c.,

"JULES GÉRARD."

#### THE SEVENTH LION.

During March, 1840, a lioness whelped in the woods called El Ghela ta Debba, situated on Mt. Meziour, in the district of Ouled Hall Hall. The Chief of that tribe, named Zidem, appealed to Sidi ben Embarack, Chief of the tribe of Beñi Fournal, his neighbor; and at sunrise, on the appointed day, thirty men from each of these tribes assembled on the summit of Mt. Méziour.

These sixty Arabs, after completely surrounding the thicket which served as a stronghold for the lioness,—which thicket did not cover thirty square metres,—gave several huzzas; and not seeing the lioness appear, searched the place, and discovered two whelps about a month old. They retired in haste and without order,

imagining that they had nothing to fear from the dan; when the sheik, Sidi ben Embarack, who was in the rear, perceived the lioness emerging from the woods, and directing her course toward him. He at once called to his aid his nephew, Messaoud ben Hadji, and his friend Ali ben Braham, who hastened to him. But the lioness, instead of attacking the Sheik, who was on horseback, fell upon his nephew, who was afoot. The latter awaited her onset with steadiness, and did not pull trigger until she was at the muzzle of his piece. The priming flashed in the pan.

Messaoud drops his gun, and extends his left arm. The lioness seizes and crushes his arm in her jaws. Meanwhile, Messaoud draws a pistol from his sash and discharges it at the breast of the lioness. The pistol was loaded with two balls. At this shot the lioness relinquishes her hold, leaves Messaoud, and rushes upon Ali ben Braham, who discharges his piece into her open jaws almost at the muzzle. Ali ben Braham attempts to fly, and puts his horse to a gallop; but the lioness darts upon him, seizes him by the shoulders, crunches his right hand with her teeth, lays him bare with a stroke of her claws, and expires upon his body.

Twenty-four hours after the encounter, Messaoud died. Ali ben Braham is still alive, but crippled.

On the 24th of February, 1846, the same sheik, Sidi ben Embarack, went to Guelma to find Gérard, and said to him: "A lioness, with her young is in Jebel Meziour, ravaging our flocks. The kaïd, Zidem, has gone to the place with his goum, but not one of the kaïd's horsemen has dared to approach the woods. I come to get you."

Gérard at once set out with him, and the next day proceeded toward Meziour. He was accompanied by Ombak ben Attman, a brother of the Sheik, and by a spahi.

Reaching the summit of the mountain, Gérard saw the lioness hunting about two hundred paces off. He was desirous of going immediately in pursuit of her, but Omback said to him: "The wood where the little ones are is in front of us: we ought to go there. After you have secured the whelps, it will be easy for you, God willing, to kill the dam."

Gérard was of the same opinion as his companion. He directed his steps toward the wood, and, after having searched it in every direction, found, at the foot of an ivy-clad oak, and in the midst of a broad glade, a pretty little lioness about a month old. After having had it carried to the Sheik's dwelling, Gérard, for the purpose of taking some food and waiting for sunset, went to the douar of Mohammed ben Ahmed, situated a quarter of a league from the wood. At sunset he returned to the oak. Omback had chosen to accompany him and take a position near him.

About eight o'clock in the evening, the two hunters heard the cry of a young lion. Gérard went to get it, and brought it to the foot of the tree, hoping that its cries would attract the dam, but he waited all night in vain. The next day, the mountain was searched, but the lioness was not to be found. She had disappeared. It has since been learned that she directed her course toward Jebel Ledora.

The little lioness was slightly ill, but finally got well. As for the young lion, he is in perfect health, and they call him Hubert, in memory of the patron saint of huntsmen.

#### THE EIGHTH LION.

On the 25th of August, 1846, Gérard was notified by an Arab, named Lakdar ben Hadji, of the district of Boulerbegh, that a lion, during his stay of about a year in the neighborhood, had devoured thirty cattle, forty-five

sheep, and two mares. Gérard immediately repaired to Mahouna. For three nights he sought the lion in vain. On the morning of the fourth day, Lakdar came to announce to him that a black bull was missing from the herd, and that, during the night, it had doubtless fallen a prey to the lion. Gérard then set off in search of the bull. After an hour's search, the animal was found dead, and scarcely touched. A tree grew at the distance of six paces from the dead bull. Against it Gérard leaned, and awaited the lion's return.

About eight o'clock in the evening, the lion appeared, and advanced straight for Gérard. At ten paces from the hunter, he paused for a second. Gérard profited by this opportunity and fired. The ball put out the lion's right eye, and penetrated his brain. On receiving this terrible wound, the lion reared, pawing the air, and roaring with rage and pain. Gérard took advantage of the target offered by his enemy, and sent a ball into his breast. The lion fell, rose, and advanced toward Gérard, who met him half-way, and plunged into him a poniard. But on its way to the heart, the blade encountered the bone of the lion's fore-shoulder, and snapped. Gérard leaped backward, recovered ground, reloaded his gun, and despatched the dying lion by putting two more balls into him.

#### THE NINTH LION.

Gérard was engaged in hunting this lion when we arrived at Bona.

This lion, or rather this lioness, had two male whelps of a year old, which circumstance rendered her all the more terrible to the inhabitants of Archioua, because she had to seek food for three mouths eternally famished.

Gérard lay in wait for her near a horse which she had killed the previous evening, and dragged to the bottom of



a ravine. At nine o'clock, he saw her advancing, followed by her two whelps, which were already as large as Newfoundland dogs. One of the whelps was beginning to make a meal on the horse, when the lioness, perceiving Gérard, darted upon it, and chased it away. When it was in safety, she advanced, gliding from bush to bush, like a serpent.

A thicket separated her from Gérard. She crawled through it, and in an instant Gérard perceived, through the leaves, the animal's head at eight paces off. A ball in the middle of her forehead killed her outright.

This was the point in his exploits which Gérard had reached when we arrived at Bona. Since then, I have seen him in Paris, and it is from his own mouth that I have the details which I place before the eyes of my readers.

The fate of Gérard is now fatally indicated. From all parts of Africa people come to seek him. He is not able, and he desires not to recoil. He will leave on the shores of Africa the reputation of the Nemean Hercules, and the song of the Arab will one day say of him, as it does of Hassan :

"A lion roars, Gérard goes to meet him. A report is heard, a roar, then a cry, then—nothing. Gérard was dead."\*

The proprietors of the JOURNAL DES CHASSEURS have presented Gérard with a magnificent hunting-knife, executed by Devisme, artist-gunsmith.

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\* It seems to be well established that, about two years ago, while engaged in exploring Central Africa, Gérard met his fate, but not that predicted, having been murdered by some of the savage inhabitants of the country.—*Trans.*

## THE SHEIK, BOU AKAS BEN ACHOUR.

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THERE dwells in Ferdj' Ouah a sheik named Bou Akas ben Achour. It is one of the most ancient names in the country, so we find it in the history of the dynasties of the Arabs and Berbers of Ibn Khaldoun.

Bou Akas, or The Man of the Club, who is called also Bou d'Jenoui, or The Man of the Knife, is an extraordinary type of the Arab of the East. His ancestors conquered Ferdj' Ouah, the Beautiful Land, which he, having succeeded to their possessions, united, and he reigns over that delightful region.

The sheik, El Islam Mohammed ben Fagoune, who had been invested with authority by Marshal Valée, induced Bou Akas to recognize the sovereignty of France. In consequence, Bou Akas indicated his adherence by sending a horse from Gada, but he persistently declined to go to Constantina. In response to all solicitations, he has always pleaded the obstacle of an oath. The true cause is that he fears lest he may be detained as a prisoner.

Bou Akas pays a tribute of eighty thousand francs. Every year, after the harvest, on the same day, at the same hour, at the same gate, one may see enter camels laden with the sum, which has never lacked a farthing.

He is forty-nine years of age. He dresses like the Kabyles; that is, in a gandoura of wool girt with a leathern belt, and fastened around the head with a slender cord. He

carries a pair of pistols in his shoulder-belt, at his left side the Kabyle flissa, and, hanging from his neck, a little black knife. Before him walks a negro, carrying his gun, and at his side bounds a large greyhound.

When a tribe in the vicinity of the twelve tribes over which he rules occasions him any loss, he deigns not to march against it, but is satisfied with sending his negro to the principal village, where the negro shows the gun of Bou Akas, and the injury is repaired.

There are in his pay two or three tolbas who read the Koran to the people. Every person passing by his dwelling on a pilgrimage to Mecca, receives three francs, and at his expense, remains in Ferdj' Ouah as long as he pleases. But should Bou Akas learn that he has had to do with a false pilgrim, he sends emissaries to overtake the man wherever he may be, and they, on the spot, turn him over on his face, and give him twenty blows of the bastinado on the soles of his feet.

Bou Akas sometimes dines three hundred persons, but instead of partaking of the repast, he walks around among his guests with a stick in his hand, marshalling his domestics; then, if there is anything left, he eats, but the very last.

His sway extends from Milah to Raboua, and from a point south of Babour to two leagues from Gigelli.

When the Governor of Constantina, the only man whose supremacy he acknowledges, sends him a traveller,—according to whether the traveller is a man of note, or the recommendation is pressing, Bou Akas presents him with his gun, his dog, or his knife. If he presents his gun, the traveller shoulders it; if his dog, the traveller holds it in leash; if his knife, the traveller suspends it from his neck. With one or another of these talismans, each of which bears with it the degree of honor to be rendered, the traveller

passes through the twelve tribes, without incurring the slightest danger. Everywhere, he is fed and lodged for nothing, for he is the guest of Bou Akas. When he leaves Ferdj' Ouah, it is sufficient for him to deliver the knife, the dog, or the gun, to the first Arab that he meets. The Arab, if hunting, stops; if tilling the ground, quits his plough; if in the bosom of his family, departs; and taking the knife, the dog, or the gun, returns it to Bou Akas.

In fact, the little black-handled knife is very well known; so well known, that it has given its name to Bou Akas—Bou d'Jenoui, or The Man of the Knife. It is with this knife that Bou Akas cuts off people's heads when, for the sake of prompt justice, he thinks fit to decapitate with his own hand.

When Bou Akas succeeded to his possessions, there were a great number of thieves in the country. He found means to exterminate them. He dressed himself like a simple merchant, then dropped a douro, taking care not to lose sight of it. A lost douro does not remain long on the ground. If he who picked it up, pocketed it, Bou Akas made a sign to his chiaous, disguised like himself, to arrest the culprit. The chiaous, knowing the Sheik's intention in regard to the culprit, beheaded him without more ado. The effect of this rigor is such, that it is a saying among the Arabs, that a child of twelve years of age wearing a golden crown could pass through the tribes of Bou Akas without a finger's being raised to rob it.

One day, Bou Akas heard mentioned that the cadì of one of his twelve tribes rendered judgments worthy of King Solomon. Like another Haroun al Raschid, he wished to decide for himself the truth of the stories which were told him. Consequently, he set out in the guise of an ordinary horseman, without the arms which usually distinguished him, without any emblem of rank, without followers, and

mounted on a blood-horse, about which nothing betrayed that it belonged to so great a Chief.

It so chanced that, on the day of his arrival at the thrice-happy city where the cadi sat in judgment, there was a Fair, and, in consequence of that, the Court was in session. It so chanced also,—Mahomet in all things watches over his servants,—that at the gate of the city, Bou Akas met a cripple, who, hanging upon his burnoose, as the poor man hung upon the cloak of St. Martin, asked him for alms. Bou Akas gave the alms, as behooves an honest Mussulman to do, but the cripple continued to cling to his burnoose.

“What do you want?” asked Bou Akas; “you have solicited alms, and I have bestowed them on you.”

“Yes,” replied the cripple; “but the Law does not say only, ‘Thou shalt bestow alms on thy brother,’ but, in addition, ‘Thou shalt do for thy brother all in thy power.’”

“Well! what can I do for you?” inquired Bou Akas.

“You can save me, poor wretch that I am, from being crushed under the feet of the men, the mules, and the camels, which will not fail to happen if I risk myself in the city.”

“And how can I prevent that?” said the Sheik.

“By taking me up behind you, and carrying me to the market-place, where I have business.”

“Be it so,” said Bou Akas, and lifting up the cripple, he helped him to mount behind. The operation was accompanied with some difficulty, but it was at last accomplished. The two men on the single horse traversed the city, not without exciting general curiosity. They arrived at the market-place.

“Is it here that you wished to go?” inquired Bou Akas of the cripple.

“Yes.”

"Then dismount," said the Sheik.

"Dismount yourself."

"To help you down, very well!"

"No, to let me have the horse."

"Why? wherefore should I let you have the horse?" said the astonished Sheik.

"Because the horse is mine."

"Ah, indeed! we shall soon see about that!"

"Listen, and consider," said the cripple.

"I am listening, and I will consider afterward."

"We are in the city of the just Cadi."

"I know it," assented the Sheik.

"You intend to prosecute me before him?"

"It is extremely probable."

"Now, do you think that, when he sees us two,—you with your sturdy legs, which God has destined for walking and fatigue, me, with my broken legs,—think you, I say, that he will not decide that the horse belongs to the one of the two travellers who has the greater need of it?"

"If he say so," replied Bou Akas, "he will no longer be the just Cadi, for his decision will be wrong."

"They call him the just Cadi," rejoined the cripple, laughing, "but they do not call him the infallible Cadi."

"Upon my word!" said Bou Akas to himself, "here is a fine chance for me to judge the Judge. Come on, let us go before the Cadi."

Bou Akas made his way through the throng, leading his horse, on whose croup the cripple clung like an ape; and presented himself before the tribunal where the Judge, according to the custom in the East, publicly dispensed justice.

Two cases were before the Court, and of course took precedence. Bou Akas obtained a place among the audience, and listened. The first case was a suit between a taleb and a peasant, that is to say, a savant and a laborer.

The point in question was in reference to the savant's wife, with whom the peasant had eloped, and whom he maintained to be his, in opposition to the savant, who claimed her. The woman would not acknowledge either of the men to be her husband, or rather, she acknowledged both ; which circumstance rendered the affair embarrassing to the last degree. The Judge heard both parties, reflected an instant, and said :

"Leave the woman with me, and return to-morrow."

The savant and the laborer each bowed and withdrew.

The second case now came on. This was a suit between a butcher and an oil-merchant. The oil-merchant was covered with oil, and the butcher was all besmeared with blood. The following was the butcher's story :

"I went to buy oil at this man's house. In paying for the oil, with which he had filled my bottle, I took from my purse a handful of money. This money tempted him. He seized me by the wrist. I cried thief, but he would not let go of me, and we came together before you—I clasping my money in my hand, he grasping my wrist. Now I swear by Mahomet, that this man is a liar when he says that I stole his money, for in truth the money is mine."

The following was the oil-merchant's story :

"This man came to buy a bottle of oil at my house. When the bottle was full, he said to me, 'Have you change for a gold piece?' I then felt in my pocket, and drew out my hand full of money, and put the money down on the sill of my shop. He snatched it up, and was about to go with both it and my oil, when I caught him by the wrist, and cried thief. In spite of my cries, he would not return my money, and I have brought him here, that you may decide between us. Now, I swear by Mahomet, that this man is a liar when he says that I stole his money, for in truth the money is mine."

The Judge made each of the men, complainants and defendants, repeat his charge. Neither varied. Then the Judge pondered a moment and said :

“Leave the money with me and return to-morrow.”

The butcher deposited in a fold of the Judge’s robe the money of which he had never relinquished his hold ; whereupon the two men bowed, and each went his way.

It was now the turn of Bou Akas and the cripple.

“My lord Cadi,” said Bou Akas, “I have just come from a distant city, with the intention of buying goods at this mart. At the gate of the city, I met this cripple, who at first asked me for alms, and finally begged me to allow him to mount behind me; telling me that, if he risked himself in the streets, he, poor wretch, feared lest he should be crushed under the feet of the men, the mules, and the camels. Thereupon, I gave him alms, and mounted him behind me. Having arrived at the market-place, he would not alight, saying that the horse which I rode belonged to him; and when I threatened him with the law, ‘Bah!’ he replied, ‘the Cadi is too sensible a man not to know that the horse is the property of that one of us who cannot travel without a horse!’ This is the affair, in all sincerity, my lord Cadi, I swear it by Mahomet.”

“My lord Cadi,” responded the cripple, “I was going on business to the market of the city, and mounted on this horse, which is mine, when I saw, seated by the wayside, this man, who seemed about to expire. I approached him, and inquired whether he had met with any accident. ‘No accident has befallen me,’ he replied, ‘but I am overcome with fatigue, and if you are charitable, you will convey me to the city, where I have business. After reaching the market-place, I will dismount, praying Mahomet to bestow upon him who aided me all that he could desire.’ I did as this man requested, but my astonishment was great, when,



having arrived at the market-place, he bade me dismount, telling me that the horse was his. At this strange threat, I brought him before you, that you might judge between us. This is the matter, in all sincerity, I swear it by Mahomet."

The Cadi made each repeat his deposition, then having reflected an instant, he said :

"Leave the horse with me, and return to-morrow."

The horse was delivered to the Cadi, and Bou Akas and the cripple retired, bowing.

The next day, not only the parties immediately interested, but also a great number of the curious, were present in Court. The importance and the difficulty of the cases had brought together a large audience. The Cadi followed the order of precedence observed on the first day. The taleb and the peasant were summoned.

"Here," said the Cadi to the taleb, "here is your wife; take her away, she is really yours." Then turning toward his chiaouses, and pointing out the peasant, he said :

"Give that man fifty strokes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet."

The taleb led away his wife, and the chiaouses gave the peasant fifty strokes of the bastinado on his feet.

The second case was then called up. The oil-merchant and the butcher approached.

"Here," said the Cadi to the butcher, "here is your money; you did really take it out of your pocket, and it never belonged to that man." Then turning toward his chiaouses, and pointing out the oil-merchant, he said : "Give that man fifty strokes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet."

The butcher carried away his money, and the chiaouses administered the bastinado to the soles of the oil-merchant's feet.

The third case was now called up. Bou Akas and the cripple approached.

"Ah! it is you," observed the Cadi.

"Yes, my lord Judge," replied Bou Akas and the cripple with one accord.

"Could you recognize your horse among twenty horses?" inquired the Judge of Bou Akas.

"Certainly," replied Bou Akas.

"And you?"

"Certainly," replied the cripple.

"Then come with me," said the Judge to Bou Akas, and they went out together.

Bou Akas recognized his horse among twenty horses.

"Very well!" said the Judge. "Go and wait in Court, and send me your opponent."

Bou Akas returned to the Court, and having executed the commission with which he had been entrusted, awaited the Cadi's return.

The cripple repaired to the stable as quickly as his bad legs would allow him to go. As his eyes were good, he went straight up to the horse, and pointed it out.

"Very well!" said the Judge. "Rejoin me in Court."

The Cadi resumed his seat on his mat, and every one waited impatiently for the cripple, who, on account of his infirmity, had not yet returned. In the course of five minutes, he arrived out of breath.

"The horse is yours," said the Cadi to Bou Akas. "Go take it from the stable." Then addressing his chiaouses, and pointing out the cripple, he said: "Give that man fifty strokes of the bastinado on the back."

The culprit's state induced the Cadi, as he was a just man, to change the place of application of the punishment.

Bou Akas went to get his horse, and the chiaouses gave the cripple fifty strokes of the bastinado on his back.

On returning home, the Cadi found Bou Akas waiting for him.

"Are you dissatisfied?" inquired the Judge.

"No, the very reverse," answered the Sheik; "but I wished to see you, to ask by what inspiration you render justice, for I doubt not that your two other decisions were as correct as the one in my case. I am not a merchant; I am Bou Akas, Sheik of Ferdj' Ouah, who, having heard of you, desired to know you personally."

The Cadi wished to kiss the hand of Bou Akas, but the latter restrained him, saying, "Hold—I am eager to learn how you knew that the woman was the savant's wife; that the money really belonged to the butcher; and that the horse was really mine."

"It is very simple, my lord," said the Judge. "You observed that I kept for one night the woman, the money, and the horse."

"Yes, I observed that," replied Bou Akas.

"Very well! At midnight I had the woman awakened and brought to me, and I said to her, 'Replenish my inkstand.' Then she, like a woman who had performed the same office a hundred times in her life, took my ink-glass, washed it, replaced it in the standish, and poured fresh ink into it. I said to myself immediately, 'If you were the wife of the peasant, you would not know how to clean an inkstand, therefore you are the wife of the taleb.'"

"Be it so," said Bou Akas, inclining his head, in token of assent. "So much for the woman, but what about the money?"

"The money; that is another thing," replied the Judge. "Did you notice that the merchant was covered with oil, and that his hands were particularly greasy?"

"Yes, certainly."

"Very well! I took the money and placed it in a vase

full of water. This morning I looked at the water. Not a particle of oil had risen to the surface. I therefore said to myself, 'This money is the butcher's, not the oil-merchant's. If it had been the oil-merchant's, it would have been greasy, and the oil would have risen to the surface of the water.'"

Bou Akas again inclined his head. "Good," said he; "so much for the money, but what about my horse?"

"Ah! that is another thing, and until this morning, I was very much puzzled."

"Then the cripple was not able to recognize the horse?" suggested Bou Akas.

"Oh yes indeed, he recognized it, and just as boldly and as positively as you did."

"Well?"

"By conducting each of you in turn to the stable, I did not wish to ascertain which one would recognize the horse, but which one the horse would recognize. Now, when you approached the horse, it neighed; when the cripple approached the horse, it kicked. Then I said to myself, 'The horse belongs to him who has the good legs, and not to the cripple, and I delivered it to you.'"

Bou Akas pondered for a moment, and then said: "The Lord is with you, it is you who should be in my place, and I in yours. I am sure, at least, that you are worthy to be Sheik, but I am not so sure that I am fit to be Cadi."

## THE CAMP OF DJEMILAH.

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**I**N April, 1838, an expedition against Rusceiada, successfully, and above all, ably conducted by General Négrier, proved that, from that point, near which the port of Stora is situated, convoys could by a march of two or three days keep up communication with Constantina.

In September, Marshal Vallée went in person to Constantina, and took command of an expeditionary column, which was to renew the reconnoissance from Rusceiada to Stora. Marshal Vallée laid the first stone of Philippeville, and embarked for Algiers; forming at the same time the project of closing the year by a reconnoissance of a route between Constantina and Algiers, in order to render feasible the ultimate subjugation of all that part of Kabylia comprised between the route and the sea-shore. On his departure, Marshal Vallée left instructions with General Galbois. He himself was going to organize an expeditionary column which was to start from Algiers at the same time that General Galbois set out from Constantina. The two columns were to join forces at Setif. On the 4th of December, St. Barbe's Day, the two columns marched, one toward Algiers, the other toward Constantina.\*

Several days had elapsed since the beginning of the season of pouring rains, and scarcely were the columns on the march, when the infantry, already bivouacking at the

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\* St. Barbe is the patroness of cannoneers.—*Trans.*

Camp of Arba, a hard day's march from Algiers, received a countermand, and halted.

The weather at Constantina was as bad as that at Algiers; but as the movement of troops could not be countermanded there with the same facility as in the west, they continued to advance. Consequently, on the 4th of December, the 3d light-infantry Battalion d'Afrique pitched its tents at Mahallah. But from that day until the 8th, the officer in command of the detachment,—assailed by rain and storm, without intelligence from the General-in-Chief, in want of provisions and fuel, and having already lost two men who died of congestion of the lungs, caused by the searching damp cold, and apprehensive of still greater disasters resulting from the inaction to which he was condemned in the midst of the muddy pond of his bivouac,—summoned a council of war, which unanimously decided to strike tents and fall back upon Milah.

After a march of three hours, Captain Chadeysson, of the 3d Battalion d'Afrique, encamped his troops near the 19th Light-Infantry, from which he obtained some supplies of provisions. They were then in a place called Aïn Smora. The weather improved, and they managed to send forty of the sick to Milah.

On the morning of the 11th of December, the whole expeditionary column had assembled at the bivouac of Aïn Smora. The General-in-Chief immediately set it in motion, and, on the evening of the 12th, he arrived at Djemilah, marching at the head of the cavalry. The infantry, brought to a halt by the darkness and by the difficulties of the ground, bivouacked some leagues short of Djemilah. Twenty musket-shots fired at our bivouac-fires announced that we had ceased to be in a friendly country.

On the 13th, at eight o'clock in the morning, the whole division had assembled on the plateau, amidst the ruins of

Djemilah. In the afternoon, the General passed all the troops in review, and, grouped on the neighboring mountains, as on the steps of an amphitheatre, the Kabyles witnessed the spectacle.

By evening, the musketry recommenced; but this time the firing was much sharper than on the preceding night.

On the 14th, before the departure of the expeditionary column for Setif, it was decided that three hundred men of the Battalion d'Afrique, a detachment of infantry, and a party of Engineers, should occupy the position of Djemilah. The strongest point on the plateau was chosen, and the main column took up the line of march; leaving the garrison little confident in the protection afforded by the surrounding ruins, and, least of all, in the friendliness of the neighboring tribes.

Let me here say a word in regard to Djemilah, the position which it occupies, the ruins which the Romans—who sowed the world with ruins—left there. •

Djemilah is situated about thirty leagues to the westward of Constantina, ten leagues from Setif, and twenty leagues from the sea-coast. Its site is rugged and wild. If one may judge from the fragments of architecture scattered over its soil, a tolerably handsome city must once have existed there. It was extremely irregular, and was built on a very rugged plateau. On the south the city was commanded by a high mountain skirted by this plateau; which on the north slopes toward the valley of the oued Cherf and terminates there, two deep and precipitous ravines being its eastern and western boundaries. Through these ravines flow two streams, which lose themselves in the oued Djemilah.

The plateau is irrigated by a canal, the waters of which are furnished by a stream in a ravine situated at half a league to the westward. The canal passed about fifty

metres from the place where our troops encamped, and furnished power to some mills which were situated at the northwest extremity of the plateau.

Not far from this place, stood a handsome douar; but on approach of our troops the inhabitants fired it, and when the troops arrived, it was completely destroyed. This fire not only deprived the troops of a valuable acquisition, but also afforded them a sure indication of the temper of the population.

Between the douar and the French camp, was an interval of about five hundred metres in area, entirely covered with ruins, in the midst of which majestically rose a triumphal arch dedicated to Marcus Aurelius Severus Antoninus. This arch is in a state of good preservation, elegant in form, and especially remarkable for a remnant of sculpture of great purity in design.

At some distance from the triumphal arch, and amidst fruit-trees, at that season leafless, rose three beautiful walls of freestone, which must once have formed a portion of a temple. Two storks had chosen the spot for their dwelling-place.

On the eastern slope of the plateau, and but a short distance from the camp, could be distinguished the remains of a handsome theatre, with semi-circular seats rising one above another.

Unfortunately, the picturesqueness of the scene could not redeem the insecurity of the situation. The consequence was, that scarcely were they left by themselves, than officers and soldiers vied with each other in throwing up a wall of stones, to shelter themselves, lying down or seated, against the enemy's bullets. Before sunset they were secure from a *coup de main*.

The sun set, and darkness like a pall settled rapidly around them. Then, the Kabyles, excited by the cries of their women, spread themselves over the plateau, where, in



superior numbers, they impetuously assaulted our outposts. These were too feeble to repulse them, and were compelled to fall back upon the entrenched camp. In this manœuvre, more than one soldier, pursued and seized by the straps of his knapsack, owed his safety to the promptness with which he left it in the hands of his pursuer.

On the 15th, all the approaches to the camp assumed the appearance of a market. The Arabs, under pretext of selling our soldiers tobacco, figs, and dried nuts, examined our defences. When night came, the market was transformed into a block-house, and the dealers into enemies.

Our soldiers laid an ambuscade; but a poor fellow who could not help coughing discovered the snare to the enemy. The men lying in ambush were fifty in number, commanded by Lieutenant Trichardou. A roofless amphitheatre, with seats formed of beautiful blocks of freestone, served as their place of concealment.

Warned by the cough, the Kabyles, yelling savagely, fled through the ruins of Djemilah. Our soldiers hotly pursued them, and they did not even attempt to defend themselves. Two Kabyles were killed: not one of our men was wounded. During the rest of the night, the Kabyles returned to the attack, gliding among the stones with a step as stealthy as the jackal's, and, when discovered, uttering yells as piercing as those of that animal.

The musketry, on the side of the Kabyles, was well sustained, and, on the side of the French, feebly, for they were husbanding their powder. The little redoubt, with the hostile surge which dashed against its walls, resembled everywhere a vessel attacked by boarders. The obstinacy of the conflict was such that, for half an hour, it was hand to hand, and while the troops charged the Kabyles with the bayonet, the latter replied with pistol-shots and stones. The

Kabyles had no need of going far to get stones. They snatched them from the entrenchments, and hurled them amongst our soldiers.

The approach of day put an end to this combat,—one of the hottest that had yet been fought,—and the Kabyles retired yelling horribly, sending our men, by way of farewell, some random shots, and leaving them five or six wounded.

On the 16th, were repeated the market of the preceding day and the same inoffensiveness. The two dead Kabyles were exposed in the most conspicuous place; but the object which had been contemplated was not attained. If these Kabyles, when living, had had either relations or friends among the dealers in tobacco, figs, and nuts, the latter did not seem to recognize them when dead.

Night brought on a renewal of the combat, but at long range. The former struggle had rendered the assailants cautious.

On the 17th, the market opened just as it had opened on the two preceding days. During the evening, the column from Setif returned to Djemilah with twenty wounded men. On its march, it had destroyed everything—men and villages.

Half an hour after the arrival of this column, appeared three hundred men who had been left at Mahallah. They brought a convoy of wine, which they had been ordered to wait for and escort.

In spite of the junction of all our forces, the Kabyles did not desist from burning powder during a portion of the night. Happily, no one was wounded.

Notwithstanding the distance to Constantina, and the unfavorable season just commencing, it formed a part of the General's plan to hold the position of Djemilah. The light-infantry Battalion d' Afrique, a detachment of artil-

lery, and a party of Engineers—in the aggregate six hundred and seventy men—were detailed for this purpose. This garrison was limited to thirty rounds of ammunition per man. Fifteen more apiece were granted, but Captain Chadeysson, anticipating what would happen, and in order to ensure a careful expenditure of his limited resources, kept secret the existence of the reserve ammunition.

The main column marched, leaving the six hundred and seventy men in the midst of this ancient cemetery of a city, and, in the direction which it pursued, one could for a long time hear the gradually decreasing sound of musketry. The Kabyles were escorting the departing troops, and promising at the same time to their comrades who remained, a succession of combats of which they had already received a specimen.

The ambulance train of the army took away the men who had been wounded on the three preceding nights, and left two of theirs who were mortally wounded.

The rest of the 18th was spent in constructing defences connected with the first ones, for the protection of the three hundred men of the Battalion d' Afrique which had arrived from Mahallah. All the garrison took part in these labors: there was no time to lose.

On the 19th, the Kabyles who, the previous day, had contented themselves with reconnoitring us from the mountains, descended in crowds, and, about ten o'clock in the morning, commenced a discharge of musketry which, until sunset on the 22d, never intermitted. In less than half an hour, the whole plateau of Djemilah was overrun, and a formal Arab siege began. The women not occupied in cooking constituted themselves spectators, and animated the combatants by loud cries. It was easy to see from the excited gestures with which they urged on those whom our

musketry had driven from our works, that in the event of the camp's being stormed, we should not find in them our least vindictive enemies.

But to these numerous attacks, more noisy than serious, our well-commanded troops opposed a silence and discipline in which each individual knew that the general safety lay. In obedience to their officers, who scanned the least movements of the enemy, the soldiers rarely fired, except when the enemy risked himself within effective range. During the day, the musketry-fire of the assailants slackened, but did not cease.

With the troops was an Arab Chief, who had undertaken to maintain pleasant relations between them and those inhabitants of the country who transformed themselves from traders by day to warriors by night. This man had had no intention of betraying us: he was mistaken, that was all. The only point upon which he was not mistaken, was in the obstinacy with which the Kabyles would prosecute hostilities if once commenced. At his solicitation a messenger was despatched to Constantina.

On the 20th, the first streak of dawn revealed to our soldiers that the enemy's forces had doubled since the preceding day. The whole population within twenty leagues had learned the news, and had rushed to arms. The surrounding mountains seemed but the seats of a vast amphitheatre, crowded either with enemies who came to attack, or with spectators who came to witness the extermination of the French. At a certain moment, this multitude, sweeping down from the mountains to the plateau, came rushing upon our parapet; which the shock alone would assuredly have overthrown, if, at the distance of twenty paces, a well-directed fire had not stretched a score of them on the ground. The fall of these, and the gleam of our bayonets flashing in a sunbeam, decided the Arabs to re-

treat on the run; causing more than one bosom to draw a longer breath than it had enjoyed for some seconds.

Meanwhile, this constant flight of our enemies, who in reality had only once met our men hand to hand, inspired our men with great confidence.

The 20th, it must be observed, opened propitiously, and all hope was not lost, if the messenger reached Constantina. Still, great anxiety saddened the little garrison: they began to be in want of water. Fifty metres from the walls ran a stream, tolerably broad, but so shallow that they could not dip up water. It was therefore necessary, in order to fill the cans, each of which contained nine litres, to make use of little platters, and this method rendered the task of procuring water long and difficult. Besides, at every sortie attempted, it was necessary to engage in a hand-to-hand fight, to leave the wounded on the field, and, worst of all, to use a great many cartridges. Now, as I have said, the troops were in almost as great want of powder as of water.

He to whom I am indebted for these details was the surgeon of the regiment, Doctor Philippe.

In this strait, where the alternative presented was of going without water, or of getting a single glass apiece at so great a sacrifice, the Captain summoned Doctor Philippe and questioned him as to how many days a man could dispense with water. Doctor Philippe replied that, if it were possible to give an allowance of brandy every day, a man could live eight days without drinking aught else than a few drops of it. Such was the confidence of the soldiers in their superior officers, that these words had a magical effect, and on the promise of three *petits verres*\* per day,

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\* The petit verre is an extremely small glass used for brandy and liqueur.—*Trans.*

every man made up his mind to forego water, and stand firmly at his post.

The enemy visibly increased in numbers. A close estimate might have put them at from two thousand five hundred to three thousand. In proportion to their increase, the musketry-fire became heavier and heavier, and rattled day and night. Matters grew more and more serious, so, during the night of the 20th, a second messenger was despatched to Constantina.

During the 20th, were commenced entrenchments, for the purpose of ensuring the communications between different parts of the camp. While digging in the trenches, a magnificent mosaic was found about three feet below the surface of the ground.

On the 21st, several Chiefs on horseback attempted to lead a column against the troops; but it is a difficult matter to induce Arabs to assault in broad daylight. Blows with yataghans and with sticks were not equal to the task of compelling our working-parties to give way, and the camp enjoyed the spectacle of some acts of individual bravery. Five or six men who seemed to be Chiefs advanced to within sixty or eighty paces of the trenches, vociferating unintelligible words, which were probably gross insults or irritating threats. They served as targets for our best marksmen, who brought them all to the ground. When one fell, twenty rushed forward to carry him off the field, giving our soldiers the opportunity for a certain shot. More than a hundred Arabs were killed on this occasion.

On his side, despite our shelter, the enemy, thanks to his rolling fire, killed and wounded several of our men. Woe to the rash individual whose curiosity prompted him to stand upright in his tent, or behind the breastworks, which were only a metre in height!

Under such circumstances, and when he possesses the

confidence of the soldier, the relation of the physician to him partakes of the providential. So, in spite of their sufferings, the wounded supplicated Doctor Philippe not to expose his life, upon which the lives of so many depended. "Doctor," cried the men as they fell, "don't be uneasy! Wait until night before coming to us, we will bandage our wounds with our handkerchiefs. What would become of us if those rascals kill you, or wound you dangerously? We should all be lost!" Indeed, unless in the case of severe wounds which could not wait, Doctor Philippe followed their counsel.

I have mentioned that two soldiers, mortally wounded, had been left by the column which passed through Djemilah. One of them soon died. The other exhibited great fortitude in bearing pain, but not in bearing thirst. Of nine litres of water saved by the surgeon, only two remained. Ptisans and dressings had consumed seven. The enemy held on, the length of the siege was uncertain. So the poor dying man asked in vain for water,—sometimes with a yell of rage, sometimes in the accents of despair. As he was doomed, as he had to die, it would have been criminal to divert for his benefit a part of that water which might save the lives of others less severely wounded. The surgeon was therefore obliged, not only to cease noticing him, but even to abandon him; but he gave him the last lemon in camp, and the unhappy man died with his lips glued to the rind, from which he had sucked the last drop of juice.

The two remaining litres of water were destined to lead to many such scenes, alas! and, nevertheless, only three days had gone by since the troops were short of water.

To realize the exact situation of affairs,—in order to comprehend what followed,—one should have seen how imperious is the soldier's thirst, when his lips are parched

by tearing cartridges; especially, too, if he is wounded, and if he has lost blood. A wounded man dragged himself under the surgeon's tent, to have his wound dressed; but at sight of the bloody water in which Doctor Philippe dipped his sponge, he said, forgetting his wound, "Let me drink, Doctor, I beg of you."

"But," replied the Doctor, "if you drink this water, there will be none for dressing wounds."

"Let me drink, I beg of you, and do not dress my wound," rejoined the man.

"But the others?" suggested the Doctor.

"Well, let me suck the sponge; the others may suck it when their turn comes!"

This request was granted; and soon, as the soldiers knew that in going to have their wounds dressed, the Doctor would let them suck the sponge, they exposed themselves to fresh wounds, hoping by this means to assuage their thirst.

In the midst of these distressing scenes a curious incident displayed the great intelligence of the soldier. Captain Montauban had a dog called Phanor, which, like the men, suffering from thirst, concluded to leap the walls, and drink at the stream. In his first attempts, the musket-shots had terrified him; but his thirst becoming more powerful than his fear, he made up his mind, and amid a storm of bullets bounded to the stream. When there, he required neither can nor platter, but lapped up a copious draught, and joyously returned to camp. Impunity emboldened him, and on the following days, he went at pleasure to quench his thirst; sometimes twice, sometimes thrice a day, according to whether he felt more or less thirsty.

Two Zephyrs, who envied the good-fortune of Phanor, conceived an idea. It was to fasten a sponge to his muzzle. Phanor, in drinking, was obliged to dip his nose in the



water, which the sponge absorbed, and he returned to camp bringing about a glassful of water, with the aid of which the two Zephyrs bore more patiently than their comrades the distressing condition of affairs.

It was observed that, during the night, the heavy dew formed little drops on the musket-barrels. The soldiers, instead of covering, exposed them, and also the blades of their sabres, and by means of licking both, procured some relief.

One of the captains, Captain Maix by name, had pitched his tent opposite to that of Doctor Philippe. He acted as Assistant-Commissary. As his tent was fully exposed to the enemy's fire, the Doctor requested him to remove to his tent, which was better sheltered. It was a poor way to influence Captain Maix, so in order to induce him to retire, the Doctor proposed a game of piquet. A soldier of the company then volunteered to go and throw up an entrenchment before the Captain's tent, so that the Captain might sleep there without danger; but at the first stroke of the pickaxe, a bullet pierced the soldier's heart.

After this occurrence, the Captain was not permitted to return to his tent, and remained Doctor Philippe's guest until the end of the siege.

On the night of the 21st, a third messenger was despatched to Constantina, but, by morning, he returned to camp. He had not been able to pass the enemy's lines, and had been exposed to so many shots, that it was a marvel that he had not been killed. The return of this man cast great gloom over the camp; for his inability to pass the Arab lines suggested the fear that the two other messengers had fallen into the enemy's hands, and therefore had not been able to fulfil their orders.

The example of Doctor Philippe was of service. The men collected all the playing-cards in camp, with the view

not only of baffling their thirst, but of beguiling the death which stared them in the face.

In the night, a fourth messenger was despatched on horseback. The horse's hoofs were muffled in rags. At daybreak the man returned. He, like the third one, had found it impossible to pass the enemy's lines.

The day and night of the 22d were terrible. Already, for two or three days, when an ox or a sheep had been bled to death, the men had waited impatiently to squabble for the blood which flowed from the artery. During the last hours of the night of the 22d, some of them opened veins in their arms, to quench their thirst with their own blood. A sullen gloom therefore took possession of the besieged when, in the morning, they saw their fourth messenger return, thus removing their last hope of succor.

For an instant, there was an idea of striking tents, and charging with the bayonet through the swarm of Arabs; but to do that, it would have been necessary to leave the wounded to the mercy of the enemy, and this suggestion, although made by some, did not sound like a serious proposition. Nevertheless, they had reached that point where perception of the impossibility of doing anything more, mingles fatally with the situation. The surgeon had no more water to dress wounds, no more linen for bandages.

Suddenly, toward the northeast, on the mountain of Ouled Jacoub, appeared a great troop of horsemen, headed by a man wrapped in a white burnoose, who seemed to be their Chief. Our soldiers supposed that a reinforcement for the enemy was arriving, and, rejoiced at the prospect of ending their suspense by a decisive battle, prepared their arms. But, to their great astonishment, they perceived that at the sight of the Chief, poised like an equestrian statue on the highest peak of the mountain, the musketry-

fire ceased as if by enchantment. That was not enough, it seemed, for the Chief made a signal by unfolding his ample burnoose, and letting it flutter like a sail floating from a mast. Then the Kabyles, men, women, children, horsemen began a retreat; then, as if their movements were not quick enough, there were seen to leave the side of the cavalier thirty horsemen, who with heavy blows with the flat of their yataghans, and with cudgels, drove the Kabyles before them, as shepherds with their crooks might drive the smallest and most docile flock. When the place was cleared, this Chief putting his horse to a gallop, and, without escort, approaching the camp, pointed to the road to Constantina, and said to our soldiers: "Go, and if any one attempt to bar your passage, say that you are friends of Bou Akas."

It was indeed the Sheik of Ferdj' Ouah, who having learned of the danger which our soldiers ran from one of the twelve tribes acknowledging his sway, had passed through the eleven other tribes, and had come, with a single wave of his cloak, to drive away the swarm of Arabs, as the wind disperses the clouds in the heavens.

The Triumphal Arch, witness of this admirable defence, was that whose stones the Duke of Orléans desired to number, in order to reconstruct it in Paris, and make it one of the ornaments of the future Place du Carrousel.

## THE BENI ADESSE AND THE HACHACHIAS.

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AS in France, in the Middle Ages, and in Spain, even at the present day, Algeria has its gypsies. They are called the Beni Adesse, or freckled children. This tribe is generally despised by the other tribes, although it, as well as the rest, professes Islamism. Its members never cultivate the ground; they are gamblers and horse-jockeys. The women wear a peculiar costume, enjoy great liberty, give consultations, and tell fortunes with a cornucopia containing flour, which, by cutting off the little end of the cornucopia, they pour into the hand.

The Beni Adesse, like other gypsies, like the Jews, like all proscribed or nomad peoples, marry only among themselves. Two witnesses suffice to constitute the validity of a marriage, rarely is a Cadi called in to perform the marriage ceremony.

I remarked that they are horse-jockeys. The following is one of the tricks that they practise at the various markets which they frequent. They station themselves on a road by which peasants bring their wares to market, and keep a watch on those who are mounted on fine mules. The greater the beauty of the mule, the greater the chance that the peasant will be followed by another peasant mounted on a sorry, sickly mule. On the road, the two peasants talk with each other, and soon afterward become intimate friends. At this point of time, a Beni Adesse

approaches the ill-mounted peasant, stops him, walks around him, looking at his mule, critically examining it, going into raptures with its color, the stiffness of its ears, the clearness of its eyes, the delicacy of its head, and finally offering forty douros for it.

The peasant rejects the offer, although it is three times the worth of his beast. Then the well-mounted peasant joins in the conversation, and, for the price offered, proposes his own mule, which is worth double the amount of the other. But the Beni Adesse has his own notions; it is not that mule which he wants, but the other one. He is determined: so is the ill-mounted peasant. However, he makes an appointment to meet him at a well-known place. If the peasant should change his mind, he can bring the mule along with him: the forty douros shall be ready.

The conversation between the peasants continues. The well-mounted one inquires why his ill-mounted companion was unwilling to sell his mule at so excessive a price. The latter, with tears in his eyes, relates how his mule is an inheritance, or is the gift of a friend. In either case, the dying man, or the donor, had made him swear never to sell the mule, but at the worst to trade it. The well-mounted peasant swallows the bait. Since the other is allowed to exchange his mule, he offers his own as a substitute; and as he himself is not restrained by the same motives which influence the other, he will go and find the gypsy, and sell it to him. After much persuasion, the other consents, and the mules are exchanged. The peasant, with the mule so highly prized by the Beni Adesse, hastens to the place where the Beni Adesse should be waiting. But the Beni Adesse is at the other end of the village, where he awaits his accomplice, the swapper; and as the mule is good, he mounts behind and goes to a neighboring market to realize the money on his late speculation.

When, on the other hand, an Arab comes to the market, to sell his mule or his horse, it rarely happens that, at a quarter of a league from the village, he is not accosted by a Beni Adesse, who enters into conversation with him—all the while looking out of the corner of his eye at the animal of which its master wishes to dispose. In five minutes' time, he knows everything about it. If it is not sound, then begins a speculation known by the expressive name of *chantage*. In proportion to the unsoundness of the animal, it takes one, two, or three douros to buy the silence of the Beni Adesse. Thenceforward, from critic, he becomes admirer. He follows the mule or horse, extolling its good points and admirable qualities; and as the Beni Adesse is recognized as a knowing-one in horse-flesh, the dupe that is sought is soon found.

One day, a peasant was going toward the market at Setif. He was going there, either to sell, or to trade his horse. The horse was an old one, with a ragged white coat, and with so many blemishes and defects, that the usual lying-in-wait Beni Adesse did not even take the trouble to reckon them. Besides, the peasant artlessly remarked that, if some one would give him three or four douros for his beast, he would willingly part with it.

"But, when you no longer have your horse," replied the Beni Adesse, "what will you do, as it is necessary for you to have one?"

The peasant slapped his belt. "Oh," said he, "I have here thirty or forty douros, which, added to two or three others that I shall have from the sale of my beast, will buy me a good animal."

Upon this, the Beni Adesse proposes that, without going further, he will take the horse, and as its owner wants only two or three douros, he will pay two out of hand, and besides, will stand his friend in the purchase of another horse.

The bargain is struck; the two douros are paid; the peasant dismounts from his horse; the Beni Adesse mounts it; and chatting they pursue their way.

Scarcely is the Beni Adesse in the saddle, when the horse limps. The peasant thanks his stars that he got rid of the animal at the very moment when a lameness which still further diminished its value was about to reveal itself. But the Beni Adesse is an honest fellow, and, although this is a case where he might declare the transaction void, yet he sticks to the bargain.

On entering Setif, the Beni Adesse meets a friend, whom he requests to take his horse to the stable. As for himself, he is bound in honor not to leave his new friend, but to help him choose a five-year-old horse without blemish. Consequently, the companions set about finding this eighth wonder of the world. Two or three times the peasant is on the point of making a choice, but at a word from his guide, he discovers a great defect, and continues his search. At last, they reach a place in the market where a chestnut horse is behaving restively in its hobbles.

"I think this will suit me," says the peasant. The Beni Adesse shows some signs of disapproval—the owner of the horse is a sharp fellow. The Beni Adesse therefore carefully examines the horse. The result of his examination shows that the horse is beyond the age, but that it cannot be more than eight or nine years old. Putting that aside, it has no blemish, and the peasant will be safe in buying it. The price asked is twenty-five douros. The Beni Adesse exclaims against it. It is too dear, they will go elsewhere, they can do better. If it were twenty douros now, he could not say but that he might close with the offer. Twice the horse-dealer lets the buyers walk away, but the third time, he recalls them: it is a bargain at twenty douros cash.

The peasant bestrides his new purchase. The horse is

so skittish that he can hardly keep his seat. The peasant bends his course toward his douar, while all along the road the horse neighs, paws, throws up his head, rears, and in fine, gives evidence of the greatest strength and mettle. On reaching the village, it is then no longer evidence of strength and mettle that the animal gives, but of intelligence. Without being guided by the peasant, it takes the road to his house; without being shown the stable, it enters of its own accord. The peasant congratulates himself more and more on his acquisition.

While the rider unsaddles the horse, his son, who saw him go by at full trot on a new horse, runs up, and congratulates him on his purchase; which is the more fortunate, because on the next day he has a long journey to make.

To-morrow comes: the weather is bad, it is going to storm. But what of that? with an easy rein, and so fast a horse, one can soon reach his destination. The peasant starts, but, from the moment of his departure, he can make nothing of his nag. Its neck is curveless, its eye dull, and its head heavy. Switch and spur are of no avail, the horse can scarcely trot; and if by dint of blows, it still moves, it may be said less to trot than to lumber along with its whole body.

To complete his misfortune, rain falls,—as the horseman had foreseen,—as rain falls in Africa, in torrents. The rain produces a very singular effect. Just as in mountainous regions, what is rain in the valleys becomes snow on the peaks, so the rain, in wetting the tips of the horse's ears, and the ridge of its neck, silvers them both. It seems to the peasant that his horse is undergoing a physical as well as a moral transformation. He dismounts, walks around his horse, plucks a handful of grass, and rubs down the animal. Like the dress of Monsieur Planard's shepherdess, the coat



of the quadruped becomes entirely white, and the stupefied peasant recognizes his own beast.

They had put ginger under its tail, rubbed its hamstrings with turpentine, and soaked its barley in a bottle of wine. Besides, they had put on it a coat of paint, and converted it from a white horse into a chestnut one. But the barley had digested, the turpentine had evaporated, the ginger had fallen out on the road, the rain had washed off the chestnut, which, unfortunately, was not a fast color. The peasant then understood the intelligence of his horse, which, unaided, found the stable.

Besides the Beni Adesse, there exists, I will not say a tribe, but a fraternity, a community, of Free-Masons. It is that of the Hachachias, or smokers of hashish.

The Hachachia is under obligation to smoke hashish all day, live a life of celibacy, and make a vow of poverty. Armed with an iron-shod staff, the only weapon which he is allowed to carry, and accompanied by dogs, which he must regard as his equals, he is obliged to pass the night in hunting the hedge-hog.

Hashish, which is merely pulverized hemp-seed, is smoked in earthen pipes of the size of a thimble. Two or three pipefuls suffice to plunge the Hachachia into ecstasy, that is to say a delight unknown to other mortals.

The Hachachia eats but little, often not at all. When he eats, his great delight is to dine with his companions on the hedge-hog killed by him. One of his triumphs is to return to his village, after having killed the animal. In this case he is bound—for among the Hachachias there is a rule for everything—to lead his dogs by an iron chain held in the left hand, to hold his staff in the right hand, and to carry the hedge-hog in a linen bag on his back, in such a manner that the quills of the animal shall pierce the stuff. When pursued by the dogs, the hedge-hog flies to its

burrow, and the Hachachias then unearth it with their staffs. When the burrow is open the dogs draw out the animal.

The Hachachias, whenever they are not asleep nor in ecstasy, are engaged in fêtes. He who works at any trade whatever is obliged to bring the product of his labor to the community. He must, although going bare-legged and barefooted, although wearing wretched clothes, devote all his means to ornamenting the collars of his dogs.

It is a remarkably peaceable body of men, entirely devoted to hashish and hunting. They have a king who rules over them for one year. He is always the one who during the preceding year killed the greatest number of hedgehogs.

Tchackar, one of the Beys of Constantina, the predecessor of Achmet, put the Hachachias under a ban, and had them hung from the muzzles of the cannon protruding their barrels from the city walls. They were led to execution with the cords of their hashish-pouches and pipes passing crosswise over their breasts.

At Constantina, by the way, executions held high-court. The Turks, in consideration of their nobility, were bow-stringed in the Casbah, the Arabs were beheaded in the market-places, the Jews were almost always burned. During our sojourn in Constantina, we were quite intimate with General Bedeau's chiaous, who had been the chiaous of General Négrier, and also of Achmet Bey. Under General Bedeau, he enjoyed a sinecure. General Négrier gave him something to do more than once; but under Achmet Bey, the poor man had had hard work. In a single night, he had been obliged to cut off eighty-three heads. With all his skill and desire to perform his duty, he could not finish the task before daylight. At six o'clock

in the morning, he left the Casbah, and, like Augustus, paused to watch some children playing top. That shows the goodness of heart possessed by the chiaous Ibrahim, the headsman.

## THE ZEPHYRS.

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AT two o'clock one day we arrived at El Arouch. My astonishment was great, when I saw approaching a deputation composed of a dozen non-commissioned officers and soldiers belonging to the 3d Battalion d'Afrique. The fact of my passing through town had got bruited abroad, and they came to beg me to be present at a special theatrical performance. As it was known that I wished to reach Philippeville that very evening, the performance would take place by daylight.

It was some time before I understood the precise nature of the honor rendered, and that of the performance which I was requested to witness. It was as a dramatic author that I was received. The performance at which they begged me to be present was to be composed of two plays, "La Fille de Dominique," and "Farinelli." The actors were soldiers and non-commissioned officers of the 3d Battalion d'Afrique, otherwise called Zephyrs.

Let me here describe this essentially French creation, known in Africa, and even in France, by the name of Zephyrs.

In 1831, the Government ordered the Battalions d'Afrique to be organized from all the men under arrest for misdemeanors not involving military degradation. These battalions were always to be stationed at the outposts.

The 1st Battalion took the name of Jackal; the 2d, that of Zephyr; the 3d, that of Goldfinch. Of these three

names, only one became popular. This was the name of Zephyr.

The Jackal Battalion constructed the entrenched camp at Tixerain, two leagues from Algiers. That place was then our extreme outpost. The Zephyr Battalion constructed the camp at Birkadem. The Goldfinch Battalion constructed the camp at Douaira. The three battalions might perhaps have amounted to an effective force of six thousand men.

It was at this time that their eccentricity revealed itself. Always employed at the outposts, as was their destination, and attached to all hazardous expeditions, the Zephyrs had a thousand opportunities of distinguishing themselves; and it is but just to say, that they allowed none to escape. They first signalized themselves at Makta, in 1835; then at the pass of Mouzaïa, in 1836; then at the first siege of Constantina, where they made a night assault on the Bridge Gate and River Gate. They signalized themselves at the second siege, where Captain Guinard and fifty men were blown up. One hundred volunteers, all Zephyrs, had taken part in the assault. Captain Cahoreau was killed. A Zephyr named Adam was the first man to penetrate to the principal street of the city, and he received decoration as a reward for his daring.

They were Zephyrs who held the Camp of Djemilah, the marvellous defence of which I have related. They were Zephyrs who held Mazagran—one hundred and twenty-five men against six thousand.

This last feat is so incredible that the English dispute it. "It is very simple," said Captain LeLièvre; "if they doubt the fact, it is only necessary to let us begin again."

In 1836, came an order allowing every Zephyr who should signalize himself, or avoid punishment for a certain term, to quit the disciplinary companies, and enter a regi-

ment of the Army of Africa. But one thing had not been foreseen. This was that in his affections the Zephyr would substitute his adopted country for his native land. Africa is to the Zephyr the Promised Land. When he has once set foot in Algeria, the Zephyr cannot leave it. Returned to France, after the expiration of his term of enlistment, he relinquishes his liberty, in order to see again his well-beloved Africa, under whose sky his reputation has ripened. Returned to France with his regiment, the discipline there is irksome to him. He regrets the play, the road-building, the excitement under fire; he regrets even the chilly rain, and the broiling sun. Then he breaks the stock of his musket, sells a pair of shoes, or deserts. A disciplinary sentence returns him to the Zephyrian category. He is sent back to Africa, where he again finds the wandering and eccentric mode of life which renders him the gypsy of the Army.

In 1834, General Duvivier, at that time a lieutenant-colonel, got a pack of hounds, whose duty, by night, was to guard the block-houses, and by day, to aid in the reconnoissances made for the purpose of affording the herds the benefit of pasturage. Twenty of the dogs were appropriated to guarding the block-houses, and ten to reconnoissances. They were trained by a Zephyr, under whose guidance they went out, and who hallooed them in hunting the Arabs. He was called the Colonel of the Hounds.

This Colonel never lived long, as one can readily conceive. He was a target for shots, and yet, when one man was killed, ten presented themselves to supply his place. One night the Arabs laid an ambuscade near a cemetery. In the morning, in the course of the usual reconnoissance, the hounds came upon it. A bitch named Blanchette discovered it. She sprang at the throat of the Arab who was in advance. The Arab severed one of her paws with a

stroke of his yataghan, but Blanchette knew the anecdote about Cynægirus,\* and would not let go her hold for a trifle. The Arab, half-throttled, fell into the hands of the French. Blanchette underwent amputation, and she now lives in Bougiah as a government pensioner.

Bougiah is to the Zephyr almost a Holy City, as Mecca, Medina, Jiddah, and Aden are to the Mussulman. It was Bougiah which witnessed one of the most curious feats reserved for the biography destined to transmit to posterity the feats and tricks of the Zephyrs. This feat consisted in the sale of the very guard-house where a Zephyr was confined.

The guard-house was a charming new house, barred at the windows, and with a door which was at the same time beautified and strengthened with iron studs. It was a very pleasant abode, at a time when the Kabyles made incursions into the very town.

A colonist, just landed, approached this house, and examined it with a look so covetous as to leave no doubt of his wish to become its proprietor. Thereupon, a window opened, a Zephyr appeared, and, through the bars, the following colloquy ensued :

"This is a charming house, soldier," observed the colonist.

"Yes, not so bad," replied the Zephyr.

"To whom does it belong?"

"Parbleu ! To the man who lives in it, it strikes me."

"Is it yours?"

"It is."

"Do you own, or rent it?"

"I own it."

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\* An Athenian who, at Marathon, would not relinquish his hold of one of the enemy's vessels.—*Trans.*

"Plague on it! you are lucky; there are not many soldiers lodged like you."

"I had it built from a legacy which I chanced to receive. Labor, you know, is not high in Algeria."

"How much, then, did this little palace cost you?"

"Twelve thousand francs."

"Give me a short time, and I will manage to get you a profit of two thousand francs on it."

"Well, well! perhaps we can come to terms. The fact is that I have met with a misfortune which compels me to sell."

"A misfortune?"

"Yes, my banker has failed."

"Why, that's lucky—"

"What?"

"No, no! I mean to say that that is very unfortunate," said the colonist, retrieving his mistake.

"How much will you give in cash?" resumed the Zephyr.

"One thousand francs, and the balance—"

"Oh! the balance—that's all the same to me! I'll give you as much time as you want for the payment of the balance."

"Will you say five years?"

"First-rate! say five years, ten years. I'm in want of a thousand francs, that's all."

"Then it is a bargain: I have just a thousand francs with me."

"Wait for me at the wine-merchant's," said the soldier.

"Very well, I will meet you there."

"But, mind you," resumed the soldier, "on your way past the corner, just inquire for and send me the big light-complexioned man who is the locksmith of our regiment. I



must tell you that my comrades, by way of a joke, have locked me in, and taken away the key."

"I will send him," replied the colonist.

The colonist started on the run, to await the arrival of the proprietor of the house, at the wine-merchant's shop; not forgetting, of course, to send him the locksmith.

The locksmith went and the state of affairs was explained to him. The business in hand was the division of the thousand francs among the prisoner, the locksmith, and the sentinel. In five minutes the sentinel was won over, and the door was open. In half an hour the agreement was discussed, settled, signed, and the Zephyr pocketed his share of the thousand francs.

Two hours afterward, the colonist was engaged in moving into the guard-house. An officer, passing with a patrol, observed that people were unloading a whole set of furniture at the door. The door being open, he entered. The colonist was directing the nailing up of shelves. The officer glanced around with an air of stupefaction. At last he ejaculated,

"What the deuce are you doing here?"

"What am I doing?" replied the colonist; "pardieu! don't you see? I am moving in here."

"You are moving in—where now?"

"Into my house."

"What house?"

"Why, this one, to be sure."

"This house is yours, is it?"

"It is."

"How do you make that out?"

"Why, because I bought it."

"From whom?"

"From the owner."

"Where was he?"

"He occupied it."

The officer looked at the soldiers. They had for some time been glancing at each other, and had from the first understood the matter of which he had just obtained a glimmering.

"And what has become of the owner?" continued the officer.

"That does not concern me," said the colonist carelessly, resuming the arrangement of his shop.

"How does it not concern you? Was he not locked in?" demanded the officer.

"Oh, yes! Would you believe it, his comrades had played him a trick, by locking him in; but I sent him the locksmith of the regiment, a big light-complexioned fellow, and he met me at the wine-merchant's shop, where we executed the contract."

"Before a notary?" inquired the officer.

"No, by our signatures; but in the course of three months, I shall have the contract made valid."

"And the man received the money?"

"A thousand francs, cash."

The officer could not refrain from shouting with laughter. The colonist looked at him with astonishment, saying, "Do you doubt it?"

"Well, upon my word!"

"See, here is the paper," urged the colonist.

The officer read it, and found it to be an agreement, in due form; including a receipt for a thousand francs, and an acknowledgment of thirteen thousand francs as still due. The colonist had bought of a Zephyr, under arrest, the guard-house of his regiment.

The affair was brought before the court at Bougiah, which had not the heart to punish the author of this rare feat of legerdemain. The Zephyr was acquitted, and he





"Yes, but it's a rat with a trunk, nothing less."

Page 313.

returned to his quarters, under triumphal arches raised in his honor by his comrades.

The Zephyr knows all sciences by intuition. He is a naturalist, archæologist, and trainer of animals. He is the born purveyor of toads, lizards, snakes, chameleons, locusts, newts, fouette-queues, jerboas. Whoever comes to Africa to make collections of animals may apply to him. When nature is petty, he aids her; when species are deficient, he invents them. It was a Zephyr who invented the rat with a proboscis.

I am about to relate what is almost incredible, but what is, nevertheless, a well-known fact in Algeria.

At the time that the Scientific Commission explored the province of Bona, the 3d Battalion of Zephyrs composed the garrison of the town. One morning the Chief of the Commission saw a Zephyr approaching his house, and carrying a cage in which frisked a little animal that was the object of the most delicate attention from its owner. The curiosity of the savant was aroused by the loving way with which the Zephyr addressed the animal in the cage; so he called out, "What are you bringing me there, my friend?"

"Oh, Colonel,"—the Chief of the Scientific Commission was a colonel, a brilliant man whom we all know,—"a little beast not bigger than my fist, but you never saw anything like it."

"Hold, let me see it."

"Here it is, Colonel."

The Zephyr delivered to the officer the cage containing his treasure.

"What! why it is a rat that you have brought me!" exclaimed the Colonel.

"Yes, but it's a rat with a trunk, nothing less."

"How!—a rat with a trunk?"

"Look at it, examine it, take a magnifying glass, if you cannot see it with the naked eye."

The Colonel looked at it, examined it, took a magnifying glass, and recognized a rat of the ordinary species; but, as the Zephyr had said, this rat had a trunk, a trunk attached to its nose, and placed somewhat like the horn of the rhinoceros, a trunk gifted with the power of motion, and almost with intelligence. In other respects, the creature was identical with the ordinary rat. But the trunk with which this one was adorned, conferred on it a special, an ideal value.

"Humph, humph!" muttered the savant.

"Aha!" echoed the Zephyr.

"What do you charge for your rat?"

"Colonel, you know its value could not be estimated, but to you, it shall be one hundred francs."

The Colonel would have given a thousand to obtain this precious subject. He examined it afresh. It was a male. "Would it not be possible to get a female?" he asked.

"Plague on it!" exclaimed the Zephyr, "you are in conceit of the thing. I understand; you want to get the breed. Give me a hundred francs for the male, and I will try to get you a female."

"How soon?"

"Ah! bless me! it is a very sharp animal, very cunning. The disappearance of this one must have given the alarm to the whole tribe. I will not answer for getting you one before fifteen days, or three weeks."

"I give you a month," said the Colonel.

"Can I count on a hundred francs for a female?"

"Just as you get a hundred francs for the male."

"You shall have a female."

"Here are the hundred francs."

"Thank you, Colonel."

The Zephyr pocketed the hundred francs. Three weeks afterward, he brought a female rat with a trunk. "Here, Colonel," said he, "here is your beast. But I tell you she gave me trouble!"

The Colonel examined the beast. His satisfaction was at its height, he had a pair. He was for a while an object of envy to his companions, Monsieur Ravoisier could not sleep a wink, and Monsieur Delamalle fell sick. They asked all the Zephyrs whom they met to procure them rats with trunks. The Zephyrs exchanged glances and answered, "Don't know what you mean."

The rat with a trunk was at a premium. Upon its reappearance, the first one sold for two hundred francs. Then this very rare animal began to get common. Scarce a day passed that there was not for sale a rat with a trunk. The price fell to a hundred francs, to fifty, to twenty-five; the receipt for making rats with trunks was known.

With but little difference, it is the same receipt as that given in the "*Cuisinière Bourgeoise*" for making a dish of stewed hare. But whereas, in making a dish of stewed hare, only one hare is necessary, to make a rat with a trunk, it is necessary to have two rats. The tip of the tail of one of the rats is grafted on the nose of the other; the union of the parts is secured by a plaster; the animals are swathed in such a manner that the dressing cannot be disarranged; in fifteen days they are released, and the thing is done. Thenceforward, the tail continues to adhere to the nose of one of the rats, as a spur sticks in the head of a cock, and you have a rat with a trunk. But rats with trunks do not produce young—at least not with trunks. When one wants to have trunks, he must graft them.

So much for Natural History, let us turn to Archæology.

A Swiss banker, a great antiquary, arrived in Africa,

and commenced a search for Roman ruins. He had already made several important acquisitions, when a Zephyr brought him a stone which appeared to have served as the slab of a tomb. The stone was engraved, and the inscription, which was in a state of perfect preservation, seemed to denote, by the shape of its letters, that it dated from the Augustan Era. The following was the inscription :

C. ELL  
A. RI. U. S. P. O.  
LK. A. M.  
IN  
VEN. . . . T  
A. . . . V  
I  
T. E  
T. NON. D.  
EC.  
O. R. A.  
BI  
T  
UR.

The savant grew paler and paler for eight days, as he pored over the inscription, which he had procured for a mere song—eighty francs, I believe. The paler he became the less could he fathom its meaning. Finally he thought proper to consult Berbrugger, who examined the stone attentively, and shook his head. “From whom did you buy this antique?” he inquired of the Swiss.

“From a soldier.”

“From a Zephyr, was it not?”

“It seems to me that it was.”

“Very well ! would you like me to tell you the meaning of this inscription?”



"You will oblige me by doing so."

"It reads thus: *Cellarius inventavit polkam, et non decorabitur*; literally translated, Cellarius invented the polka, and he will not be decorated."

The banker, although a banker and a Swiss, was an intelligent man. He considered the modern inscription much more curious than if it had been ancient. He carried it to Zurich, where it occupies the most conspicuous place in his cabinet.

The Zephyr is not always a rogue, and sometimes gives buyers the worth of their money. In 1836, in the campaign of Mascara, a Parisian, as a looker-on, accompanied the column of troops. At one of the bivouacs, in the hope of surprising the enemy the men were forbidden to light a fire. The Parisian, exposed to the night air and the dew, and without other covering than his cloak, exclaimed: "I would gladly give twenty-five louis for a house!"

"How would you like it, Monsieur?" said a Zephyr, approaching him; "made of wood or of canvas."

"Of wood," replied the Parisian.

"And you will give twenty-five louis on delivery of the house?"

"I have them all ready."

"Very well," said the Zephyr.

In the course of an hour, two ammunition-wagons were demolished, and the house was made.

On the retreat from Constantina, two Zephyrs were squatting, Moorish fashion, on some corpses which they had placed side by side, when an officer reproached them for desecrating the bodies of their comrades. "Captain," replied a Zephyr, "it does not make them either cold or warm, but it keeps us from catching cold in the head."

Other Zephyrs, to avoid getting wet, lay down in the tombs of Koudiat Aty. Their feet sticking out, they were

supposed to be dead ; but now and then they entered protest against such a belief by crossing their legs. Others, again, tried to drag burnooses from under the dead. But sometimes the burnooses were tenanted by the living, whereupon the Zephyrs who had attempted the pilfering, apologized by saying that they were hunting for beetles, or by asking whether Gruyère cheese was sold there.

One of the bravest captains of the army, Captain Guitard, is a captain of Zephyrs. One day he heard that an Arab saint had on horseback ascended to the minaret of Biskra, and had succeeded, without accident, in accomplishing that almost impossible feat. He immediately ordered his horse saddled, and made the ascent. From that time forward, he was never called anything else but St. Guitard.

At the bivouac of Ras Oued Zenati, there was suddenly seen walking, not, as in Macbeth, a thicket of brushwood, but a thicket of thistles. The Colonel of the Hounds, having noticed that the bivouac was entirely destitute of fuel, had gone with his pack to procure some. On that day, only the Zephyrs were able to make soup.

A Zephyr once put a huge sponge into his canteen, and then started for a wine-merchant's shop, where he had the canteen filled from a cask. When the canteen was full, and the Zephyr seemed to be about to pay for the wine, he requested to taste it, and pretending not to like it, emptied it into the cask. But the sponge which remained in the canteen, retained a portion of the liquid. It was squeezed, and after two or three trials, yielded a bottle of wine costing only the trouble of squeezing it out of the sponge.

Under command of Captain Du Potet, one hundred Zephyrs built in eight days a thousand metres of road, at a cost of half a franc per metre. That amounted to a thousand francs in one week. Now, it so happening that the

money for this work fell due at the same time as the payment of fourteen hundred francs of arrears, the hundred men found themselves the possessors of two thousand four hundred francs to squander. The consequence was that they indulged in a splendid feast.

Six Zephyrs ate at the house of a German sutler. After having, without once rising from table, breakfasted, dined, and supped, a delicate stomach among them felt the need of something more. Unfortunately they had eaten everything, except a laying hen, which began to cackle just as they were deliberating as to their last course. Up jumped a Zephyr, at once, to run to the hen-house.

The German had had about enough of his guests; besides, he set some store by his hen. Consequently he sprang for his double-barrelled gun, and covered the Zephyr. But the latter, turning around, coolly said: "My friend, perhaps you will kill me, perhaps you will kill two of us; but the four others will kill you, and then eat the hen. You had better let us begin there."

Mine host thought the advice good. He replaced his gun on its rack, and the laying hen was eaten, skinny as it was.

In 1833, some time after the capture of Bougiah, when the civilian officers accompanying the troops still lacked the mere necessaries of life, they were obliged, among various other things, to have recourse to the military barbers to get shaved. Amongst the barbers, the one belonging to Captain Plombin's company was the most in vogue.

At the time, soap was so very scarce, that this barber, fearing to run short of the commodity, conceived the idea of placing three or four patients side by side in the principal street of Bougiah, and soaping their chins in turn. When the chins were soaped, he had two sous apiece counted out to him. This was the indispensable price.

After receiving the two sous, he handed the precious fragment of soap to an associate, who immediately disappeared.

It was all very well for him who sat at the head of the row, and whose chin remained moist until the end of the shaving, but however short the operation, the other chins were dry by the time that it had finished. The customers called for the associate-barber who had the soap, they shouted themselves hoarse, they swore, but the man with the soap could not be found. They must needs take a dry shave or go unshaved. Choosing the first alternative, they were skinned; the second, their shaving cost four sous instead of two.

In 1836, Monsieur ———, steward of the public domain, obtained a Zephyr as an orderly. The residence of the official was set off by a garden, and the garden itself was embellished with two enormous fig-trees. They would have been something worth having for one who liked figs, but Monsieur ——— preferred the Animal Kingdom to the Vegetable Kingdom. He was extremely desirous to stock these two trees with a certain number of chameleons.

Chameleons are not a rare thing in Africa. The usual price for them is one franc apiece. Monsieur ——— instructed his Zephyr to procure for him, at that price, as many of them as he could find. Chameleons were not wanting; every day the Zephyr brought three or four of them, and the three or four rogues were loosed, sometimes on one fig-tree, sometimes on the other.

But after the fifth or sixth day, the business had become easy to the Zephyr. In the night he leaped the garden-wall, gathered three or four chameleons from the fig-trees, and the next day carried them to his master, who without suspicion continued to pay the stipulated price.

Still, after a while, Monsieur ——— thought that his chameleons did not increase proportionally to the purchases

which he made. He expressed his surprise to the Zephyr, who calmly replied: "You know, Monsieur, that the chameleon takes the color of objects near which it is placed. Living always in these two fig-trees, your chameleons have become green, and you mistake them for leaves."

This reply set Monsieur ——— to thinking, and that same night he hid himself in the garden, saw the Zephyr spring over the wall, climb the fig-trees, and make his usual picking. The next day the Zephyr was turned out of doors, Monsieur ——— passed his chameleons in review, and recognized the fact that, although he had bought sixty, he had never possessed more than ten.

In 1839, a few days after the expedition to Djemilah, the Zephyrs were sent to construct an entrenched camp at a place called Tourmiettes, on the route to Constantina. The route was not safe; several assassinations had been committed through the canvas of tents. Besides, this was not the only objection to that sort of encampment. Canvas is not a very warm shelter during winter, and winter was coming on apace, and it promised to be severe. The Zephyrs therefore conceived the idea of constructing a subterranean camp. Seven or eight hundred of them dug an immense burrow, the outlet of which they closed with a grass which the natives call, *diné*. Then, as beer happened to be in general use among them, the thought occurred to them that the jugs might be made useful. The jugs were broken, the necks of some of them passed through the bottoms of others, and thus chimneys were contrived. When made fast with mortar, they fulfilled the purpose for which they were intended. The result was, that one ignorant of the existence of this subterranean camp would have sought in vain for the fifteen or eighteen hundred men earthed like foxes; whose presence was revealed only by the columns of smoke issuing from the ground.

In 1843, a column of troops composed of the 3d Battalion d'Afrique, the 61st Regiment of the Line, artillery, spahis, and Engineers, under command of Colonel Herbillon, was returning from an expedition to Hannenchas, on the frontier of Tunis. The column halted at Guelma.

During the halt, the commanding officer of that little post, a captain lately arrived in Africa with his wife, forbade the troops to enter his camp, unless they were accompanied by non-commissioned officers. Offenders were to be at once conducted to the guard-house.

In spite of the severity with which these orders were executed, numerous cases of disobedience occurred. One day two Zephyrs, entering the camp without permission, took a walk, after having been drinking so hard that they were obliged to lean on each other for support. On seeing them, the Captain flew into so great a rage that he himself rushed out to arrest them. But, observing the temper of her husband, and the condition of the two soldiers, the Captain's wife stopped him, begging him not to expose himself to injury.

The Zephyrs witnessed this amicable contest, and feeling sure that the pantomime concerned them, resolved to run. Unfortunately, on account of the condition of their legs, it was easier to resolve than to perform. One of them, nevertheless, took a start and gained ground; but the other, like the wounded one of the Curatii, could follow him at a distance only, so he soon heard the Captain's step close behind him. Resolved to face the danger, he turned, and awaited the attack, with the rocking gravity peculiar to drunken people.

"Why are you here?" shouted the Captain, "and by whose authority?"

"Captain," replied the Zephyr, at the same time taking off his cap, "I am here by order of the General."

"Of the General?"

"Yes, Captain—of the General."

"What General?"

"The General commanding the column."

"The General sent you here, you say?"

"It was the General who sent me here, I say."

"For what purpose?"

"Ah! you see, Commandant ——"

"I am not commandant, I am captain."

"Excuse me, Captain, I did not mean to insult you."

"Cut your story short—the General sent you here?"

"Yes, he sent me."

"For what purpose?"

"He knows that I am a savant—that I am familiar with the sciences of topography, geography, and hydrography. He sent me here to draw a plan of the camp and vicinity."

"Ah, indeed!" said the Captain, ironically.

"Yes, he sent me to do that," coolly replied the Zephyr.

"And your comrade?" resumed the Captain.

"My comrade?"

"Yes."

"Well, my comrade is with me."

"No, he is not, for he has run away."

"He has not run away."

"Bah!" exclaimed the Captain.

"No," said the imperturbable Zephyr, "I discovered that I had lost my compass, and I sent him to look in my bag, to see if it is there."

The Captain could not help laughing, and the soldier was spared a visit to the guard-house.

## THE ZEPHYR THEATRE.

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THE Zephyrs of El Arouch were under command of Captain Plombin, who had no guard-house, and who, moreover, did not need one, having punished only three men in the course of as many months, and these for only small breaches of discipline.

He was a brave officer, a great observer, and very clever. A year or two before we made his acquaintance he had had his arm shattered by a ball. The wound was serious, amputation seemed impending, when Doctor Baudin, one of our most distinguished military surgeons, set the arm with complete success. Since then, Captain Plombin's broken arm is shorter than the other, but he can use it perfectly well.

It was Captain Plombin who introduced me to the company of actors, which was composed of the following persons: Midroit—manager. Félix Fontaine—first lover. Auguste Bonneau—principal parts. Henry Hirselin—first comic actor. Auguste Carres—the old gentleman. Jules Gauthier—second lover. Joseph Trion—second comic actor. Jean Lecointre—first lady. Jules Perrine—"De-jazet style." Edmond Saintot—musician.

I was straightway conducted to the theatre. All the actors were under arms. The intention was to present me with selections from "La Fille de Dominique," and "Farinelli."

I have never seen anything more curious than these plays,



this theatre, these actors. Monsieur Auguste Bonneau, who acts the "Lafonts," was really a remarkable actor, who would not have been out of place in any theatre in Paris. Monsieur Henri Hirselin acted the part of a cobbler, with admirable comic effect. To conclude, Monsieur Jules Perrine sang his great song of "La Fille de Dominique" with remarkable taste and spirit. In all this, one could recognize those intelligent children of Paris, who, wherever they go, transport their native land.

That which was perhaps more curious than the actors, were their arrangements, their foyer and stock. All these, as the case might be, had been by them designed, built, cut out, sewed. To have made the female costumes would have defied our best mantua-makers.

At the time of our arrival, the annual receipts of the theatre amounted to thirty thousand francs. This prosperous condition of affairs was the result of an original investment of one hundred francs, derived from a stoppage on the soldiers' advance money, on account of two or three stray parcels of cartridges.

One should have seen with what skill laces were cut out, and dresses embroidered. The dresses were painted, and the laces were made of paper. At a distance, however, it was impossible to detect the imposition.

All the stock, which at present must be considerable, comes from the receipts. The actors, having their parts to learn, and their rehearsals to make, are exempt from duty when the battalion is full; but as, at the time when we visited El Arouch, three companies were absent, the actors mounted guard like ordinary mortals.

The company at El Arouch treasures the memory of Monsieur de Salvandy. When Monsieur de Salvandy was passing through the place, they had a special performance,

and the Minister of Public Instruction left, I believe, five hundred francs for the actors.

On that very evening the play was interrupted by an alarm. A sentinel fired at an Arab thief. In an instant all were on foot. The vicinity was explored, the dead body was picked up, and as it was perceived that the thief had been alone, the affair was over.

On another evening, there was a real attack. In the midst of the play, the long roll was sounded. They had been performing "*Capitaine Roquefnette*." Actors and spectators seized their muskets, and ran toward the firing. The "first lady" tucked her dress into the belt of her cartridge-box and performed prodigies.

This "first lady" was really worth seeing. When the play was over, I mounted the stage to pay my compliments to the actors. I talked to *him*, hat in hand, and offered him my arm to descend the stairs, or rather ladder of the foyer. The illusion was perfect, and I caught myself treating him as if he had been a woman.

In their usual attire, that is to say when the "first lady" and the "*Dejazet*" are dressed as Zephyrs, they wear their hair in bandeaux under their military caps. This gives them a little coquettish air which becomes them admirably.

At Setif, superior comedy is played,—I came through habit near saying, French Comedy,—and the actors of El Arouch, like people of real merit, frankly acknowledge the theatre at Setif to be better than their own. The "first ladies" of Setif are, or rather were in 1836, Marchand and Drouet. Drouet, a charming young fellow with a fair complexion, played the parts of heroines, and made a great hit in "*La Chanoinesse*." Marchand was a sergeant. These last-mentioned actors belonged to the 19th Light Infantry, in which were over eight hundred Parisians.

The company had also possessed a very remarkable

"Arnal." Unfortunately, this "Arnal," whose name was Rolla, and who was the clerk of the post, deserted to the enemy, on account of being overslaughed in a matter of employment.

In 1836, there was a theatre at Bougiah. The inhabitants had for a long while requested to have the performance of "*L'Auberge des Adrets*," and for a long while that particular play, impatiently waited for, had been promised to them, when one morning they saw the much-desired piece announced on the bills.

The delay in producing it had been occasioned purely by the difficulty of obtaining two gendarme uniforms. But, at last, on the previous evening, "the first comic actor" and the "first lady," as the most likely to bring the negotiation to a successful issue, had been despatched to the corporal of the gendarmery, and by dint of some high-flown speeches had procured the loan of two complete costumes. These costumes being in possession of the Zephyrs, and they, when they get hold, being very tenacious, nothing could longer postpone the performance of the play. The theatre was crammed, the corporal and seven or eight of his men for whom he had requested free tickets, were in the centre of the parquette, all was going on well, and Homeric laughter was dispelling spleen, even that of the gendarmes, when there came the scene of the arrest of Robert Macaire and Bertrand.

One can readily believe that, as the distinguished actors, Frédéric Lemaître and Serres, are accustomed to resist violently, the two worthy Zephyrs who took their parts, wished, not only to imitate, but, if possible, to outdo them. So they engaged in a desperate struggle, in which the corporal began to see that his clothes were in great danger. Instantly his cries of distress mingled with the laughter, the bravos, and the clapping of hands; but as if the cries

had endowed the two rascals with renewed strength, they redoubled thair efforts, and the tail of one of the gendarme uniforms remained in the hands of Robert Macaire. At this sight, the corporal no longer shouted, he howled, and as his howls, echoed by the six or eight gendarmes who surrounded their chief, were interfering with the play, they were all put out for making a disturbance.

When the corporal and his men had been expelled, the clothes, one can readily believe, were torn to tatters, and every one, spectators and actors, returned home with a scrap in his button-hole.

The Chief-Commissary, however, who had been present at the play, and had seen what happened, condemned the company to pay for the uniforms of the gendarmes. A plaintive poster consequently announced that the proceeds of the next performance would be devoted to the reimbursement of the gendarmes. The theatre was crammed.

About five o'clock in the afternoon, we took leave of our worthy Zephyrs, who came to escort us to the outskirts of the camp. I promised them that, when I saw Monsieur de Salvandy, I would remember them to him.

## THE CITY OF ALGIERS.

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ON arriving at Algiers we had an important question to settle regarding the *Véloce*.

Scarcely had we had time to breathe on the occasion of our first visit. Chance brought it about that Marshal Bugeaud, ignorant of the precise time of our arrival, had gone to make a tour in the interior, and was absent. To avoid losing time, I had assumed the responsibility of taking the *Véloce*, or rather of being taken by the *Véloce*, as far as Tunis. This determination, which all the remonstrances in the world would not have been able to make me relinquish, had caused great scandal in the Algerian Chief-Administration. But as I had declared that if they did not let me have my vessel, I would instantly return to France, they had, for fear that I would carry out my threat, come into my wishes.

It was all the easier for me to show my teeth at these gentlemen, the clerks, because, having been invited by his lordship the Duke of Montpensier to be present at his marriage, I had not in the slightest degree drawn upon the public funds in making the journey in Spain, which we had made at our own expense. The credit of ten thousand francs which Monsieur de Salvandy had opened for me was therefore intact. If I left the credit with the agent of the Department of Public Instruction, and returned to France, that would have been the end of the matter. I should not on that occasion have

seen Algeria at the expense of the Government, but at some other time I should have seen it at my own expense, as I had already seen Italy, Germany, Spain, and Sicily. Marshal Bugeaud therefore was to decide between me and I forget now what naval commissary, with whom I had had a crow to pick when I reached Algiers.

On setting foot on shore I inquired whether Marshal Bugeaud had returned. At the moment that I was seeking this information, he in passing was pointed out to me. It is somewhat my practice, in circumstances like those in which I found myself, to take, as they say, the bull by the horns; I therefore went straight up to the Marshal. I had seen him on a single occasion at the house of Monsieur d'Argout: about ten years had intervened. He had talked about Algeria, where he had served, but of which he was not then Governor. He had talked about it not only as a soldier, but as a philosopher and a poet. Scarcely, amid this conversation,—which had remained in my memory, but which I thought, must certainly have escaped his,—had I the opportunity to attract his attention by two or three questions which I addressed to him. But men of high station have a certain nook in their memories whence they can recall this sort of visions. On perceiving me the Marshal recognized me: "Ah! ah!" said he to me, "'tis you, Sir captor of vessels! Peste! you don't stand on ceremony about taking two hundred and twenty horses for your excursions!"

"Monsieur le Maréchal," I replied, "I have calculated with the Captain that, since I left Cadiz, I have cost the Government eleven thousand francs in coal and food. Walter Scott, in his voyage to Italy, cost the English Admiralty one hundred and thirty thousand francs. The French Government therefore still owes me one hundred and nineteen thousand francs."

"Then why did you not make the tour of the Mediterranean at once?"

"Because I had the folly to promise that my voyage should not last longer than seventeen days. It took nineteen days; but that was not my fault, because foul weather detained us for forty-eight hours in the port of Collo."

The Marshal saw that I had made up my mind to give him another Mazagran or another Djemilah. He extended his hand to me.

"Come, come!" said he; "peace! You took the *Véloce*, that was all right—let us say no more about it. Will you dine with me to-morrow?"

"Monsieur le Maréchal," replied I, "I have with me my son and four friends."

"Very well! Bring your son and your four friends, parbleu!"

"Thank you, Monsieur le Maréchal."

"Come early. I am to invest with authority a Sheik. He is a singular man, very powerful in his tribe, a real Arab, a pure-blooded Kabyle, who served as guide to his lordship the Duke of Orléans when he passed through the country of the Bibans."

"Oh yes! El Mokrani, is it not?"

"You know him?"

"By name."

"They think of us, then, on the other side of the Mediterranean?"

"You should say that they don't think of anything else. It is one of the privileges of Africa, you know, to make a noise in the world. '*Quid novi fert Africa*,' said the Romans of Scipio's time. Very well, we are the Romans, at least with reference to Africa."

"Do you not consider, too, that she is well worth thinking about?"

"Africa! why she is the Promised Land."

"She is the bestowed land," retorted the Marshal—"bestowed by Providence on France. Make her known to all those paltry lawyers who haggle about a hundred thousand francs for us, when we give them a world; tell them that it needs but scratching her twice a year to make her yield two harvests. They may believe me about it—me, who am a laborer, a peasant, a planter of potatoes. Have you seen Metidjah? have you seen Blidah?"

"I have seen nothing yet," I replied.

"Very well! go see them then, and tell the people over yonder, all those imbeciles that talk about Algeria without knowing anything about her, tell them that I have land for three millions of men; only mine is the only system—military colonists, military government, military courts. Ah! here is General de Bar, one of your friends. It was he who prevented me from sending after you with the Etna to get back my Véloce."

"Ah! that would have helped you very much! With the Véloce we would have captured the Etna, and that would have been one vessel more for us, and two vessels less for you."

"Come, come!" said the Marshal, "let us drop the subject, it appears that, on this point, I shall not get the advantage of you."

"A bargain, Monsieur le Maréchal," said I.

"Be it so," rejoined the Marshal; "I shall not refer to the subject again."

I thanked General de Bar for having taken my part so efficiently, and I then took leave of the two old soldiers, as I was in haste to rejoin my companions, whom I had left in Marine Square, and who were engaged in seeking lodging for themselves and for me.



They had stopped at a hotel, called the Hôtel de Paris, opened eight days previously.

I was engaged in dressing, when my door opened, and gave entrance to an officer in bourgeois costume, who planting himself before me, with his legs apart, and placing his hand on my shoulder, said: "Eh! parbleu! Here you are at last, my dear friend, I have been waiting for you these ten years. This morning the Véloce was signalled, and I said to myself, 'Good, I have got him at last.'"

I looked at this officer who had been waiting ten years for me, this friend who notified me that he was going to take possession of my person; and it was not only impossible for me to fix him, but even to recall where I had seen him.

"Good," said he; "I see that you do not remember me."

I stammered some commonplaces.

"You do not remember me, it is perfectly clear," he resumed. "It's not astonishing. Since I saw you, I have been made general, and I have married."

"In a word?"—

"Joussouf."

I gave a shout of joy. Dear Joussouf! I, too, for ten years had thought with joy of seeing him once more. I had seen him, and had not recognized him—not because he was a general, not because he was married, but because in lieu of the charming Franco-Arabic costume with which he had come to Paris, he wore a frightful bourgeois dress, which made him look almost as ugly as we did.

Recognition having taken place, I belonged to Joussouf for all day. A carriage was waiting for us at the door, we got into it, and the coachman drove off.

Joussouf was living at Mustapha Superior, in a little Arabic house, which his wife, a charming Parisian trans-

ported to Africa, had had the good taste to furnish in the Arab fashion. From the windows of the house the view extended over the whole gulf; on the left, over a portion of the city, and on the right, over the plain of Metidjah.

Joussouf, that man terrible in face of the enemy, that general, adventurous as a free-lance of the Middle Ages, that hunter, hunter of men and lions, that spring which flies and kills,—as Marshal Bugeaud described him in speaking of him to me,—is in private life one of the most sweet, the most refined, the most fascinating natures that I have ever known. I have never seen any person do the honors of his own house so well as Joussouf does. When one is ten minutes at his house, one is no longer at his house, he is at home, the host and the house belong to him.

We were to eat for dinner a gigantic couscousou, and, while waiting for dinner, to visit on horseback and by carriage the environs of Algiers. The four horses of the General were placed at the disposal of the gentlemen of the party. Giraud, Desbarolles, Alexandre, and Maquet, the centaurs of the party, took possession of them. Madame Joussouf did the honors of her caleche to her husband, Boulanger, and me.

Just as in all Arab cities, the most charming sights in the environs of Algiers are the coffee-houses and the fountains, situated always in the most picturesque and the best-sheltered places; the former, with their smokers reclining nonchalantly, served by waiters not less nonchalant than themselves; the latter, with their resting pilgrims, horses, asses, and camels. Coffee-houses and fountains were shaded by palms and sycamores, the most beautiful trees in creation, which so admirably set off an African landscape.

In two hours we returned. The dinner-table, laid in the middle of the court-yard, was covered with flowers, and ornamented in the centre with its gigantic couscousou.

The cook of Madame Joussouf had made of the Arabic couscousou what we have made of Italian macaroni, an article as superior to its original as the carriage of the sainted Charles the Tenth was to the ox chariot of King Pharamond.

For after dinner, Madame Joussouf reserved the dessert of the dessert. This was a walk in the gardens and a visit to her menagerie. It was from these gardens that had come all the flowers and fruits that appeared on table.

As for the menagerie, it was composed of an antelope, two gazelles, and two ostriches. The antelope with its horns rising in the form of a lyre, its wondering eyes, and its enormous head, appeared to me very grotesque. The gazelles, with their slender legs, their bright eyes, and their restless ears, sustained admirably the reputation which has been made for them by the Arabic poets. But the ostrich is decidedly the most fantastic animal ever described.

In the interest of the ostriches and their proverbial appetite, Madame Joussouf had requested us to provide ourselves with bread. Each of us had brought enough to satisfy the hunger of a man. With a gulp, the general supply was exhausted, without the strange animals' appearing to have lost in the least their gluttony. One of us wished to return to get some bread from the house, but Madame Joussouf stopped him, saying, "It is needless; this animal is very easy to keep. He eats a good deal, it is true, but he is not dainty—you shall see."

Thus speaking, she rolled up one of her gloves and presented it to the ostrich, which swallowed the glove just as it had swallowed the bread. We all felt in our pockets, and made an offering of our gloves. Each of the ostriches swallowed four pairs of gloves, and without the least effort, just as some drinkers toss off a *petit verre* of brandy. Only a lump about as large as the fist showed where the beak and neck

join, glided all along the neck, and disappeared in the stomach. The journey may have lasted about a minute. At intervals of five or six seconds, we offered four gloves to one of the ostriches. This interval was represented by a space of five or six inches between the lumps, which glided together down the neck with the regularity of cars running along a railroad.

A gold pin, two or three inches long, which Madame Joussouf had in her hair, and which one of the ostriches pecked out adroitly when its mistress least expected, passed down its throat almost as easily as the gloves. The only thing that seemed to give these frightful gluttons some difficulty in swallowing was the handkerchief of Alexandre, in which he had put a dozen knots, and had then presented an end of it to each of the guests. Each did its best, and the two beaks met. At this point, there was for an instant a contest which we thought about to end in a duel; but the male, with the usual gallantry of our sex, yielded, and the knotted handkerchief, like a snake full of knobs, went down the throat of the other ostrich to join the gloves and the gold hair-pin. .

During all these experiments, Desbarolles had kept a little apart. We questioned him in regard to his indifference to the study of the interesting animals which had just given us an audience. Desbarolles confessed that he was alarmed for his hat. His fear was so well grounded, that we would have pardoned it in Bayard, the knight without fear, so we pardoned Desbarolles.

We returned to the Hôtel de Paris, delighted with Madame Joussouf's ostriches, which formed the burden of our conversation during the evening and a portion of the night.

## CONTRAST BETWEEN THE ARAB AND THE FRENCHMAN.

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SINCE the period when it fell into the hands of the French, Algiers has greatly changed. Save the Mosque, which has held its ground, all the lower part of the city is French. The only remains of the old city are to be found in proportion as one ascends the rising ground.

As a matter of course, on the second evening of our sojourn in Algiers we made an excursion on the soil of the Prophet. It was on a beautiful night in December: even December nights are beautiful in Algiers. We had with us an Arab turned Frenchman, and a Frenchman turned Arab.

A prediction of a Mussulman saint who lived in the sixteenth century says: "The Franks, O Algiers! shall tread the pavements of thy streets, and thy sons' daughters shall open to them their doors." Never was prophecy more thoroughly fulfilled. How is it that the Moorish families, rich under Turkish dominion, have fallen into abject poverty under French dominion? No one but myself, perhaps, thought of asking this question. I asked it, and this is what was answered:

The conquest of the country deprived the Moorish families of nothing. Under Turkish rule the Moors were the proprietors of houses, and they received the rents; owners of cattle, and they sold the meat; owners of lands, and they sold the harvests. When the French arrived, the

Turks left the city, then the Koloughs, the children of Turks and Moors, then the Moors followed. On leaving the city, whence their own will drove them forth, they sold, not their lands and houses,—no one would have wished to buy them,—but their effects, their trinkets, and all at a third of the real value. The trinkets which they did not sell in Algiers, they carried away with them, melted, and sold wherever they lived.

But after two or three years of voluntary exile, the exiles began to perceive that their portable resources were exhausted. They made inquiries, and learned that no harm had befallen the people who had remained in Algiers, so they returned, and recovered their lands and houses. Confidence was in some degree established, but they still sold their property, and at low prices. In 1832, a house cost six hundred francs. He who had bought the house at six hundred francs, sold it for twelve hundred, then, with the twelve hundred, he bought one which he sold for twenty-four hundred. Thus immense fortunes were made between the years 1830 and 1835.

They who returned during this first period were those who had fled but a short distance; later came those who had fled to Tangier, Tetuan, Constantina, and Tunis. The former began gradually to sell a little dearer, then they took in the idea of renting, and they rented their houses. In consideration of the rent, the leases were renewable every three years. But the tenants, accustomed to the ways of Europe, took care to have it put in writing that the renewal was to be at their pleasure.

Finally returned the people who had fled to Smyrna, Cairo, and Constantinople. They did as the others did, rented their houses, sometimes even in perpetuity. For a bonus in cash the Turks made all sorts of concessions. This arose from their conviction that, at any moment, the

Prophet might restore them to favor, and drive the French out of Algeria. But the Prophet was not in a hurry, the bonus was soon spent, and it was impossible to wait for rent-day. They allowed a discount, gave three years for one year, six years for two, twelve for three—what odds did it make? must not the French some day quit Algeria? The French did not quit Algeria, and the people were ruined.

Hate exists between people and people. It is maintained by contrast. Between the Arab and us all is contrast. Would you like to see some of the differences? they are strange. Christ promises his disciples a spiritual Paradise. Mahomet promises his followers a sensual Paradise.

The Frenchman can marry but one woman. The Musulman can marry four women, and can have as many more in his harem as his fortune will allow him to take.

The French woman walks with uncovered face, and appears continually in the streets. The Arab woman is a prisoner in her own house, and if she goes out, can only go veiled.

The Arab, if there is trouble in his house, restores peace with the cudgel. The Frenchman who strikes a woman is dishonored.

The more wives an Arab has, the richer he is. One wife is often enough to ruin a Frenchman.

The Arab marries as early as he can, the Frenchman as late as possible.

The first question asked by a Frenchman on meeting a friend, is as to the health of his wife. To ask an Arab about his wife is one of the greatest insults that can be offered him.

We drink wine. Wine is forbidden to the Arabs.

We wear tight garments, they wear loose ones.

We say that the head should be kept cool, and the feet

warm. They say that the head should be kept warm, and the feet cool.

We salute by taking off the hat, they by pulling the turban down on the brow.

We are laughers. They are grave.

We fasten the door of the house. They raise the canvas of the tent.

We eat with a fork, they with their fingers.

We drink often while eating. They drink but once, and that, after eating.

Our fasts are light. Their fasts are severe. From the break of day,—from the time when one can distinguish a white thread from a black one,—until evening, the Arab can neither drink nor eat, smoke nor take snuff, nor kiss his wife.

We confine the insane. The Arab regards them as sacred.

We have, in general, more love than respect for our parents. The Arab can neither seat himself, nor smoke, nor without permission speak in the presence of his father, nor can a younger brother do so in the presence of his elder brother.

We love travelling for pleasure's sake, the Arab travels only on business.

We always know our age. The Arab is always ignorant of his.

It is a point of honor with us not to recoil a step in battle or in duel. The Arab flies without dishonor.

We eat the meat of animals that have been knocked on the head. The Arabs eat only the meat of animals that have been bled to death.

Historical painting is with us an art. The painting of the human form is with them a sin.

We worry ourselves about everything. The Arab does not worry himself about anything.



We believe in Providence. He is a fatalist. If some great misfortune happens, "*hakoun Erbi*," says he—the will of God.

An Arab once said to me: "Put a Frank and an Arab in the same pot, boil them for three days, and you will have two different soups."

One thing which will not tend to reconcile them to each other is our way of doing justice. For example, there are two adjoining properties. They have well-known dividing lines, known to every one. Very well! In virtue of this public knowledge, an Arab imagines that he has nothing to fear. Instead of building on his own land, a European builds on that of the Arab, his neighbor. The Arab, who has a good mind to take the law into his own hands, does not do so, because such a proceeding is expressly forbidden; he waits upon the Chief of the Arab Bureau of the city or the country, and states his case. The Chief of the Bureau, with his own eyes, satisfies himself of the goodness of the Arab's title; but as it is necessary to act discreetly in the matter, he writes to the Frenchman, that it is doubtless by mistake that he has built on ground not belonging to him. The intruder receives the letter, but as he is not obliged to be polite, he does not even take the trouble of replying.

The Arab, observing that his first step has been fruitless, and that his neighbor continues to add new courses of stone to the building, returns to the Chief of the Bureau, and renews his complaint. The Chief of the Bureau answers him, that he has done all that he can do in the matter, and refers him to the Justice of the Peace.

The latter cites the two parties before him, to see if the difference can be amicably arranged; but the Frenchman fails to appear. The magistrate satisfies himself that the Arab is right, and orders the European to quit the premises.

The Arab returns home content, and, at the evening chat, says that there is justice in the French Government, and that the Cadi has ordered the intruder to quit the premises. Consequently, as the Arab is unaware of the existence of the law of ejectment, and, besides, cannot realize disobedience to the order of a Cadi, he calmly awaits the removal of the European, an occurrence which, in his opinion, cannot fail to take place. Eight days pass. The Arab, in his simplicity, believes that some punishment will surely overtake him who obeys neither the military Government nor the civil law.

But, as time rolls on, and the house continues to go up, and his neighbor is not punished, he returns to the Arab Bureau, and relates, as an unheard-of thing, that the Frenchman, despite the notification of the Chief of the Bureau, despite the decision of the Cadi, not only has not vacated the premises, but still continues to build. The Arab asks for advice. The Chief of the Bureau counsels him to address himself to the Court of Common Pleas. The Arab applies to that Court, where he learns that, before everything else, he must provide himself with a lawyer. The Arab starts in quest of this unknown object, finds it, and inquires how he should proceed to regain his property. The lawyer answers that nothing can be easier, that the case is excellent, but that he must first pay a retaining-fee of twenty-five francs. The complainant replies that he will call again. He presents himself at the Arab Bureau, to inquire whether he really ought to give the twenty-five francs demanded. The Chief of the Bureau replies that it is in fact the custom. The complainant asks how it happens that he is obliged to give twenty-five francs to a man whom he does not know, and to whom he owes nothing, because another man, whom he scarce knows better, has seized upon his land. The Chief of the Arab Bureau tries to

think of a good reason, and finding none, replies, "It is customary."

When he in whom the Arab has entire confidence tells him that the thing is customary, the Arab raises the stone under which he hides his money, takes out five douros, carries them to the lawyer, and counts them out one by one, accompanying each one with a sigh. The lawyer then enters suit against the European, in the Court of Common Pleas.

Let us suppose that the interpreter is good, and that the Judge knows what place is referred to, and that he renders a decision which requires the defendant to vacate the premises. The Arab has gained his suit. It is true that the decision has cost him five douros, but what of that?—the Aga has decided in his favor, the Cadi has decided in his favor, the Medjèles have decided in his favor. He has had three decisions in his favor; the first, before the Chief of the Arab Bureau; the second, before the Justice of the Peace; the third, before the Judge of the Court of Common Pleas. It is therefore morally impossible for him not to regain possession of his land. He makes this remark at the evening gathering; adding, that it is a fact that the Sultan of the French regards all his subjects in Algeria as his children, Mussulman as well as French.

During fifteen days, the Arab awaits the withdrawal of the European, but the European remains; the Arab expects the work of building to stop, but the house gets higher and higher. On the sixteenth day, an appeal is entered against him. He takes to the Arab Bureau the paper written from left to right, instead of being written in his way from right to left, written in small instead of in large text, and asks what that means. The Chief of the Arab Bureau replies that his neighbor excepts to the decision, and appeals to a new Court. The Arab asks

what he ought to do. He must go to Algiers. But to facilitate his proceedings, the Chief of the Arab Bureau gives him a letter to a lawyer who practices in the Court of Appeals. The latter, living in the metropolis, charges eighty francs as a retaining fee—sixteen douros, instead of five. The Arab is staggered at this new claim. Nevertheless, he makes up his mind, takes sixteen douros from his pocket, presents them to the lawyer, and commends the suit to him.

It is impossible to lose the suit, so of course the lawyer gains it. The intruder is ordered to restore the land, and to pay the costs of the suit. The Arab is about to recover his land, and be reimbursed for his expenses. He returns home and waits.

The house continues to go up, the workmen are roofing. As for his disbursements, instead of getting them, the Arab receives another stamped paper. It is an appeal to the Court of Errors. The new suit continues for a year. The Arab, being engrossed by the proceedings, does not sow his land, and in consequence loses his harvest. He must give one hundred and fifty francs to the lawyer whom he employs in the Court of Errors, not eighty francs, which was what he gave to the lawyer in the Court of Appeals; and besides, he must travel to Paris if he wishes to prosecute the suit. He abandons house and land, and flies, declaring that the Christians, both as a government and as private individuals, are leagued to despoil him.

At the end of three years, the European has his tenure made valid, and finds himself the lawful owner of house and ground.

If justice had been rendered by the Turks, this is what would have happened. The Arab would have chosen some market-day, and made his complaint before the Caïd. The Caïd would have sent the parties before the Cadi.

The Cadi, on the spot, would have had the ancients of the country brought before him for the purpose of ascertaining from them which of the two claims was just. The ancients would have given testimony, the robber would have received fifty strokes of the bastinado on the soles of his feet, and that would have been the end of the matter—a new proof that the Tunisian merchant of cotton-caps was wrong, at first, in preferring French justice to Turkish justice.

## FAREWELL TO AFRICA.

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THE reader remembers that the Marshal had invited me to be present at the reception of the sheik El Mokrani. I took good care not to be absent from such an entertainment. Besides, this reception was an important event, El Mokrani being a considerable personage among the Arabs, and the General, in appointing the first day of the year for the ceremony, having conferred on it a peculiar solemnity.

At one o'clock we presented ourselves at the residence of the Marshal. The ceremony was about to begin. The assembly was numerous. It was composed of the Muftis, the Cadis of the two sects, and the assessors of the Muftis and Cadis, the Oukils of the various religious bodies, the Caïds and the Agas from the plains of Metidjah, the Caïd of the Chenouas and persons of his suite, the hero of the fête, the Caliph of Medjana, Seid Achmet ben Mohammed el Mokrani, his youthful son and relations, and, finally, of a great number of Arabs who had accompanied their Chiefs.

The ceremony began with the customary kissing of hands. Then as, by good-fortune, the Mussulman year on this occasion ended almost at the same time as the French year ends, the Marshal expressed to the Arabs the pleasure that he felt in being able to respond to their wishing him a happy New year, by returning the compliment.

A Mufti, an octogenarian, began to speak, and begged the Marshal to accept their congratulations on the occasion

of the New Year, and the prayers which they addressed to God that He might deign to augment still further, if it were possible, the power and the happiness of France.

Then the Marshal in his turn spoke, and with the forcible clearness and the felicity of diction characterizing him, explained to the Arabs, that the happiness of Algeria already involved three important points to which they ought to give their earnest attention. These three points were, peace, justice, and agriculture.

"*Peace*," said the Marshal, "that is my concern; I promise it to you, and I will secure it."

El Mokrani made a sign that he wished to reply. "Monsieur le Maréchal," said he, "we are all convinced that your government cannot be aught else but prosperous, for the good man cannot fail to experience your benefits, the bad man cannot escape your wrath."

"*Justice*"—continued the Marshal—"It is administered by those of yourselves whom yourselves have deemed worthy to fulfil the sacred functions of judges. They act under my eye, and my direction. Complain, therefore, to me, if you have reason to complain, and when needful, I will have justice executed on justice."

The Cadi, then, in the name of the Mussulman magistracy, thanked the Marshal for the confidence which he had been so kind as to repose in the natives of the country, assuring him of the care which the Mussulman judges would take to prove themselves worthy of the important duties which they discharged.

"*Agriculture*"—resumed the Marshal—"Agriculture follows in the train of peace. War is a triple scourge, for besides its own especial horrors, it entails want and misery. Now I have promised you peace. It is,—with the aid of God to spare us a visitation from the drought and the grasshoppers,—to promise you abundance."

Then the Marshal made a sign to El Mokrani to approach, and gave him a gun, saying: "Against lions, and against the enemies of France."

Then he placed on El Mokrani's shoulders a burnoose of red cloth, trimmed with gold lace, and gave him a piece of Lyons stuff of which to make a present to his wives. El Mokrani presented in return a magnificent Arab gun, all damaskeened with silver, all resplendent with coral. The gun was certainly worth ten times as much as the one which France had given him by the hands of her Marshal.

El Mokrani's son, a beautiful boy of ten years of age, wore a cachemire burnoose which might have been coveted by the most elegant woman, whereas she would scarcely have consented to cover her lackey with the gold-laced burnoose which the royal munificence had bestowed on the Caliph. Doubtless he had in his tents pieces of the magnificent stuffs woven at Fez, or embroidered at Tunis, compared with which the silks of Lyons have no more value than has a Ternaux shawl when compared with a tissue of the Indies.

But El Mokrani was a well-bred man. He looked as if he regarded the gun, the burnoose, and the piece of Lyons stuff, as more precious than his own gifts, and retired thanking the Marshal with all the pomp of the Arabic language.

After having invested the new Caliph with authority, the Marshal turned toward the Caïd of the Chenouas, Kassem ben Djalloud, and thanked him, in the name of France, for the assistance which, fifteen days previously, he and his tribe had rendered to a wrecked ship whose crew he had saved. If, two years before, the ship had been lost on the same coast, not a man would have been spared, not a head would have remained on its shoulders.



"You confuse me, Monsieur le Maréchal," replied the Caïd, "by the compliments which you address me. I think that I have done but my duty, and for a Mussulman to do his duty, is only to be an honest man."

The ceremony was ended. The Marshal dismissed every one, with the exception of the Caliph and his son, who were to dine with us. When we were alone with the Caliph, the Marshal said to me: "You shall see how well the French and the Arabs understand each other." "El Mokrani," continued he, "my Government, in naming you Caliph of Medjana, grants you a salary of twelve thousand francs."

"I shall pay them punctually, to the last farthing," replied El Mokrani, bowing.

With his Arab notions of things, he could not understand that he was paid, instead of paying, to exercise command.

In my turn, I profited by the opportunity to ask him some questions. "How many sons have you?" I inquired.

"Three," he answered.

"And how many daughters?"

"I do not know."

He had never thought it a matter of enough importance to inquire about the number of them.

I asked him whether he had any idea of those great cities which were called Carthage, Babylon, Tyre.

"The cord that supports the Arab's tent is but a cord," he replied, "yet it has seen the fall of all the cities of which you speak."

The evening and the next day were devoted to our preparations for departure. We left Algiers on the 3d of January, on the frigate Orinoco.

Nothing passes so quickly as the last hours preceding departure; so on the 3d, at ten o'clock in the morning, we found ourselves aboard of the Orinoco, reproaching our-

selves with not having accomplished half the things that we had purposed doing in Algiers.

Fifty fathoms from the Orinoco the *Véloce* lay at anchor. There we were leaving good warm-hearted friends, who must have been very much astonished when they heard that Monsieur Léon de Malleville said that our presence on board the *Véloce* had dishonored the French flag. As a matter of course, Monsieur Léon de Malleville, after having said that, took refuge behind the inviolability of the tribune. It is well that people should know the fact, so I print it.

All the officers, with Captain Bérard at their head, were on the deck of the *Véloce*, all the crew were in the nettings, in the shrouds, and in the tops, all the handkerchiefs, all the hats waved to us good-bye.

Our vessel weighed anchor, and we passed at half-pistol-shot from each other, giving a loud shout as farewell. As long as I could perceive the *Véloce*, the officers remained on deck, and the sailors in the rigging. For an hour, I stood with eyes fixed and body motionless. We had passed such pleasant hours with those worthy officers, with those jolly tars, who deemed it quite as proper to give a ship to a poet as to a third or a fourth attaché of an embassy. Soon all faded away in the distance, like a dream—first the *Véloce*, then the city, then the mountains themselves. Soon Africa was naught but a vapor, and that vapor in its turn disappeared.

It is true that I bore away a living memory of the Africa which I was quitting. It was my two Arab artists whom I brought away from Tunis to sculpture a chamber for me at Monte Cristo.

On the evening of the 4th, after a delightful trip of only thirty-nine hours, we entered the port of Toulon. Just the reverse of what I should feel, my heart is always oppressed

when, after a distant voyage, I again set foot in France. In France await me petty enemies and long hatreds, whilst, on the contrary, from the moment that he passes the frontier of France, the poet is in reality but the living-dead present at the verdict of posterity. In France are contemporaries, in other words, envy ; in foreign lands is posterity—justice. Why is this, when it would be so beautiful were it otherwise ?

THE END.













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